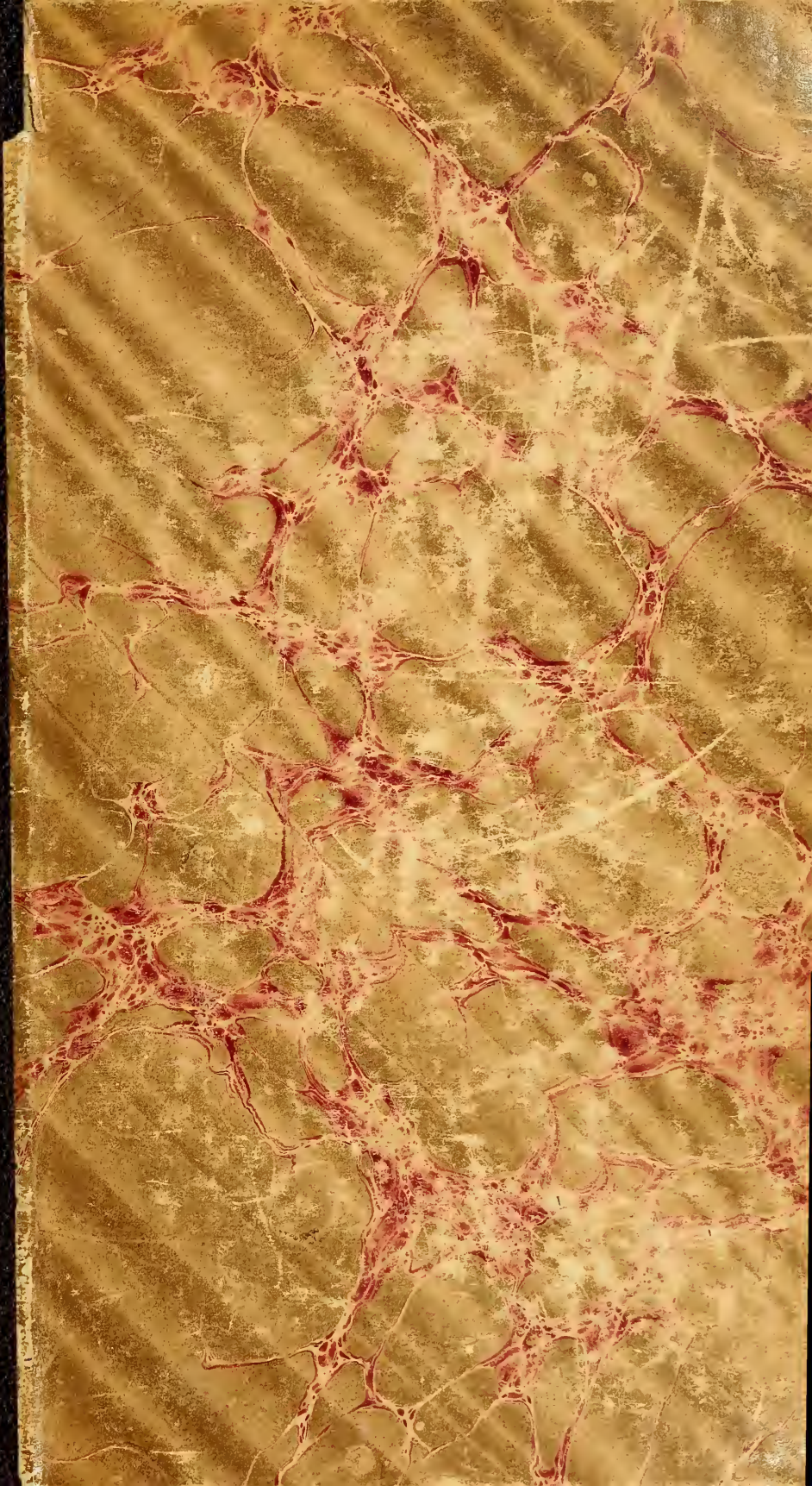

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VOL. I OCTOBER, 1903 No. 1

MR. KIPLING'S NEW POEMS

THE QUESTION OF "DIALECT" IN VERSE

To the few in our generation of "confirmed sympatheties" still stubborn in the old unhappy way to contemporary genius, a new volume of Mr. Kipling's poems, like "The Five Nations," brings a chance for reconciliation, for persuasion, they may even appreciate themselves. It would be bad, they may feel, if truth were at hand and they missed it; since truth, they have heard, will prevail.

If, however, a certain doubt persists in the sacred inner judgment, if there is no certitude for the inaccessible impressions which yet we must think as good in ourselves as in another, because, as Montaigne long ago pointed out, we are made in this way, there is nothing for us but to justify our judgment if we can, by explaining the nature and *rationale* of our doubt. Explanation, it is true, by that poor power of reason we are used to seeing put in the wrong, will not avail very much; but, to rely on Montaigne again, it is our only defense as it is our only weapon, and we are bound to use what we have. I fancy the only "almost persuaded" Agrippa did not really give the true account of his difficulties in objecting, as he must have objected, to Paul's Greek, though he really could lay hold of nothing else. And I am almost ashamed of objections so trifling, academic if you like, to Mr. Kipling as that his use of Cockney "dialect" and slang is confusing because illegitimate, and that it rests on something of downright vulgarity in him.

I am, however, far from objecting to it simply on the ground of impression, or *a priori* definition of poetry and what it should be about. For there is a pretty clear tradition in our poetry against the use of vernacular where the substance is serious and interpretative. It is noteworthy that out of the lyricism of "Henry V," for example, Fluellen speaks invariably in prose. And as illustration of a real

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This suggests, if anything, Dostoievsky, and I find it not much less convincing, if perhaps it is rather less sublime.

In the next place, however, where we find something similar, turning back to the "Return," it does not quite convince me; indeed I am very much confused. Evidently it is not Mr. Kipling himself who speaks—Browning used to clear up this point, which might have been otherwise rather dubious at times, by a titular parenthesis; for Mr. Kipling, one is sure, aspirates correctly. Apparently it is some common soldier, but one who knows his "In Memoriam" very well. A copy in a pocket of his khaki may well have been partially responsible that, "starting as an average kid" he "finished as a thinking man":

"Also time running into years
    A thousand places left be'ind
An' men from both two 'emispheres
    Discussin' things of every kind;
So much more near than I 'ad known
    So much more great than I 'ad guessed,
An' me, like all the rest, alone
    An' reachin' out to all the rest."

One is grateful that Wordsworth did not write, as by analogy one would infer there is no binding poetic reason why he should not have written, "The Prelude" in the dialect of the shepherds on the Cumberland hills—a dialect legitimate at least. We might not have read "The Prelude," to be sure; it would have been very inconvenient, more troublesome, as it is very much longer, than "The Return." But indeed one wonders if Mr. Kipling's readers will be always so patient and self-seeking with him, in spite of the vulgarity he resorts to either from liking or as a convenient resting place on the difficult road to perfection. The loss by it is, at all events, a real one; it is now ours, but it must be Mr. Kipling's in the future. For truth will surely prevail.

M. E. T., '04.

THE SUN

Last night as I was sadly going in,
(At six they always take me off to bed,)
I watched the shadows growing long and thin
And saw the pinky clouds up over head.

Away off there beyond the pleasant land
The sun was going down behind the sea;
I tried to make nurse look and understand,
But she was cross and only scolded me.

This morning I woke up as it grew light,
And, creeping to the nursery window-sill,
I saw the same sun shining big and bright,
Just coming up behind a great dark hill.

Now don't you think it's queer about the sun—
At night I see him over in the west,
And then, next day, the very self-same one
Is on the other side before I'm dressed.

What do you s'pose he does down under there,
Where we can't see his jolly yellow face?
How can he go to bed just anywhere
And then get up in quite another place!

A. M. H., '05.

A centipede, large and athletic,
Came to call on a maiden aesthetic;
When he fell at her feet
She turned white as a sheet,
Then cut him quite dead—how pathetic!

A. K. B., '04.

IN ARCADY ON A COLD NIGHT

The wind was raging, geysers of leaves were whirling upwards, when the traveler stepped off the train at the little country station. The place was dark and deserted, there were no hacks to be had, so he turned up his coat collar, pulled his hat well down and plunged from the shelter of the station into the dim streets of the little village. He struggled around corners, shivered and gasped; yet he grew exhilarated as he fought with the rough wind, and would rather have welcomed it had it not hindered his progress toward Arcady. He left the town, walking out into the open country. The road wound between meadows and dark masses of trees; the cold north wind swept over the fields, shrieking through the woods, making the fallen leaves rise higher than the trees. The cornstalks rattled, the fences creaked. The traveler went doggedly on toward Arcady.

Strange things happen on such nights; something very strange was happening then, though he neither saw nor heard. Two little kobolds were frolicking about the road, riding on the leaves, rolling headlong in the dust, for the leaves were but uncertain steeds that night. Of course, these kobolds should not have appeared before the first snow storm, but they had run away from their home in the hollow oak, at the first breath of their beloved winter. They and the traveler hurried on together, for their oak tree stood near the very house for which he was bound. A sudden turn in the road brought this house in sight; a long low mass, blacker than the darkness, but showing some hospitable lights. The man hurried faster, for he knew a girl with blue eyes waited for him there. He stopped on the front porch and rang the bell. The door opened.

"Dearest," he said.

"Jack!" said the girl. "Oh, Jack, dear! how cold your cheek is." The door slammed.

The two little kobolds saw all this.

"He's gone into our house," said one. "This is something new."

"It's all your fault," said the other, "I always told you we missed much by sleeping all summer! Shall I do it again? Mein Gott, no!"

"Ach, Himmel!" returned the other, "you could not have stayed awake even if you had it so desired." (Little kobolds, you know, are of German descent.)

Sulkily they turned away and started for the oak tree. And just because a shade was not down, all this story happened. It was very fortunate about the shade.

The girl and the man had gone into the library. The great oak shook his fists outside the shadeless window and the wind swept round the house. Two funny brown-clad kobolds climbed up on the window-sill and gazed into the fire-warmed room, but neither the girl nor the man, seated close together before the great fire-place, saw them. Through an open door the kobolds saw the girl's grandmother, who sat in the next room, knitting and nodding in a high-backed rocking-chair. She was not quite asleep, but that made no difference. She was near-sighted and very deaf.

When they had gazed long enough, the two little kobolds began to listen, but they could not understand very well at first, because of the wind. Suddenly a furious gust was succeeded by a momentary lull, and they heard:

"Oh, Jack! listen to the wind! Isn't it awful? And to think of your being out on a night like this, and walking all that way from the station!"

"I didn't mind it, dear. You know I always rather enjoy wild weather; and then I was coming to you."

The wind roared, and the little kobolds couldn't hear her answer, but they saw his. Another lull came and again they heard:

"It's funny that you should. Did you always, right from the beginning?"

"Of course I did. You know I always do, and always shall."

"But I'm so afraid that some time you won't, Jack. Do you think you will always? I'm so happy I'm sad."

She smiled at him, with tears in her eyes. He put his arms around her.

The wind howled.

"Ach, Himmel!" said one little kobold. "That wind too much noise makes!"

"Can we not him quiet?" suggested the other. "They interest me much, these two."

The little kobolds had all of their share of German sentiment—perhaps they even bordered on sentimentality. So the sight of the tall young man, and the blue-eyed girl impressed them deeply, and they grew quite annoyed at the noisy wind.

"Why make such a tempest, my friend?" cried one little kobold as the north

wind rushed past. "Stay silent with us but a moment, we will you something show."

"Can't stop!" roared the North Wind. "There's a ramshackle old barn over in the meadow that must come down to-night. I'm getting up steam—getting up steam!"

He was gone. The little kobolds listened again.

"Hear the wind, Jack! It seems to have a special grudge against this corner, doesn't it?"

"It is getting worse. You don't mind it, do you, Nell?"

"Oh, no, Jack, dear. You're here, you know. You make all nasty things nice and all nice things nicer somehow."

A pause. The little kobolds' eyes almost popped from their heads.

Suddenly the wind raced back.

"The barn's down!" he bellowed. "Not a board standing! Kindling-wood!"

"Oh, please stop!" cried the little kobolds. "You make so much noise we can not what they say hear. Sit you here with us, and listen awhile. It will make us so much pleasure, dear friend."

"I'm not refractory!" roared the North Wind. "And now that the barn's down, I suppose I might rest for a minute or so. Any room for me up there?"

"Yes, yes, enough!" cried the little kobolds. And they squeezed very close together when the North Wind rushed up on the window-sill, making a dreadful draught, though he tried to move quietly.

"Wait and hear!" said the little kobolds. And they heard:

"So that's how it is, dearest. You see I really can't stay over this time. I'll be out by Wednesday again, anyway."

"Oh, Jack, stay now! what difference do those stupid men make? Let them wait. They can't need you as much as I do."

"They certainly don't want me as much as I want you. But I must see them; they're really just waiting over for this. I must go, Nell, dear."

"Oh, but Jack, think! Our Sunday together! Why, we've always had Sunday together for ever and ever so long. What shall I do, all alone all day?"

She got up and stood looking down into the fire. He watched the disappointed face, the downcast blue eyes, then he rose too, and took both her hands in his.

"I'm sorrier than I can say; but it can't be helped. Don't think about it, dearest."

"I don't believe you care."

"Nell!"

"I don't."

"Dearest, don't be unreasonable!"

"I am *not* unreasonable. Don't be melodramatic, Jack. Stop pacing up and down! You know very well you don't mind going at all. Very likely you're rather anxious to go. You would have stayed when we were *first* engaged!"

"Nell!"

He turned abruptly, and put both hands on her shoulders. The blue eyes met his defiantly.

"She has a temper," said one little kobold, in an awed whisper.

"Mein Gott, yes!" agreed the other.

"Most as bad as mine," cried the North Wind, admiringly.

"I don't think you mean that, Nell," said the man. "And I think you ought to say so."

"I did mean it!" cried the girl, defiantly. "I'm not pretending anything. You want to go or you wouldn't do it. If you want to go now, you can!"

"Do you want—?"

"You can do as you please. I don't care."

She turned again and gazed into the fire. He looked at her a moment, then walked to the door.

"I am going, Nell," he said tentatively.

There was no answer. He came back three steps.

"When you care more for me than for conferences, you may come back," said a voice as cold as the north wind.

"I care more for you than for anything else in the world," cried the man. "And I really can't see what we are quarreling about. It's so perfectly trivial—"

"It is not trivial at all," blazed the girl; "and I don't know that you *do* care for me, and you had better go—and you may take this with you!"

She jerked a ring from her left hand and threw it upon the rug. Her lover looked at it and then at her. The little kobolds were breathless with interest and the wind, who is very fickle, shed some tears, which froze into little icicles on the window-sill.

Jack did not pick up the ring. Instead, he went out of the room and down the hall; he put on his overcoat and hat and unlocked the front door.

"He's going," said one little kobold.

"Already yet!" cried the other in great excitement. "We must him stop! But how?"

"I'll do it!" shrieked the North Wind, and the next instant the girl before the fire started as a furious blast shook the house. She looked impulsively toward the door, then down at the fire again and did not move. Yet the little kobolds saw that her blue eyes were full of tears.

Jack had opened the door only to be hurled back by the violent wind. He managed to cross the threshold, but he could not shut the door. He tried with all his strength. The wind drove him back, blowing dead leaves into the hall, shaking the curtains, and lifting the rugs. The girl by the fire shivered, and came out into the hall. The two little kobolds jumped down off the window and ran around the house.

"The door must have blown open, and Grosmütter will take cold," she thought, as she gently closed the door of the room where the old lady dozed before the fire. Then she hurried against the wind toward the front door, stopping abruptly when she saw who was there.

"You haven't—gone!" she began, but her voice was drowned. She and the man looked at each other helplessly, while the wind shrieked and raged, and the kobolds watched from the darkness.

Then the girl stepped forward, to help close the door, and the wind seized its advantage and blew Jack toward her. He turned suddenly and grasped her in his arms. A sudden lull came. She was drawn gently inside, and the door was closed.

"You came after me, Nell?" Jack said, questioningly. "You didn't really want me to go?"

The girl drew her hands out of his, and walked into the library. He followed. The kobolds were running round the house, back to the window-sill. When they clambered up, followed by the North Wind, the girl and the man were standing again before the fire. They were very near, and they spoke so low that for some time the kobolds could not hear. Then—

"You'll wear it again, dearest?"

"Yes, Jack."

He picked up the ring and put it back upon her hand. She looked up, smiling, and—the wind howled suddenly.

"Mein Gott! Why have you done that?" asked the kobolds, angrily.

"Couldn't help it," said the wind, subsiding. "They're so ridiculous."

The kobolds looked in again. The lovers were sitting on the green sofa. He had forgotten to take off his overcoat. She had forgotten he had it on. They looked happy.

"Let us back to bed go," said one little kobold.

"Yes," said the other, and they climbed down from the window, ran over to their old oak tree, and went to sleep in its hollow, covered up with warm oak leaves. The north wind blew gently away.

F. W., '05.

APPRECIATIONS

Pensive and cavernous, lithe and lorn, the Object sits, ah, me!
Would that I had a red, red rose, plucked from a poppy tree!
Oh gloathesome glumness gloating there, with busy hands and free,
Shrill not thy slithy shrieks at him, the purplous one, the Ghee?

L'ENVOI.

To him who lorns and langles lone
To him come these, come we!

A. K. B., '04.
H. W. A., '04.

A FABLE

Once there was a man who lived in a great city. By working hard, he was able each year to better his social condition somewhat—now it was a brass door-plate for those who rode past in the street cars to see; now it was a velocipede for his little son; now it was a stand of calla lilies in the front window. Finally he bought a pianola, and felt that his position was assured. He still, however, had ambitions.

One day a friend stopped him on the street, and asked him if he would not join a Bible class. The man thought a moment, then said: "I know nothing of this thing. Although I think I should like to become acquainted with it, I must not, for John Smith around the block does not associate with Bible classes." The man's social position remained the same.

Some days later, another friend stopped him on the street, and asked him if he would not become a steel magnate. The man thought a moment, then said, "I know nothing of this thing. Although I think perhaps I should like it. I must not, for John Smith around the block does not associate with steel magnates." The man's social position remained about the same.

After a while, a third friend stopped him on the street, and offered him tickets for the play. This time the man did not stop to think, but answered quickly: "Although I know nothing of this thing, I shall surely go, for I have read in the newspaper that John Smith around the block goes to the play."

That night, between the acts, the man saw John Smith tearing his hair and gnashing his teeth in great agony. He was quick to run to him, and, bending over, asked him what was the matter. "A great deal of matter," blubbered John Smith, "for all my life I have been trying to join a Bible class and become a steel magnate, and I'm never able to forget that I can't. I hate the play, boo-hoo!"

The man's social position still remained the same.

E. L. B., '05.

FOLLOW, COME FOLLOW

I.

"O, the world is good and the world is wide—
Follow, come follow along—
Come, leave the paths of the old and tried
Where the foolish smirk and the wise deride,
And each is dull'd by his special pride.
O, come away from it all!"

II.

"But if I come, I must soon turn back—
Return and rest at home—
For I'll surely meet Love 'mid your hurrying wrack,
And he'll show me all that your new ways lack
Of the gentle peace in the well-worn track
Of the common life of all!"

III.

"O, the world is brave and the world is fine—
Follow, come follow away—

If you send back Love you need not repine,
That his fetters no longer about you twine
For undreamt of rainbows before you shine.
If you follow, come follow along!"

E. M. H., '04.

THE FLIGHT OF THE LEAVES

Brown the earth, and blue the sky,
Where the wind-sped clouds scud by;
From black branches tossing high
Whirl the withered leaves.

Swiftly snatched from shelt'ring trees
By the rude relentless breeze,
All their days of fettered ease
Ever at an end.

At the mercy of the gale,
Blown like chaff beneath the flail,
Faring far though seeming frail,
Blithe they bow and bend.

Hither, thither, everywhere,
Half on earth and half in air,
Brown and gold and crimson rare
Tossed upon the wind.

In a dizzy dervish dance
Led by whim or led by chance,
Now retreat and now advance
All the airy throng.

Then in fierce career they run,
Battling in the setting sun,
Heedless that fair freedom won,
Lasts for them not long.

Oh the merry charm of it,
Watching for a little bit,
Where the wild leaves fly and flit
In the autumn gale.

T. B., '05.

THE KISS

I.

Translated and abridged from the Spanish of Gustavo Becquer.

When at the beginning of this century a part of the French army took possession of the historical city of Toledo, the chiefs of the army, knowing well the danger to which they were exposed in Spanish towns when they scattered themselves about in separate lodgings, took for quarters the largest and finest buildings in the city.

After seizing and occupying the magnificent palace of Charles V, they laid hands on the council-house, and when this had been filled, began to invade the asylums of religious communities, at last even transforming into barracks the churches consecrated to worship. Matters had reached this pass in Toledo, the scene of the following story, when one night at a late hour, wrapped in their dark soldiers' mantles and making the narrow deserted streets resound with the clashing of their arms there entered into the city several hundred of those tall, powerful, haughty dragoons of whom our grandmothers still speak with admiration.

Their commander was a youthful officer who rode some thirty paces in advance of his men. The horsemen, preceded by their guide, followed the

road in silence until they reached a small square in whose depths the black silhouette of the monastery with its Moorish tower, its belfry and spire, its arched cupola and its roofs of dark uneven crests, outlined itself.

"And here!" cried the guide to the captain, as he made out the monastery dimly from the distance, "you have your quarters."

The captain commanded his troop to halt, dismounted, took the lantern and went forward in the direction indicated by the guide.

By the light of the lantern, whose doubtful brightness lost itself in the deep shadows of the naves and threw in gigantic dimensions on the wall the fantastic shadow of the guide who walked in advance, he reviewed the church from end to end and examined one by one all its deserted chapels, until he had made himself well acquainted with the place. Then he ordered his troops to dismount and disposed of men and horses as best he could.

The church was completely dismantled. Here and there on the pavement, where destruction had spared them, might be seen broad flagstones, the coverings of tombs, full of crests, coats-of-arms, and long Gothic inscriptions; and in the distance, in the far depth of the silent chapels and along the transept, stone figures like motionless white phantoms—some lying at length, others kneeling on the marble slabs of their tombs—seemed to be the only inhabitants of the ruined edifice.

Had the officer of dragoons whom the day's march of fourteen leagues had well-nigh exhausted been less fatigued, or had he been less accustomed to look upon this sort of sacrilege as the most natural thing in the world, the smallest measure of imagination would have sufficed to keep him sleepless through the whole night.

But our hero, though young, was already so familiar with this side of camp life, that as soon as he had disposed of his men he rolled himself up in his mantle and, resting his head upon a step, in five minutes was sleeping peacefully.

II.

As was to be expected, among the officers who, according to their habit, went on the following day to take the air and indulge in a bit of gossip in the Zocodover, the talk was of nothing but the arrival of the dragoons, whose chief we left in the inner chapter of the church sleeping upon the bare stones.

For upwards of an hour the conversation had been centering about this subject, when at last, at the mouth of one of the streets leading into the square, appeared our gallant captain in a splendid helmet with a tuft of white plumes, a coat of turquoise blue, and a magnificent saber in a steel scabbard, which, striking his golden spurs at every step, made a ringing accompaniment to his martial strides.

After the usual salutations, the courtesies and polite interrogations inseparable from such meetings; after a discussion at length of the news of Madrid, the changing fortunes of war, the friends dead or absent, the conversation turned upon the inevitable theme—the hardships of service.

At this point, one of those present said to our young officer, jestingly:

"And apropos of lodgings, how did you pass the night in yours, captain?"

"Why, truly, for the most part awake. Yet to endure insomnia for the sake of a pretty woman, surely that is not the worst of evils."

"Tell us the story!" cried the officers in a chorus, and the captain obligingly began:

"I was sleeping last night as a man sleeps who has just traveled thirteen leagues over hard roads, when suddenly I started up in alarm, awakened by a thundering noise, a din so tremendous that it deafened me for a moment.

"As you will have guessed, the cause of my awakening was the first stroke of that gigantic accursed bell that the good prebendaries of Toledo have hung in their cathedral.

"Cursing bell and bell-ringer between my teeth, I was preparing, when once the extraordinary clamor had died away, to pick up again the thread of my interrupted slumbers when there appeared before my eyes, startling my imagination, an amazing sight. By the vague moonlight sifting into the temple through the narrow window, I saw a woman kneeling near the altar."

The officers looked at each other with an expression half astounded, half incredulous. The captain continued:

"You can imagine nothing like that fantastic night vision which outlined itself dimly in the twilight of the chapel. Her oval face, with its seal of spiritual sacrifice and denial, her features full of a gentle melancholy sweetness, her intense pallor, the pure lines of her slender figure, her attitude full of repose and noble grace, recalled to my memory those divine images of women that had come to me when I was a child.

"I believed myself the victim of a phantasy, yet I could not withdraw my eyes and dared not even breathe lest a breath should dispel the enchantment.

"She remained motionless. I thought as I looked at her, so transparent and dazzling, that she was no earthly creature, but a spirit descended on a moon's ray, leaving behind her the trail of azure light that shone down from a tall window."

"But," cried the captain's college friend, who, taking the story as pure jest at first, had ended by growing deeply interested, "how had the woman come there? Did you say nothing to her? Did she not explain her presence to you?"

"I determined not to speak to her, because I was sure that she could not answer me, or see, or hear me."

"She was deaf?"

"She was blind?"

"She was dumb?" exclaimed at once three or four of the listeners.

"She was all at once," answered the captain after a moment's pause, "for she was—marble!"

On hearing this surprising termination, the whole circle burst into noisy laughter, while one of them said to the narrator, who alone remained silent and serious:

"Oh, of that sort I know there are a thousand in San Juan de los Reyes. For me, you may have them all, since a woman of stone seems to you quite as good as a woman of flesh."

"No," said the captain, not in the least embarrassed, "I am sure they could not be like mine. Mine is a real Castilian lady, who by a miracle of sculpture seems not to have been buried in a sepulchre, but to have remained, soul and body together, kneeling on the flagstone that covers her tomb."

"Considering the peculiar condition of your lady, I fancy you will find no great difficulty in presenting us to her. Ha! ha! ha! It would be a pretty thing if we should make you jealous."

"Jealous!" the captain hastened to say, "jealous of men, no; but see to what extent my madness goes. Next to the image of this woman, of marble too, grave and like her seemingly alive, there stood a warrior—her husband, without doubt. Well, had I not feared to be taken for a madman, I think I should have broken that statue into a hundred pieces."

Another and louder shout of laughter greeted this amazing confession.

"Well, well, we must see her," said some.

"Yes, we must know whether or not the object of such a passion responds to it," added others.

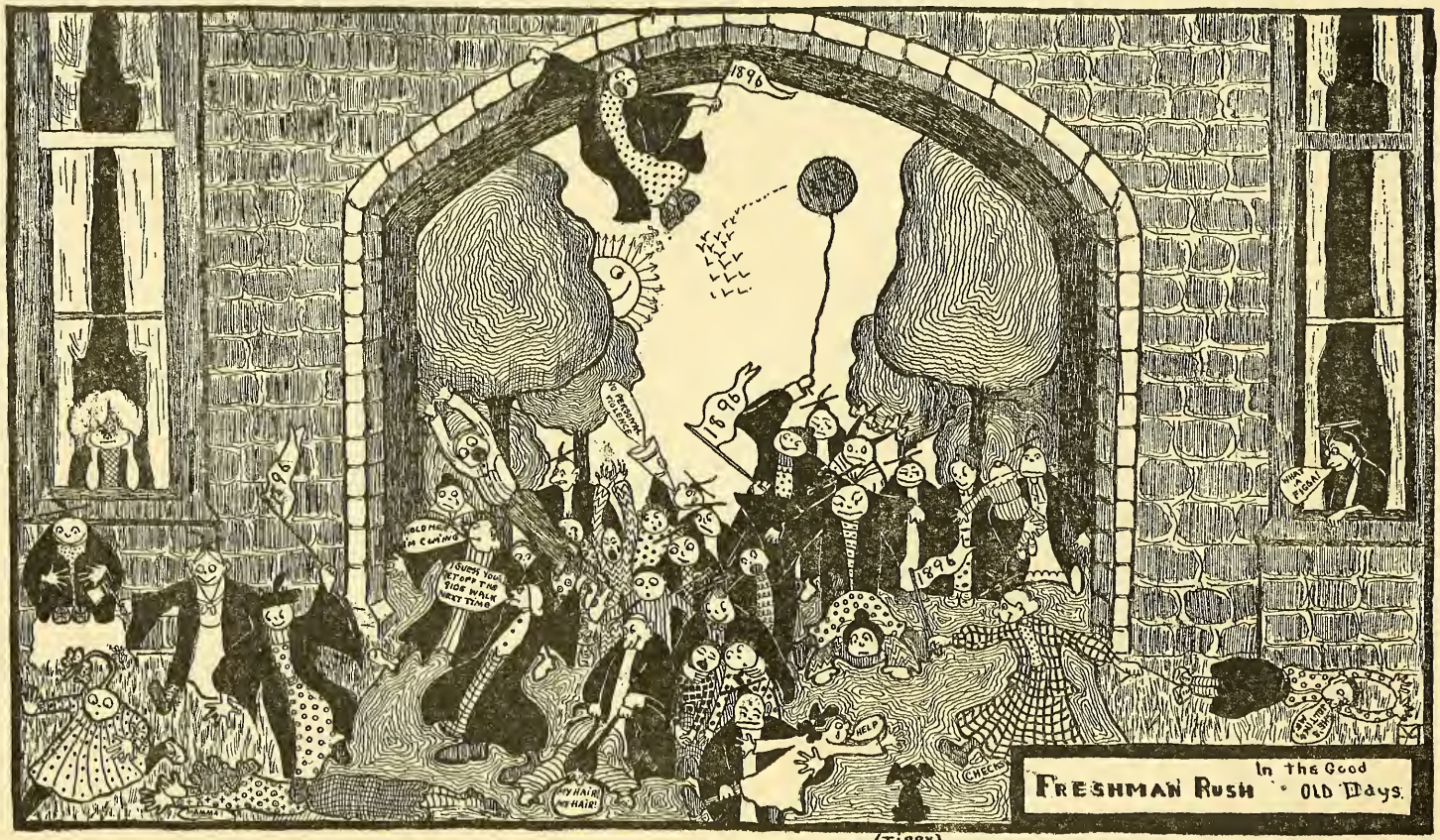
"When shall we gather to drink a mouthful where you lodge?" exclaimed the rest.

"When it seems best to you; this very night, if you wish," answered the young captain, recovering his accustomed smile.

"Bravo! bravo!" cried the officers with one accord, breaking forth in exclamations of joy.

"Well, then, till to-night!"

"Till to-night!"



FRESHMAN RUSH In the Good Old Days.

(TIPPY)

FRESHMAN RUSH in 1903.

III.

Long since the peaceful inhabitants of Toledo had made secure with key and bolt the heavy doors of their ancient dwellings; the great bell of the cathedral was striking the hour of rest, when ten or twelve officers who had gradually come together in the Zocodover, took the road that leads from that point to the monastery in which the captain lodged, animated more with the expectation of tasting the captain's promised wine than with the desire of seeing the captain's wonderful lady.

The night had set in dark and threatening; the sky was covered with clouds the color of lead; the air humming in its prison of winding narrow streets, fluttered the dying flame of the guard's lantern and turned the iron weather-vanes on the towers back and forth till they shrieked sharply.

The officers entered at length together into the church in whose gloomy precincts the faint light of a torch struggled feebly with the thick shadows.

An assistant, obeying his captain's orders, began to rain blows on the choir stalls, and when he had gathered together a huge quantity of wood which he piled at the foot of the presbytery steps, he took the torch and prepared to make a burnt offering with those richly engraved fragments.

The captain, who did the honors of his lodgings with great ceremony, exclaimed, turning to the feasters:

"If you please, we will proceed to the buffet."

His comrades, pretending the greatest gravity, responded to the invitation with a mock salute and took their way to the greater chapel, preceded by the host, who on arriving at the steps stopped a moment and extending his hand toward the tomb, said to them with the most exquisite courtesy:

"I have the pleasure of presenting you to the lady of my thoughts. I think that you will agree with me that I have not exaggerated her beauty."

The officers turned and an involuntary exclamation of surprise escaped their lips.

In the depths of a funereal arch, kneeling with hands clasped and face turned toward the altar, they saw indeed the image of a woman so beautiful that never did its equal come from the hands of a sculptor, nor could desire paint her in fancy more sovereignly lovely.

"Truly it is an angel!" cried one of them.

"Do you not know who she is?" asked another.

"I have succeeded with difficulty in deciphering the inscription on the tomb," answered the young officer, "and from what I make out, it belongs to a Castilian

nobleman, a famous warrior. His name I have forgotten, but his wife, whom you see here, was called Doña Elvira de Castañeda, and by my faith, ought to have been the most noted woman of her century."

But the guests had not lost sight of the principal object of the gathering and began to open the bottles. In proportion as the libations became more numerous and more frequent, and the fumes of the champagne mounted to the heads of the officers, the animation and gaiety increased, some of the young men aiming empty wine bottles at the granite monks against the pillars, others singing bacchic refrains at the top of their voices, and others shouting with laughter, or disputing among themselves with oaths and curses.

The captain drank in silence as though without heart for the sport, his eyes fixed upon the statue of Doña Elvira.

Illuminated by the red glow of the firelight through the misty veil of wine fumes that clouded his eyes, the marble image seemed to him at times transformed into a living woman. Her lips seemed to move as though murmuring a prayer; her breast to heave as though oppressed with sobs in shame before that repulsive sacrilege.

The officers, who observed the taciturn gloom of their comrade, handed him a cup, and cried in chorus:

"Come, a toast! You are the only one of us who has not given one to-night."

The young man took the goblet and rising and holding it aloft, said, facing the statue of the warrior who kneeled beside Doña Elvira:

"My toast is for the Emperor and for the fortune of arms, thanks to which we have been able to come into the heart of Castile and to pay court, at his very tomb, to the wife of a conqueror of Cerinola!"

The soldiers received the toast with a burst of applause, and the captain, steadying himself, took several steps toward the sepulchre.

"Do not," he went on, always facing the warrior, and with the stupid smile that comes with intoxication, "do not think that I entertain rancor toward you because I see in you a rival. On the contrary, I admire you for a patient husband, an example of forbearance and gentleness, and on my side I wish also to be generous. You must have known well how to drink when you were a soldier. It shall not be said that I have let you die of thirst while we emptied twenty bottles. Here, take this!"

He raised the cup to the statue's lips, and after moistening them with the wine that it held, he dashed the rest in the marble face, breaking into a harsh laugh

as he saw the wine dripping down upon the tomb from the stone beard of the motionless warrior.

"Captain," cried one of his comrades, "understand that jesting with folks of stone sometimes costs dearly. Remember the story they tell of the hussars of the Fifth in the monastery of Poblet. They would amuse themselves, forsooth, blacking the faces of the warriors of the cloisters until these doughty granite gentlemen laid hand to their granite swords and gave the merrymakers a lively time enough."

But the captain, paying no heed, continued:

"Do you think that I would have given him wine if I had not known he would swallow at least the portion that fell into his mouth? Oh, no! I do not believe, like you, that these statues are mere inert pieces of marble. Undoubtedly the artist, who is almost a god, gives to his work a living breath that cannot indeed enable it to move and walk, but that imbues it with a strange incomprehensible life; a life that I cannot explain, but that I feel, above all when I have drunk a little."

"Magnificent!" cried his comrades. "Drink and proceed."

The officer drank, and fixing his eyes on the image of Doña Elvira, continued with growing exaltation:

"Look at her! Look at her! Do you not see the changing hues of her soft transparent skin? Does it not seem to you that below that alabaster surface flows a rose-colored liquid? Would you have more life? More reality?"

"Oh, yes, certainly!" said one of the listeners. "We would have her of flesh and blood."

"Flesh and blood! You mean grief and misery," cried the captain. "I have had my share of orgies, have felt my lips and head burn; have felt a fire like the boiling lava through my veins. Then the kisses of living women burned me like hot iron. Then, as now, I needed a breath from the cool sea for my fevered forehead. I needed to drink at icy streams, to kiss the snow—snow glowing under a mellow light, snow tinged by gilded sunlight . . . a woman white, beautiful, cold, like this woman of stone, with her fantastic loveliness, who tempts me with her half-opened lips, who tempts me! Oh! yes, one kiss . . . one kiss of yours would temper the flame that consumes me."

"Captain!" cried some of the officers, seeing him start toward the statue as if beside himself, "what madness is this? Enough of your jest. Leave the dead in peace!"

The young man staggered to the tomb and approached the statue, but as he stretched out his arms, a cry of horror resounded through the temple. With blood

pouring from his eyes and mouth and nostrils, the captain had fallen prone at the foot of the sepulchre, his face crushed.

The officers, speechless and terrified, dared not take a step forward to lend him aid.

At the very moment when their comrade attempted to touch with his burning lips the lips of Doña Elvira, they had seen the marble warrior raise his hand and hurl down the desecrator with one frightful blow of his stone gauntlet.

HORATIA AT THE DOOR

I.

Regina of Indusium,
  By the tin gods she swore
That no one after sunset
  Should enter at the door.
By the tin gods she swore it,
  And summoned her array—
Minions from Afric's coral shore,
In braids or crested pompadour,
  All ready to obey.

II.

She bade them then at sunset
  Right fast to bar the door,
The hosts of fair Indusium
  Must enter in before
Unto the evening banquet
  Which there within was spread,
And all who later came must go
  All supperless to bed.

III.

So those who in the musty tomes
  Had delved since dawn of day,
And those who at the lusty games
  Had striven in the fray,
Must gird their garments swiftly,
  And waste no time at all,
But hie them down without delay
  Into the banquet-hall.

IV.

But in the games some maidens
  Have striven over long,
And ere they reach the door, the bells
  Begin the vesper song.
Now haste, your footsteps hasten,
  The minions close the door—
The flying maids rush down the stair—
  Horatia is before!

V.

She springs upon the threshold
  And waves her belt on high,
The minions shrink abashèd
  Before her flaming eye.
None dares to close the portal,
  Horatia none has faced,
She gives a shout to those behind—
Their crests are waving in the wind,
  Their armor all unbraced.

VI.

The dusky foe dart forward
  To swing the door in place;
They quail before Horatia's glance
  And backward flee apace.

Horatia stands right firmly
  The direful door within—
Her belt about her supple waist
  She fastens with a pin.

VII.

But those behind right nobly
  Have answered to the call,
And now in ranks unbroken
  They storm the banquet-hall.
A moment—they have entered,
  Horatia came in last,
They sit them down, and with a thud
  The door is closèd fast.

VIII.

O loudly did they cheer her,
  And filled to her the glass,
And swore that ne'er before her
  Had lived so brave a lass.
By hoary upper classmen
  The story shall be told
How well Horatia held the door
  In the brave days of old.

M. A. C., '07.

DRAMATIC NOTES

"D'ARCY OF THE GUARDS"

The Philistine, whatever faults he may have had, was scrupulously polite. No cast of Bryn Mawr actresses felt unappreciated after reading the pleasant words "the dear *Phil*" had to say about them and their play. TIPYN O BOB, on the other hand, in his first youth and inexperience feels quite robust and cocky enough to square his shoulders and say what he thinks. His commendation should then—if prized at all—be the more prized, and his condemnation—if considered at all—be an effective spur in the advance from a good to a better thing.

It is with sincerity and fairness, therefore, that we wish to review "D'Arcy of the Guards," as given by '06 to '07. When the curtain was pulled back upon the garden of the Townshend house, with it a century and a half were drawn away; Philadelphia as it is to-day sped far into the mists of the future. Ten miles to the left of us lay old Philadelphia, swarming with redcoats; ten miles to the right of us Valley Forge, with Washington and his men at headquarters. It was a pretty idea—this choosing of a play whose characters were to live and love and ride and fight directly around us.

The choice of the piece was further good in that its requirements lay within the scope of amateur acting. Amateurs may choose a play too difficult for them and present a rough, though perhaps interesting piece, or undertake a simpler one which they can produce in a more or less finished state. "D'Arcy of the Guards" is of the latter type. It tells the same old story, trite and pretty, of the heart of a rebel American girl won by the charm of the English redcoat. The cast, therefore, undertook nothing new or unaccustomed. The interest centered in the incident rather than in the character study. Even without a striking interpretation of every rôle a play of incident may be a success if every actor but knows perfectly his part and speaks it with the assurance that comes of practice, if the action is never interrupted by bad management behind the scenes, in short, if the piece moves to its close with smoothness, dignity, and finish. In this department of good acting '06 deserves high praise. Rumor has it that no play has been given in college with such finish as "D'Arcy of the Guards." This rumor is surely founded on some truth. The prompter Friday evening played no prominent part; the actors could be heard in the back of the gymnasium; the costumes and the color-schemes were ravishing; the scenery was not only charming in detail but well put together and arranged to stay; during the tense, exciting moments of the action no wig fell off, no curtain tumbled down—all went smoothly and to the point.

The actors were at first a trifle stiff in gesture and delivery, but in the second act they warmed to their work, and with the aid of the good staging and a close acquaintance with their parts, became, all of them, adequate. Several among them showed true talent. Miss Mudge, in the rôle of *Samuel Davis,* gave the old Quaker a personality of his own. Miss Ford was a winsome *Cynthia Deane.* Miss DeKoven, as *Pamela Townshend,* showed her special genius in the rendering of the more serious parts. She was excellent during the search of the house for her brother, and in the scene in which *D'Arcy* refuses to let her leave the room. The interest in these scenes was greatly due to Miss DeKoven's grasp of the situation. Miss Crosby, as *Jack D'Arcy of the Guards,* made us wish for nothing better. She

was at once a man, an Irishman and a soldier—a trinity in which it would not be difficult to fail. There was music in her Irish r's; dignity in her professions of love, of honor and of duty; airiness in her rendering of an Irishman's sentiment. As an actress she rose decidedly above the rest of the cast.

With Miss Crosby as the hero, with the good effect of scenery and costume, with the smoothness which marked the whole performance, "D'Arcy of the Guards" was a decided and an artistic success. Miss MacClanahan and her cast deserve great credit for such an accomplishment of their difficult task.

Said the Bell up in Taylor's tall tower:
"I feel that I'm really a power.
Though I think it a sin
To be always roped in,
Yet I'm surely the Belle of the Hour."

A. K. B., '04.
H. W. A., '04.

EDITORIAL

It is with a certain shyness that we offer this the first number of our college monthly to the gaze and criticism of its college world. It may be the delicate shrinking of an admirable modesty, or the natural timidity of the murderer. Either way we feel inclined to hide behind a shield of reasons, to explain again the dissolution of the *Philistine,* and to reiterate the aim and ideals of its successor.

In the first number of the infant *Philistine* the editors stated very definitely its future line. It was to serve as a practice-ground for the budding literary talent of the college, the culmination of whose genius appears annually in the *Lantern;* it was to be, in its relation to the *Lantern,* "what the daily theme is to the essay"; and further, it should serve as a playground, an intelligent recreation, where college wit of whatever type might find expression. But of late the *Philistine* has signally failed to be just this, and has proved, in consequence, wholly inadequate as the representative magazine of the undergraduates.

Its failure was legitimate, being in large part due to its size and shape and

the frequency of its publication, but it was none the less final. Therefore the Undergraduate Association, not without a pang, signed its death warrant, and has created in its stead a college monthly.

As to the new publication, it will, it is hoped, retain all the virtues of its predecessor. Like the *Philistine,* it will serve as a mirror for college activity and as a storehouse of college wit. It will be as frequently and as well illustrated as talent and funds permit. For be it clearly understood that the TIPYN O BOB in no way aspires to take the place of the *Lantern.* It is to supplement, not to substitute, that hardy annual, and its relation is to be that originally planned for the *Philistine* by its editors.

Yet it is obvious from its mere size and the greater width of its columns that the TIPYN O BOB is fitted, far better than the *Philistine* could have been, to contain articles of some length and of appreciable literary merit. As the name, appropriately Welsh, with the cannibalistic significance, "A little bit of everybody," is designed to express, the character of its contents is quite unrestricted. The matter may be serious, if it is serious effectively; it may be humorous, if it is humorous mirthfully. It may be upon any topic whatever, whether of the moment or of eternity if it but contains what we crave in it most sincerely—the rare quality of interest; for even in this age of self-expression, when the most transient thought or evanescent emotion is perpetuated in the black and white of print, only the most interesting of these doubtless highly interesting mental contents should be granted such perpetuation.

In this way the periodical hopes to contain the best and most typical current literary production of the college world. There is, however, another office which it has been designed to fill, an office of peculiar importance and significance, and one whose fulfilment lies almost wholly in the hands of the alumnae. Hereafter in each issue there will be a department reserved for the publication of contributions, from either alumnae or undergraduates, discussing any topic of mutual interest, in regard to the policy of the college or what-not. Thus the opinion of the alumnae concerning the new conditions constantly arising within the college may have opportunity for expression and such conditions need not be swallowed whole, as has been too often the case, but may be discussed and digested and properly met. The TIPYN O BOB is to serve for undergraduates and alumnae alike, as a meeting-ground where they may enter into closer communication, and consequently into closer sympathy.

COLLEGE NOTES

The following changes have taken place in the Academic appointments this year:

Dr. Harkness, Professor of Mathematics, has resigned, and his place has been filled by Mr. Joseph E. Wright.

Dr. Andrews, Professor of History, has been granted a leave of absence for one year. Dr. Smith and Miss Ellen S. Davison are delivering the courses in History.

Dr. Barton, Associate Professor of Biblical Literature and Semitic Languages, has returned from his trip to Palestine.

Dr. Menger, Professor of Romance Philology, died this summer in Italy.

Dr. Irons, Associate Professor of Philosophy, is forced, on account of illness, to be absent during the first semester. Dr. George W. T. Whitney and Dr. George S. Painter are delivering the courses in Philosophy.

Dr. France, Associate in Greek Literature, has resigned, and her place has been filled by Mr. Frank W. Dignan.

Dr. Benjamin LeRoy Miller has been appointed to assist Dr. Bascom in Geology.

Dr. Clarence C. Clark has been appointed Associate in English.

Miss Donnelly, Reader in English, has been granted a leave of absence for one year.

*Miss Helen Thomas and Miss Taylor, Readers in English, have resigned.

Miss Grace E. Hadow and Miss Eleanor D. Cook have been appointed Readers in English.

Dr. Louise Dodge has been appointed Reader in English and Italian.

Miss Laws, Recording Secretary, has resigned, and her place has been filled by Miss Evelyn Walker.

Miss Lord, Librarian, has resigned, and her place has been filled by Miss Isadore G. Mudge.

Miss Hawkins, Cataloguer, has resigned, and her place has been filled by Miss Minnie E. Sears.

Miss Norcross, Assistant Bursar, has resigned, and her place has been filled by Miss Bertha Lyndon.

Mrs. Andrews, Junior Bursar, has resigned, and her place has been filled by Miss Bessie E. Hazen.

* Mrs. Simon Flexner, 1903.

Miss Hailey and Miss Wurtle have resigned their positions at the Infirmary and their places have been filled by Miss Lillian M. Smith and Miss Mabelle R. Spahr.

The fire Captains for this year are:

R. B. I. Wood, '04, Head Captain	Radnor Hall.
Adelaide W. Neall, '06	Pembroke West.
Margaret Ullmann, '04	Pembroke East.
Gladys King, '05	Denbigh Hall.
Alice M. Meigs, '05	Merion Hall.
Frances Adams, Graduate	Dolgelly.
Nannie Adaire, '04	Cartref.

The Class Officers for this year are:

'04 Dorothy Foster, *President.*
Constance Lewis, *Vice-President and Treasurer.*
Helen Arny, *Secretary.*
'05 Helen Sturgis, *President.*
Gladys King, *Vice-President and Treasurer.*
Anna Hill, *Secretary.*
'06 Mary Richardson, *President.*
Phœbe Crosby, *Vice-President and Treasurer.*
Ethel Bullock, *Secretary.*
'07 Margaret Augur, *Chairman.*
Alice Wardwell, *Secretary and Treasurer pro tem.*

Dr. Barton addressed the College Fortnightly meeting on September 30th.

On October 1st, the President gave an address and reception to the entering class.

The Christian Union gave a reception in Denbigh to the Freshmen on October 2d.

On October 3d, the President gave an address and reception to the graduate students.

On October 14th, Dr. Freemantle, Pastor of St. Luke's Reformed Episcopal Church, of Frankford, Pa., addressed the College Fortnightly meeting.

The Senior Class gave a reception in Pembroke East to the Freshmen on October 16th.

On October 28th, Dr. Ecob, of the First Unitarian Church, of Philadelphia, addressed the College Fortnightly meeting.

The Sophomore Class gave a play, "D'Arcy of the Guards," to the Freshmen on October 30th, and on the following night a costume dance.

On November 5th, took place the Presentation of Lanterns by '06 to '07.

The President has postponed the Freshman play until the second semester.

The average age of the Freshman Class is eighteen years and six months. The class consists of 118 regular members and four hearers.

As usual, typhoid is prevalent in Philadelphia, and the students are earnestly requested not to drink the city water.

Owing to the non-support of the students, the college omnibus to and from the station has been a financial failure, and consequently has been abolished. In its stead, however, for the safety of the students, a watchman with a lantern meets every train from town after dark.

The electric lights in the Gymnasium, especially the footlights, are much appreciated by actors, dancers, and stage managers.

The long-expected tea-pantries, with their little gas-stoves and aluminum kettles and saucepan, have at last taken the place of all chafing-dishes and alcohol lamps.

Rockefeller is steadily progressing and every attempt is being made to have it ready for occupation after Christmas.

In the absence of Mrs. Andrews, Marion Reilly, '01, has been chosen Chairman of the Students' Building Committee. Song-books can be bought of her, or of Miss Martha Thomas at $2.00 apiece, for the benefit of the Building Fund. It is hoped that more interest than heretofore will be taken this year in increasing the fund, in order that the necessary $70,000 may be raised or pledged by February.

Katharine Curtis, '04, resigned from the Executive Board and the Vice-Presidency, and Alice Mattless, '05, from the Advisory Board, of the Bryn Mawr Students' Association for Self-Government. The elections to fill these vacancies resulted as follows:

Isabel Lynde, '05, Vice-President.

Carla Denison, '05, advanced from the Advisory Board to the Executive Board.

Eleanor Little, '05, and Margaret Thurston, '05, members of the Advisory Board.

The Trophy Club entertained the Class of '07 at tea in the Trophy Corner of Pembroke East on Saturday, October 24th. Miss Dorothy Foster, Chairman of the Club, introduced the speakers. Miss Marion Reilly, '01, spoke of the origin and purpose of the Trophy Club. Then followed a talk by Miss Robins on the traditions

of the College. Miss Chamberlain, the guest of honor, also gave a short talk. Refreshments were served, and class songs and cheers given.

With the co-operation of the President's office the undersigned resident alumnæ will conduct a Students' Employment Office. Their object is to find employment for students who wish to earn money during their college course. They would be glad to receive application for work or to hear from any one wishing work done.

MARION REILLY, '01, *Secretary.*
MARTHA G. THOMAS, '89.
HELEN J. ROBINS, '92.

"A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses," the contents of which have been collected from the *Lantern* and the *Philistine* and from the unpublished work of Bryn Mawr alumni, is about to be published. The proceeds of this publication will be added to the Students' Building Fund. The price of the volume will be $1.25. Editors: Elizabeth Teresa Daly, '01; Amelia Elizabeth White, '01.

1906 to 1907

Tune "Tessie"

Hi! Hi! Here come the freshest mushrooms
Bryn Mawr has ever seen;
They sprout and overrun the campus
And they are just the greenest green;
One thing we really have to tell them,
For they don't know their manners yet,
They must obey their Sophomores.
Now, Freshmen, don't forget!

1906 to 1907, SOPHOMORE PLAY

Tune "Pennsyl. R. R."

If we only had an Irving for a hero,
Could Bernhardt only be our heroine,
If Frohman could have staged this reproduction
We feel that we could give you something fine.
But since it is for you that we are working,
And tho' our actors are not of the best,
We hope you'll like this play, oh, 1907,
For we give it you with pleasure and with zest.

1905 to 1907

Tune "Lill"

Freshmen, we meet you and heartily greet you,
We bid you be welcome among us to-night;
We will cherish you, guard you, protect you, reward you,
No shadow shall darken your glory so bright.
No Senior shall fright you, no Sophomore spite you,
For your comfort and peace we will all of us strive.
Oh! we're here to cheer, so there's nothing to fear,
If you'll only revere and obey 1905.
Freshmen! cheer them great and small,
Now, then, hoorah! cheer the Freshmen all.
Though you're very fresh and green,
You're the best we've ever seen,
And we cheer you 1907.

1907 to 1906, SOPHOMORE PLAY

Tune "Yo! ho! Little Girls"

Yo! ho! Sophomores, yo! ho!
We have come to see your show,
And we all unite in a cheer to you,
For to you our hearts will e'er be true.
Then cheer again, O Freshmen!
And send your voices far!
Cheer 1906, for they are bricks,
Oh 1906 Bryn Mawr!

Then here's to the play they give us,
And here's to the hero brave,
And here's to the cast,
And the girl at last,
And the scenery o'er which we rave.
Then once again, O Freshmen!
With all your might and main,
Come raise your cheer, both far and near,
To 1906 again!

lecture, Thursday, December 3d, treated the "Literary Revival in Ireland;" his second, December 7th, "Old and New Poetry."

On Sunday, October 25th, the Moseley Commission, a body of influential men sent from England by Mr. Moseley to examine American schools and colleges with a view to improving their own, visited Bryn Mawr College. President Butler, of Columbia, made for the Commission a schedule of the most progressive of the educational institutions of this country, from which he excluded all women's colleges. The Commission, however, took the matter into their own hands, and included Bryn Mawr College in their tour.

ALUMNAE NOTES

'92. Elizabeth Weiser Pearson has a son, born July 7th.

'93. Gertrude Taylor Slaughter is spending the winter abroad.

'95. Florence Leftwich was married to Mr. Samuel Ravenel, on December 10th.

'01. Katherine Lord is unable to continue her work in English at Wellesley because of her health. Her place is to be taken by Miss Brigham, formerly Reader in English at Bryn Mawr.

'02. Helen Nichols is now in Italy, after traveling through Russia, Turkey, and Greece.

'02. Elisabeth Chandler was married to Mr. Horace Forman on May 30, 1903.

'02. Emily Dungan was married to Mr. George W. Moore on September 9th.

'02. Clarrissa Harben was married to Mr. William Macavoy in June.

'02. Nan Shearer has announced her engagement to Mr. John Lafote.

'03. Edith Dabney is teaching at the Milton Academy.

Virginia Ragsdale, '96; Eleanor Brownell, '97; Edith Campbell Crane, '00; Sylvia Scudder, '01; Maude Sperry Chapin, '02; Alice Day, '02; Elisabeth Chandler Forman, '02; Claris I. Crane, '02; Martha White, '03; Dorothea Day, '03; Louise Atherton, '03; Linda B. Lange, '03; Ida Langdon, '03; Agnes Austin, '03, and Susan B. Tyler, '03, visited Bryn Mawr last month.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The tennis championship of Bryn Mawr College was again won by L. Marshall, 1905, who defended the cup against A. Wardwell, 1907. The score of the finals was: 6-1; 6-3; 7-5.

The fight for the championship in hockey proved a close and exciting contest. The teams of 1905 and 1906 were evenly matched and accustomed to playing together. Perhaps 1906 played the swifter game, but coolness and team-play brought 1905 the victory. The two teams were:

1905		1906
Havemeyer (Cap.)	C. F.	Richardson (Cap.)
Le Fevre	R. I	Houghton
Marshall	R. W.	Thomas
Little	L. I	Kingsbacher
Kempton	L. W.	Wade
Longstreth	R. H.	Bullock
Denison	C. H.	Neall
Mason	L. H.	White
Meigs	R. F.	Evans
Sturgis	L. F.	Harrington
Armstrong	G.	Rawson

The finals consisted of five games—the scores as follows:

1905	1906
1	1
1	3
3	1
1	1
1	0

The championship goal was shot by Morrow, substitute for right inside forward.

'99. Mary Thurber Dennison has a daughter, Helen Dexter, born October 7th, who is the class baby of '99.

'00. Frances Rush has announced her engagement to Judge Lindsay Crawford, of Waynesburgh, New York.

Edna Fischel was married in October to Dr. George Gellhorn.

Lois Farnham was married to Dr. David Wilbur Horn, Professor of Chemistry, Bryn Mawr College, on September 22d.

'01. Evelyn Walker is now Recording Secretary of Bryn Mawr College.

Elizabeth Emmons brought some members of the Bryn Mawr School of Baltimore to college for the Sophomore play.

Bertha M. Cook was married to Mr. T. E. Kelley on the 29th of August.

Anne Archibald and Miss Georgiana Jones, sister of Alice Jones, '97, are getting out a calendar called "The Fusser's Calendar," illustrated by Florence Weyman, of New York, and published by the firm of Fox, Duffield & Co., New York.

Ellen Ellis has returned from Europe and is taking graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.

Marion Reilly is taking graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.

Elizabeth Daly visited college lately and announced the publication of "A Book of Bryn Mawr Verses."

'02. Grace Douglas was married to Mr. Morris Leidy Johnston on November 4th.

Edith Orlady has been appointed Warden of Pembroke West.

Sara Montenegro has been appointed Warden of Merion.

S. Frances Adams has announced her engagement to Mr. Bascom Johnson, of Philadelphia.

Martha Jenkins has announced her engagement to Mr. Henry Ward Foote.

Maude Sperry has announced her engagement to Mr. Ralph Chapin, of Pittsburg.

Lucile Porter was married to Dr. Ben: Perley Weaver on September 16th.

Ruth Miles was married to Dr. Charles Witherspoon on September 12th.

Anne Rotan has announced her engagement to Mr. Thorndike Dudley Howe, of Lawrence, Massachusetts.

Elizabeth Plunkett is tutoring in Pittsfield, at Miss Hall's School.

Lois Wright is doing graduate work in Greek at Radcliffe College.

'03. Anna May Branson is taking graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.
Eleanor Fleischer is taking graduate work at Bryn Mawr College.
Elizabeth O'Neall is teaching zoölogy at Holyoke College.
Elsie Thomas is teaching at Salem Academy, Winston Salem, North Carolina.
Fanny Brown is taking a trip around the world and does not expect to return until November, 1904.
Maud Spencer has announced her engagement to Dr. Corbitt, of England.
Gertrude Price has announced her engagement to Mr. George McKnight.
Evelyn Morris was married to Mr. Francis Cope on Tuesday, October 13th, and has gone abroad on her wedding trip.
Margretta Stewart, Virginia Stoddard, Louise Alberton, Susan Tyler and Agnes Austin recently visited Bryn Mawr.

Lena Lawrence, '89; Marion McIntosh, '90; Margaret Sherman, '94; Anna West, '95; Mary Jeffers, '95; Lydia Boring, '96; Elsa Bowman, '96; Elizabeth Kirkbride, '96; Margaret Hamilton, '97; Elizabeth Nields, '98; May Blakey, '99; Helen McCoy, '00; Violet Foster, '02; Lois Wright, '02; Amy Sussman, '02; Frances Allen, '02; Louise Schoff, '02; Gertrude Price, '03; Doris Earle, '03; Florence Wattson, '03; Agnes Sinclair, '03, returned to Bryn Mawr for the Sophomore play, October 30th.

GRADUATES

B. May Clark, graduate scholar in physics, 1899-1900, is spending the present academic year at the University of Göttingen.

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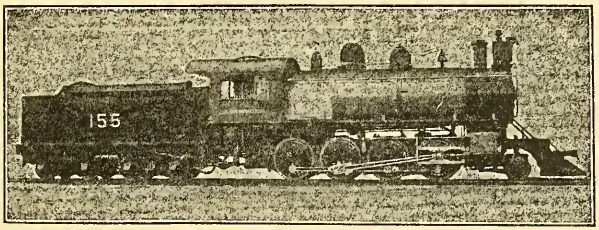

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Contents

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Tipyn o Bob

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VOL. I NOVEMBER, 1903 No. 2

A PHANTOM OF THE HILLS

"It's up to you, to-night, Knowles. Haven't you ever been smashed up in an automobile runaway, or kidnapped from your cradle, or—or—dumped as a spy into one of those Roumanian dungeons?"

"Look here, Withers," Tot Marvin broke in, "shut up and give him a chance. He's started, don't you see his eyes?"

"Then get busy," said the fourth man of the group, and drew his chair closer into the circle about the fire. "Lord, but it's cold out to-night!"

Knowles puffed once or twice at his cigar, and watched the smoke-rings round out in a gray-blue series. Then he began his story.

"It was the summer of my junior year at Cambridge. The rest of the family were going abroad, but I had got sick of following around after them while they did the shops and the art galleries, so the governor let me go out to Brazil to stay with a man named Phil Hurd. Phil had a big coffee plantation, about fifty miles in from Rio Janeiro, on the Rio Parahyba.

"Well, I got wild about the place, for when it was cool, we used to have some bully rides over among the mountains, and at night, when we were tired, Phil had snug little bachelor quarters to come home to. In the hot weather we used to lie around all day and sleep, turning out only for meals, until evening, when it would be cool enough to ride again. Though there were no neighbors within twenty miles, I never missed them, for Phil was a splendid sort, and a crowd in himself.

"After I had been out there nearly a month, Phil got word that he was needed up in New York on business. The man who had charge of his father's estate was funking the affair, or at least that's what Phil

thought then. So he asked me if I'd stay there and look after things while he was away, and of course I said I'd be glad to. I thought it would be a grand lark, you see. There were three overseers who ran the plantation, and all I had to do was to give them orders. They were natives, of course, so, as I couldn't speak a word of the plagued language, Phil got a sort of hybrid Tennesseean, named Ritter, who'd lived down there some time, to act as my interpreter.

"Well, right after Phil left I missed him terribly. There wasn't anything for me to do, for the plantation simply ran itself under those overseers—they'd been with Phil ever since he started in—and it wasn't much sport riding around alone. I took the interpreter along once or twice, but he was an awful heathen, and worse than nothing. I soon grew used to the lonesomeness, however, and really rather liked it.

"Then there came a day when the heat had been terrific, and the sun had beat down like a glow of steady hell-fire. There hadn't a breath stirred. I'd stayed indoors, and snoozed off whenever I could forget how sultry it was. There was the same dry, ominous heat when night came, but a little fresher quality in the air, so I sat on the veranda and smoked and sipped mint julep through straws. I'll never forget that evening. The moon was almost full, and the night was so clear that I could easily distinguish the deep blue color of the heavens. While I sat there, Phil's favorite hound, Judy, bayed twice down in the direction of the cabins, with a hoarse, half-human, wailing sound. It upset me the first time, until I remembered hearing Phil say that she sometimes bayed at the moon. Except for these two cries from Judy, all was still as death.

"It must have been about eleven o'clock when there was a disturbance down in the cabin quarters. I could make out a thick little crowd of figures, black in the moonlight, except where the glare of torches brought a few heads into relief. Even as far away as I was, I could tell that something was up, from the way that several of them were running excitedly about, waving torches, while others stood clustered in small groups of three and four. My ears, strained with attention, caught now and then a dull holloa borne along the air. Clearly there was trouble. I got my gun from the house, and started towards the quarters on the run. As I came up, I could see tense and rigid figures, and faces blanched nearly to

white in the torchlight. The men ran to meet me, when they caught sight of me, and Ritter was among the foremost of them. On his forehead beads of perspiration stood out; his eyes glittered, nothing human lay behind them; and his hands, as he caught hold of my arm, were cold and clammy through my coat sleeve.

" 'Gracious, master,' he half-gasped, 'send away!—away! Bad blue spirit! José die!' The poor devil was panting so abjectly that he could scarcely bring out an intelligent word. Gradually, however, I gathered from him the cause of the commotion. It seems that tradition had it that every twenty years a ball of blue light came down from the mountains to the quarters of our plantation, and entered one of the cabins. The man who lived in that cabin was next morning found dead. This present summer was the twentieth since that when the blue light last visited us, and this moon, that in which it was due to come. To-night big José, weary with the heat, had turned in early in the evening. When José's brother went later to their cabin, he had found the blue light inside the mosquito netting over the bed, and José dead. 'Bad fire, master—send 'way!' Ritter begged piteously, and plucked at my sleeve.

"My first thought was that a practical joke had been played on the unsuspecting natives. But at any rate the story was worth looking into, so I followed Ritter down to the quarters. Shrinking behind us, but pressing for protection as close as they dared, came the group of men, women and children, miserable and cringing, who now and then uttered unintelligible moans and cries, for all the world like distressed animals. Their eyes gleamed at me in the moonlight in dumb appeal. Ritter's hands worked convulsively upon my arm as he pulled me feverishly along; he, too, was making incoherent sounds in his throat, in which I could sometimes catch, 'José die! José die! Master send devil, hurry, hurry!'

"The door of José's cabin stood open, and I went in with Ritter. At the window and in the doorway the natives gathered in thick groups—they were afraid to enter. Inside, the air was stifling. Ritter dragged me over to the corner where the bed, or rather bunk, stood: my heart stopped beating for a moment, I think. There the blue light was, inside the netting, falling clear, full on the ashen gray face of a dead man. The hair was matted and moist. One big hand was thrown up over his head on the

pillow, and lay there, resting easily. With unaccountable loathing I touched it and found it cold. On the first impulse, I shot at the light; then again, and a third time—it hung there still, pale and blue, and the bullets lodged in the wall-logs beyond.

"How long we waited there, held by some power we could not defy, I do not know. Except for an occasional choked sob of terror, the group outside was still. I could hear Ritter breathing heavily beside me, and the ticking of the watch in my pocket. I longed to shoot again, but was powerless to raise my arm. The blue light hung—over the bed and the dead man.

"Then in a moment, while we watched, the light went through the mosquito netting, slowly out across the room and over the heads of the natives, through the doorway.

"It was as if something tense had snapped. Immediately the men broke into discordant yells and shrieks, and scurried blindly into the shelter of the nearest cabins. Ritter dropped on his knees and hid his head in the covers of the death-bed. As for me, I felt as if I simply had to follow the light, and I ran out after it. I chased it like a mad man, as it sailed steadily, evenly, down the avenue between the cabins. It hung at about the height of a man's head, and as I ran I shot at it repeatedly. I was shooting into empty air! I followed it then, down the avenue across the plain, along and along and along. Twice I stumbled over a hillock, but when I picked myself up, there it hung still, some ten feet in front of me, the same blue-white gleam. On it went way past the plantation, brought out wonderfully clear against the sky. The light from the moon seemed mean by contrast. Presently my cartridges gave out, but on I ran still, for I was determined to hunt it down. Now we were coming to the hills—now, finally, to the great rock called the "Wall of the Devil's Slant." Still the blue light sailed, and came nearer always to the precipice. I was really gaining on it at last, and stretched out my hands to grasp it. They were clutching at cold rock, hideously cut by its roughness. For a minute I beat upon it, and cursed my impotence to penetrate. I had lost the blue light.

"I never knew how I crawled home—those were endless miles. I got there in the dim grayness just before sunrise, and found the natives in a

state of listless and sullen disorder. They slouched about, as if half-drugged. I went immediately to José's cabin. There lay Ritter, sleeping heavily, on the floor beside the bed; his face was swollen and purplish. José lay on the bed, hideous in the glare of early morning. It came over me just once that I might have been dreaming it all, so I touched his hand again. It was cold and clammy. Then I found the six bullet holes in the mosquito netting."

The fire had died quite to embers by the time Knowles finished. Withers pulled himself together with an effort, and laughed uneasily, as he flicked the ashes from his cigar.

"Oh come, Knowles, you know you tell a damned good story." Then, gaining assurance, "You don't expect us to believe it though?"

"Well," Knowles answered soberly, "no, I suppose I can't expect you to believe it. Sometimes I hate to have to believe it myself. It's ugly, isn't it?" E. L. B., '05.

INTO THE MIST

"Six, seven, eight!" counted the Boy gleefully as he watched his stone skip across the water. Then he turned on down the beach. The damp salt wind blew his hair around his freckled face and the water splashed over his bare brown feet. Somewhere back on the sand lay his white cap, his stockings and new sneakers. He scorned these unnecessary touches with which his precise young aunt had dressed him when she left him safe on the sea wall with his fairy tales.

Usually nothing could tempt him away from them, but to-day he had quite forgotten the charms of the elves that lived in the forest trees, the fairies and gnomes that came out when the moon was full, and all the other strange little creatures in whom he so firmly believed. For the fog was coming in, that great mysterious white cloud which softly drifts in over the bay wrapping even the hills in its misty mantle. The Boy had never seen the fog until this summer and at first he had watched it in silent awe. And then he had begun to wonder where it came from and why it came, as he always wondered in his queer little way about every-

thing. There was no one around him whom he cared to ask, no one who understood his thoughts and fancies; so he studied it all out for himself, sitting on the wall, a mere slip of a boy lost in the fog.

Of course some one must be king of the fog, for there was the old man of the sea and oh, hundreds of others. His home was way, way out upon the ocean where the fogs come from, a vague, misty, but beautiful place. And here with the king dwelt myriads of fog fairies. But no ordinary mortal must see fairies, so when they came into the shore they were safely hidden by the thick mist. They had many duties to perform, first of all to put some more lovely blue color and sparkle into the water, for when that great enemy the sun came and drove the fog away was not the water lovelier than ever? Then too they washed all the dust from the rocks and bushes. And when their work was done they wafted themselves around the vessels in the harbor and talked to the ship fairies. For of course as every sensible person must know, each boat, no matter how tiny, has a fairy belonging to it. The fog fairies whispered to them of the great ocean out beyond, of the fresh breezes that blow, and the beautiful waves on whose curling combs the mermaids floated.

It had long been a puzzle to the Boy what became of these ship fairies when their ships went down. But now he knew. The fog fairies came sooner or later and took them away to that beautiful distant home of theirs. He was wondering to-day if they ever carried children out there. How he would love to go! But then it was nice to be here on the beach. Before him the eager tide just beginning to come in over the stones, and behind him the hills faintly streaked with the gold and purple of the golden-rod and aster, and in between the bushes bright with the red brown hues of autumn.

All this time the fog was stealing nearer, hiding boat after boat in its fold, and the wind blew cold on the Boy's bare legs. He fairly reveled in it as he flew along, hastening toward the great dark rocks he loved. Not often could he come here, but now the tide was low and there was no restraining grown-up who talked of slippery climbing, dangerous tides, and such dull things. He clambered on, looking for one particular place, a small cave on the water's edge only approachable when the tide was low.

But he couldn't hurry now that he was on the rocks. There were too

many things to look at: the crabs scuttling around at their edge and hustling out from the brown sea-weed in search of food; the star fish proudly resting on some quite high stone; the innumerable snails and other sea animals. Perhaps these very creatures would be fairies some day. The Boy almost envied them. They might even go out to the mist land! Every once in a while a fish darted through the deeper pools, and he watched it with eager eyes as it flew back to sea again.

When he had found the cave and jumped down into it, he was entirely lost from sight. A whole army of crabs scrabbled away as he sat down in a nice seaweedy corner where he could look out at the fog. It was coming in now thickly, and the wind that came with it blew the tops of the rising waves into flurrying foam. The Boy snuggled down and strained his drowsy eyes into the dense white. If only he could see one of these strange creatures who come so mysteriously.

Then somehow he seemed to forget the fog, his rocky bed was very comfortable and cosy.

And after a while quite suddenly he was looking up. Right in front of him was a dense mass of fog which as he looked seemed to take shape. It was a very misty indefinite shape, but the Boy knew it. Then as it became clearer he saw her eyes, eyes that glimmered like the green water just underneath the foamy top of a wave when it begins to break. And with her came a whiff of the saltiest sea breeze that ever blew.

The Boy was a polite child and never forgot his manners. "How do you do, Miss Fog Lady," he said, sedately, "I am so glad you have found me."

"How did you know me, Boy?" she asked, and her voice was like the incoming tide on the beach. Indeed any one but the Boy would never have distinguished it.

"I have been waiting for a long, long time and now won't you tell me some of the nice things you tell the ship fairies?"

The Boy never noticed it, but the fog lady's eyes seemed to grow very sad as he spoke.

"Why do you want to hear of us and of our mist home, child? Aren't you happy here?"

"Not always," answered the Boy. "Grown-ups are so strange, they

don't care to come out on the beach and watch the sea things and they don't believe in fairies—except my Daddy, he does and he tells me lots about them, but he is way off now in some place with a funny name. He is a soldier, you see." He finished with pride.

The mist lady seemed to smile then. "Would you like to see our King, Boy?"

"Could I really?" eagerly. "He must be so nice and know such lots of things living way out in the middle of the world. Don't you think he would tell me things if I were careful not to bother him?"

"But if you went you could never come back to play here."

"Never see Daddy again?" he asked, wistfully.

"I know not, little boy." As she spoke she seemed to be gazing beyond him, looking into the years to come.

Now suddenly a wonderful light glimmered through the heavy whiteness of the fog and the Boy saw the mist fairy more distinctly. Slowly she was coming nearer.

"The King has sent for you, Boy. He is waiting now." And her voice was as part of the waves themselves, but the Boy heard. He was floating out on the fog, further and further into the mist. . . . .

The waves boomed loudly in the cave and the fog bells sounded away in the distance.

Then as the sun was setting the fog lifted. The water of the bay sparkled bluer than ever and all things gleamed fresh and bright. The little crabs scuttled undisturbed about their cave. M. M. W., '05.

MY WISHING

I'm wishing to-night for the long, white beach,
The moon beyond, and the crooning sea,
The world just lost in the black night's reach
With none to watch it save you and me.

The warm white sand at my fingers' ends,
A young owl's cry in the silence far,
Just there where the beach with the water blends
A fisher's torch like a fallen star.

I'm wishing to-night for the mountain side—
The wooded path which our horses trod,
The crimson glow, the sunset's pride,
And the fir-trees lifting their heads to God.

I'm wishing to-night—but I know full well
That neither the beach, nor the woods, nor the sea
Has aught to do with the sorrow I feel,
Has aught to comfort the heart of me.

The pine-woods' shadow is at my door,
Before me stretches the infinite sea—
But more than for these, dear heart, much more,
I wish to-night and forever for thee.

C. N. E. M., 05.

THEIR SONG

By the Lake of the Silver Shallows,
Where the pines sigh,
Deep in the shadow of frosted firs,
Where the winds die;
There the song of the woodthrush tender,
Breathes but of thee,
There the still lake's rippling echo,
Calls thee to me.

Out on the desert stretches,
Where the storm flies,
Near the black depth on the edge of the world,
Where the wind cries;
There the haunting sob of the rain cloud,
Breathes but of thee,
There the whispering breath of the hollow sky,
Calls thee to me.

MR. YEATS AND HIS ART

Mr. William Butler Yeats stands foremost among the little band of Celtic singers whose art has created the Irish Renaissance. Their aim has been to encourage a school of national Irish poetry, and to make it prevail. Their success, in view of Ireland's great need of unifying, nationalizing influences, has been attested by the enthusiasm excited by the organization of Irish Literary Societies, and of the Irish Literary Theatre. But, apart from its national aspect, the Celtic movement is a crusade against Philistinism, an attempt to make a religion, of Art. They believe, with William Blake, that "the Divine hand will fall heavily upon bad taste and vulgarity." George W. Russell is a well-known member of the earnest little group; others are Lady Gregory of Galway, Dr. Douglas Hyde, Edwin Martyn, Lionel Johnson, Moira O'Neill, Nora Chesson, Katharine Hinkson, Fiona MacLeod and Ernest Rhys. Mr. Yeats is confident that the present is ripe for their work.

"The Celtic movement as I understand it," he writes, "is principally the opening of this fountain (of mythology and folk-lore), and none can measure of how great importance it may be to coming times, for every new fountain of legends is a new intoxication for the imagination of the world. It comes at a time when the imagination of the world is as ready as it was at the coming of the tales of Arthur and of the Grail, for a new intoxication. The reaction against the rationalism of the eighteenth century has mingled with a reaction against the materialism of the nineteenth century; and the symbolical movement, that has come to perfection in Germany in Wagner, in England in the Pre-Raphaelites, and in France in Villiers De L'Isle Adam, and Mallarmé, and Maeterlinck, and has stirred the imagination of Ibsen and D'Annunzio, is certainly the only movement that is saying new things."

As an artist Mr. Yeats is truer to his ideals than he is as the patriotic leader of a nationalizing movement; for "art," he says, "is tribeless, nationless, a blossom gathered in No Man's Land." Like Mr. Pater, whom he quotes, he lays stress upon the individualistic interpretation of the subject; the literary artist "must make his work a part of his own journey towards beauty and truth. He must picture saint, or hero, or hillside, as he sees

them, not as he is expected to see them, and he must comfort himself, when others cry out against what he has seen, by remembering that no two men are alike, and that there is 'no excellent beauty without strangeness.' "

But Mr. Yeats maintains that the truest art is attained not by the individual writer's *normal* interpretation of his subject. He is a little of a mystic, is Mr. Yeats, and very much of a poet; he frowns upon reason and agrees with Blake that reason not only created ugliness, but all other evils. "Nor can things be better, till that ten thousand have gone hither and thither to preach their faith that 'the *imagination* is the man himself,' and that the world as imagination sees it is the durable world;" and further, "since then I have observed dreams and visions very carefully, and am now certain that the imagination has some way of lighting on the truth that the reason has not, and that its commandments, delivered when the body is still and the reason silent, are the most binding we can know." The "flaming imagination" of Blake and the "soaring imagination" of Shelley are to Mr. Yeats ideal mediums for the vision of eternal truths. By the poet's denunciation of reason, we are quite prepared for his statement of his belief in magic, in his essay of that name among "Ideas of Good and Evil;" for "wisdom first speaks in magic." Thus the Celtic temperament asserts itself in a reverence for the hidden mysteries of nature, and a personification of her forces; still primitive, it is ever ready to see the unbound black hair of Shees in the wind, fairies in the moonbeams, and magic in everything.

"The arts," says Mr. Yeats, "must, as religious thought has always done, utter themselves through legends." He considers Ireland with her wealth of myth, fairy-tale, and folk-lore, "the garden of the future." "I would have our writers and craftsmen of many kinds master this history and these legends and fix upon their memory the appearance of mountains and rivers and make it all visible again in their arts, so that Irishmen, even though they had gone thousands of miles away, would still be in their own country."

Mr. Yeats' own poems and tales are somewhat confusing to the uninitiated because of his constant use of symbols: the Rose that figures so largely throughout his writings is the symbol of spiritual love and supreme beauty; the Sun is the symbol of life, belief, joy, pride and energy; the

North is associated with night and sleep, the South, the place of the Sunset, with fading and dreamy things. Undoubtedly the symbol is used to connote a richness and variety of meaning attained in no other way; "whatever the passions of man have gathered about becomes a symbol in the great memory, and in the hands of him who has the secret, it is a worker of wonders, a caller up of angels or devils;" "symbols are of all kinds, for everything in heaven or earth has its association . . . in the great memory." Through the use of symbols Mr. Yeats hopes to assure the eternal character of a work of art.

Mr. Arthur Symons, too, recognizes the importance of Symbolism in the approaching imaginative literature when he writes in his essay on Stéphane Mallarmé.

"Symbolism, implicit in all literature from the beginning, as it is implicit in the very words we use, comes to us now, at last quite conscious of itself, offering us the only escape from our many imprisonments. We find a new, an older sense in the so worn-out forms of things. The world, which we can no longer believe in as the satisfying material object it was to our grandparents, becomes transfigured with a new light; words, which long usage had darkened almost out of recognition, take fresh lustre." Along these lines Mr. Symons, like Mr. Yeats, is confident literature must move forward.

Subtlety of expression, so precious in Mallarmé, does not seem to have become a dogma of Mr. Yeats' religion of art. He is perhaps not as much concerned with words as one might wish. But what he loses in "fineness" of expression he gains in far-off suggestion, believing that "to name is to destroy, to suggest is to create."

The statements of his religion of art run throughout his essays, but his prose tales are Irish legends, and often crudely written. At times, as in several tales of the "Secret Rose," they are obscure with symbolism, causing the reader to miss the significance of the narrative. But their subject-matter is full of interest, strange stories of fairy power, and of the presence of unexplained magic; such are "Fairy and Folk Tales of the Irish Peasantry" and "Celtic Twilight." Their true Celtic ring recalls the older cycle of tales collected in the Mabinogion.

As a poet Mr. Yeats attains his greatest success. His poetry sighs

with wistful Celtic melancholy at the passing of youth and beauty, and yearns toward the Land of Fairy,

> "Where nobody gets old and godly and grave,
> Where nobody gets old and crafty and wise,
> Where nobody gets old and bitter of tongue."

His little collection of lyrics "The Wind Among the Reeds" is the fair fruit of the power of his intensity and imagination. His "Poems" are a challenge to the reader to pass beyond the bounds of ordinary existence:

> " Come away, O human child!
> To the waters and the wild
> With a fairy, hand in hand,
> For the world's more full of weeping than you can understand."

But we find Mr. Yeats at his best in the perfect little dramatic poem "The Land of Heart's Desire." Miss Macleod writes of it: "It is not the visible . . . that Mr. Yeats gives us, but the woven shape and colour of his dreams." There is exquisite pathos in the longing of Maire Bruin, the newly married bride, to be free from "drowsy love" and her "captivity," "to ride upon the winds," and "dance upon the mountains like a flame." The poem ends in a liquid fairy song, on a May eve the soul of Maire has been charmed away:

> " The wind blows out of the gates of day,
> The wind blows over the lonely of heart,
> And the lonely of heart is withered away
> While the fairies dance in a place apart,
> Shaking their milk-white feet in a ring,
> Tossing their milk-white arms in the air;
> For they hear the wind laugh and murmur and sing
> Of a land where even the old are fair,
> And even the wise are merry of tongue;
> But I heard a reed of Coolaney say,
> 'When the wind has laughed and murmured and sung,
> The lonely of heart is withered away.' "

D. F., '04.

DECEMBER

The Sleep of the year that's about to die
Begins—the sleep that no wakening mars;
In the piercing chill of the midnight sky,
Where a cold white light steals down from the stars;
In the lingering light beset by clouds,
Where masterful Night conquers dying Day;
Where a pallid vapor the dull dawn shrouds,
When the first white flake floats down from the gray.
When Earth with its vigor and beauty lost,
A trembling prisoner, weary and worn,
Lies in the pitiless grip of the frost,
Beneath stony skies that have ceased to mourn.
In the silent watches the cold stars keep,
The sobbing winds sing the year to sleep. T. H. B., '05.

THE CHILDREN OF HOMER

Why, of the sweet-tongued bards in the times long hoary,
Sounding up through the years old deeds of glory,
Never a one of them ever has told your story,
Children of Homer?

Little heroes were you, little learned sages,
Scarcely more than names on our memories' pages.
Yet your lives were as real as your sung-of-ages,
Warrior fathers!

Some of you left in Greece, with your waiting mothers,
Knowing by tales alone of your sires and brothers;
And one little maid, more lonely than all the others—
The daughter of Helen.

Some in the camp of the Greeks, by the restless ocean,
Born in a soldier's tent, in the dread commotion—
Life as but one long war was your only notion—
Playing with armor.

Some in that proud old Troy, in your sheltered towers,
Little thought you of the woes of the striving powers;
Yours was the grief each year for the meadow flowers
Trampled by heroes.

Those who could tell us your lives have long ceased their singing,
Yet through their silence the years to our hearts keep bringing
Sounds of your laughter and tears, and your voices ringing,
Children of Homer. M. U., '04.

THE RED SCAR

I can remember the first time I saw my uncle, years and years ago, when I was hardly five years old. It was Thanksgiving Day and he, a sea captain, came home unexpectedly after ten years' absence. We were still at the Thanksgiving dinner when he arrived. As he came towards me, and bent to take me up, I gave a fearful scream, slid off my chair, ran to my mother and burst into such a flood of tears that she was finally obliged to take me from the dining-room. The reason for this terror was a scar on my uncle's cheek—a long, deep, jagged, puckery scar which showed dull red against the brown of his face. For weeks I could not look at this scar without feeling a loathing, almost a horror of it, and though after a time I grew to know and love my uncle, only many years later did I finally pluck up courage to ask how he came by it. He looked at me queerly for a while and then said, "Even your mother has never asked me how I got this, but I don't know that I mind telling you. It was such a queer, grim experience that I don't care to speak about it, for people usually steer clear of folks who tell such things as true, so there are only two people to whom I've ever told this story. I daresay you won't believe it either, and I can't say I would, if I heard it from any one else. But its true, dead true, and this is how it happened:

"When I was about twenty-five years old I was staying with an old friend of mine, up in New York. It was winter, great weather. There were eight of us, and we were having a glorious time. I can't remember exactly what led up to it, but one evening we got to telling ghost stories,

and all sorts of weird, inexplicable tales, and toward midnight our host told us of a small, haunted house, two miles from the town, near an old graveyard. A dreadful old man, half-crazy and dangerous, had lived there, but some years back he had died a horrible death surrounded by some mystery, which the countryside tried to keep quiet, and since then the house had been deserted and was generally reported to be haunted. This belief was strengthened by the fact that a tramp who had slept there one night, had been found the next morning, strangled.

"We all got awfully excited and interested, and some one suggested our all spending a night there. I said I thought it was nonsense—the tramp probably died of starvation, or drink. Why should we lose a night's rest to make the villagers gape at us? Some one said I was afraid. I got angry then, for I wasn't in the least afraid, and I said I was so unafraid that I'd dare to spend the night alone in the house. He bet me a hundred dollars I wouldn't, and I took him up. Everyone got interested, and the upshot was that they made a pool amounting to five hundred dollars. I felt sure of myself, so the next night they escorted me out to the house, helped me get as comfortable as I could with lights and bedding, and then left me alone. I went into the bedroom, and looked out. It was dreary enough—the deserted graveyard, the bare trees, and snowy fields. I closed the shutters, turned out the light, and got into the broken old bed without undressing.

"Perhaps I dozed, or slept for a while, but anyway I was roused by something or someone climbing from the graveyard up the side of the house by the vines. I heard the creaking and the rustling of the leaves, and I thought it was some trick my friends were playing on me, so I lay still and comfortable. In a minute or so the thing or person reached the window-ledge and tried the window, which I hadn't locked. But the shutters were frozen, and it had quite a struggle and once nearly fell down. I lay there smiling to myself at its efforts, when suddenly the window banged open, and something fell into the room, and lay on the floor gasping and snarling. I felt surprised, but waited. It began to move toward the bed, crawling. I could see nothing, but I felt a hand laid on the bed stealthily. I thought the joke had gone far enough, so I shook the hand off roughly, and said, 'Hang it, fellows, this is a mean trick to play. It's not fair—' when something snarled like a beast, and two hands

gripped me,—dreadful, cold, clammy, bony hands, with skeleton arms, and fingers like talons.

"Well, I began to lose my nerve, and I jumped out of bed over the thing, rushed out of the room, slammed the door, and was half-way down the hall before I had the courage to stop. Then I heard a fumble at the door-knob, and I turned and made myself look, hoping and praying it was a practical joke.

"I've seen some queer things in my time—the ocean's a great place for them—but I'd never seen anything as ghastly and horrid as the thing that opened the door and came out of the room. It was the figure of an old man, cut off at the waist, who dragged himself along painfully by his two hands. God! he was fearful!—wrinkled, red-eyed, bristling, every evil passion stamped on his face, his withered lips drawn back, showing yellow tusks. He was naked. His nails scraped on the floor.

"I stood and looked at him as he came nearer. It was a bitter night, but the effort it took to move from the fascination of those devil's eyes made the perspiration start out all over me. I turned and ran down the hall which I had left lighted, and then down stairs to the lower floor, which was dark. The thing hurried after me, snarling, its mouth watering.

"I ran and tried the front door—God! how I felt when it wouldn't open! I hammered and pounded, and heard a dreadful beast-laugh from the stairs. I stopped and tried to think. It slipped and fell to the foot of the stairs, and groaned, and was still. I listened, petrified, then suddenly its hand felt me, I awoke from the trance, kicked the thing aside, and dashed into the little one-time parlor, and slammed the door. I rushed to the window, but it was locked and wouldn't open, and I broke the glass with both fists, and smashed and smashed it, and never felt the blood trickling from my knuckles. Then the blinds were closed, and I worked madly, desperately, for a hand was on the door-knob, and I heard the door creak and open, and the dreadful thing come in—my God! I'll never forget that minute, working at the frozen blinds with my bleeding hands, cursing and praying and panting, while all the time I heard the shuffle of the body, the snarling and the scratching of those nails on the bare floor. It couldn't have been more than three seconds: it seemed like ages in hell. Then all at once the blinds swung open, and I sprang on the sill, looked

down, measuring the distance mechanically. It was too far to jump, and so I grasped the sill, and dropped. But just as I dropped, the thing reached the window. It howled, pulled itself up on the sill, slipped back, and then I had a vision of the dreadful face with its hellish hate, and of the hand clawing at my eyes. I threw my head back, and let go, but as I fell, one claw caught me right at the corner of the left eye, and dug down my cheek. I landed on the ground blinded with blood, grabbed a handful of snow, washed my face off, and then ran—ran as even I had never run before, and I used to be a pretty good athlete in those days. I know I made those two miles in world's record time, only it can't be proved. And then, getting some wits about me when I reached the town, I went to my cousin, who was a doctor, and had him cauterize the wound. It looked as if it had been made with a tiger's claw. I lied about its cause.

"Well, that's how I came by this scar, and you needn't ask any questions, for I've told you all there is, and remember, you're to keep mum about it. And put more wood on the fire there, nephew. It's bitter cold to-night."

F. W., '05.

THE TUMBLER OF OUR LADY.

TRANSLATED FROM THE OLD FRENCH VERSION

A tumbler after traveling long and far
In many countries, weary of his times,
Entered a convent, Clairvaux, rich in faith
But poor in knowledge of the Church's lore.
To dance, to jump, do tricks and sleight of hand,
Beyond this he knew nothing, not a prayer,
Credo, nor paternoster.
Sad and much puzzled was he at his lack.
All about him, heedless of present sorrow,
Grave monks fulfilled their duties. Holy priests
Intoned high masses for departed souls;
Deacons read Scripture, lesser classes the Psalms
And beads were dumbly told by very crones
Who daily at the convent gate begged bread.
He was the only utter good-for-naught.

All shamed he wandered to a far-off cave
In which Our Lady had a rocky shrine.
He told her his disgrace and wept—"Alas!
I am the only utter good-for-naught.
Here am I like a useless empty pot.
I eat, and make to God no fit return.
Mother of Christ, I would serve if I knew"—
Then quickly taking off his hood and robe
He stood in simple shift, and bowèd low.
"Sweet Queen, sweet Lady," said he, "this my learning
Do not despise. I cannot read or sing.
But I will choose for you my hardest plays,
Of every little point I will take care,
This is the work I love. Lady, receive it."
Then he began his jumping and his tumbling.

At length he dropped all tired to his knees
Before the statue and bent low his head:
"See now," he said, "most gracious Queen of Heaven!
By your sweet pity, by your gentle heart,
Do not despise my service." Then he gazed
In all humility up at the niche.
"Lady," he said, "truly these are great feats!
They are my best, in honor of your name."
Upon which saying he did turn about
And on his two hands he walked up and down
Across the length and breadth of that low cave,
Balanced his swaying feet and weeping cried:
"I worship you, O Lady, with my heart,
And with my body and my feet and hands.
For love of God, think not my service wanting."
He sighed and wept, piteous and tenderly,
Because he knew no other way to pray.
Then turned again and made a wondrous bound.
Weary, his head afire, his body wet,

He fell down at the altar dazed and still.
Marvel! A Lady steps from out the rock
All clad in robes of glory, jewel sown,
And stars of silver round about her head.
See, the sweet Queen of all true-heartedness
Holds in her hand a square of linen white
With which she wipes the body spent and moist
Of her true servant lying at her feet.

And this she did, that all who hear this tale
Might know that God is ever near to those
Who come to him in love, whate'er their gift.
God does not ask for prayer, or gold, or song,
But true love in the heart of every man. H. A. H., '04.

THE NEW CENTURY'S PRIMARY CLASS

AN OBSERVATION

"Margaret, will you tell me which way the wind blew?" said Miss Barnes in her pleasantly inquiring voice.

"I can't exactly remember. It blew my hat off," Margaret ventured timidly.

"Yes, that is good. But cannot you remember in which direction the wind took your hat?"

"I think it blew it over near the lake, 'cause I thought it might get wet."

"And in what direction is Lake Michigan?"

"I don't know."

"I do!" shouted Robert, suddenly shooting up from the position of ease and comfort which his personality had for the moment preferred "Lake Michigan's east; that's north, that's south, that's east, that's west." He energetically jerked his thumb around the room. "The wind came from the west, if that's what you want to know."

"Very good, Robert. Now we know that Margaret's hat blew eastward. The wind this morning must therefore have come from the west."

Miss Barnes made this statement in the serene tones of the teacher. "Now I want one of you to tell me what you noticed on the trip which you all took last Saturday into the country south of Chicago. Richard, you may begin."

But Josephine was waving her hand and struggling so hard for recognition that Richard knew he had a moment's grace. Josephine wore a starched blue gingham. Her hair was brushed back slickly from her forehead, and done in nice, tight pig-tails. Her face was a chipmunk in itself.

"Miss Barnes, can't we feed the turtles with the potato bugs we found on our potato plant leaves? The bugs are all dying, and turtles can't eat dead potato bugs." Josephine got out of her chair, bustled up to Miss Barnes' desk, opened her hand, and emptied six, fat, kicking potato bugs into Miss Barnes' lap.

"Yes, Josephine, that is very nice. Potato bugs are excellent nourishment for turtles. It is right to find a use for everything. We will before long feed the potato bugs to the turtles. In the meantime let them rest here in my lap. You see they are quite comfortable. Now, Richard, what do you remember of Saturday?"

"Miss Barnes, can potato bugs live after you take 'em off potato leaves?" broke in Johnny from the back of the room. Richard looked grateful.

"That is an interesting question. I do not know, but we will find out. Johnny, you may get a glass bowl from the closet shelf. Into it we will put one of the potato bugs. We will feed him with crumbs of bread, and see whether he can live on them."

"Miss Barnes, how do they make glass?" mused Johnny, as he carried the bowl up to the desk.

"You do not know how glass is made?"

"No."

"Does any one know?"

"No," in chorus.

"Well, next year you will all be in the first form. The girls and boys there learn to make wooden chairs and glass bottles."

"Gee, but I wish I was there!" escaped from Robert.

"Yes, and next Saturday I will take the class to a glass factory, and there you shall see the entire process. But now to return to last Saturday. Richard!"

"It was wet," Richard decided.

"Well, what made it wet?"

"It had been raining."

"You are right. The country was flooded with rain. Now, Reginald, what do you remember noticing?"

"I remember no-ticing that some of the bark was off some of the trees."

"Very good. Reginald tells us that in spots the bark was off some of the trees. Richard says that the ground was wet owing to great rain floods. Can any one tell me why the bark was off the trees at a time when there had been a great deal of rain?"

For a minute or two there was silence—solemn thinking or blank expressions. Then Josephine's face showed an idea. She raised her hand and announced,

"I know, the microbes ate it off." D. D., '05.

THE PREY OF THE FALCON

BY MAURICE SCHMETTERLING

SCENE: A lecture room in Taylor.

TIME: Just before the opening of the lecture.

Desks, note-books, pens, and entrance on the right.
Students conversing in small groups.

ANNA—JULIA

A.—Do you see him? Is he coming?

J.—I do not see him. He is not coming yet. Yes, there he comes! There he comes! Oh! oh! oh! oh! He comes, he comes!

A.—Shall we not go before he comes?

J.—Go where?

A.—Anywhere, oh anywhere! Let us go before he comes!

J.—No, we cannot go; we must stay. We must stay here.

A.—I want to go. I want to go! Open the window. It is hot here, hot! hot! hot!

J.—You want the window open? You are hot? It is open.

A.—Open the window, I am hot.

J.—It is open.

A.—I am hot, I want the window open. I want to go—a whole hour is it, then?

J.—Yes, it is a whole hour.

A.—The whole of an hour?

J.—The whole of an hour.

A.—In this room?

J.—Yes, the whole of an hour in this room. He is almost here! He stops to sign a course-book!

A.—I do not hear you?

J.—He is stopping to sign a course-book.

A.—Yes, to sign a course-book. I see him, I see him. But he will come in presently.

J.—Presently, presently.

A.—See, the ink is spilled on my dress (*bends to look at her dress*). *Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu! Mon Dieu!* My dress!

J.—It is true. There is ink on your dress.

A.—It will never come out!

J.—An ink eradicator will take it out.

A.—It will never come out, never. It is my new dress. . . . He will call on me.

J.—What? Who will call on you?

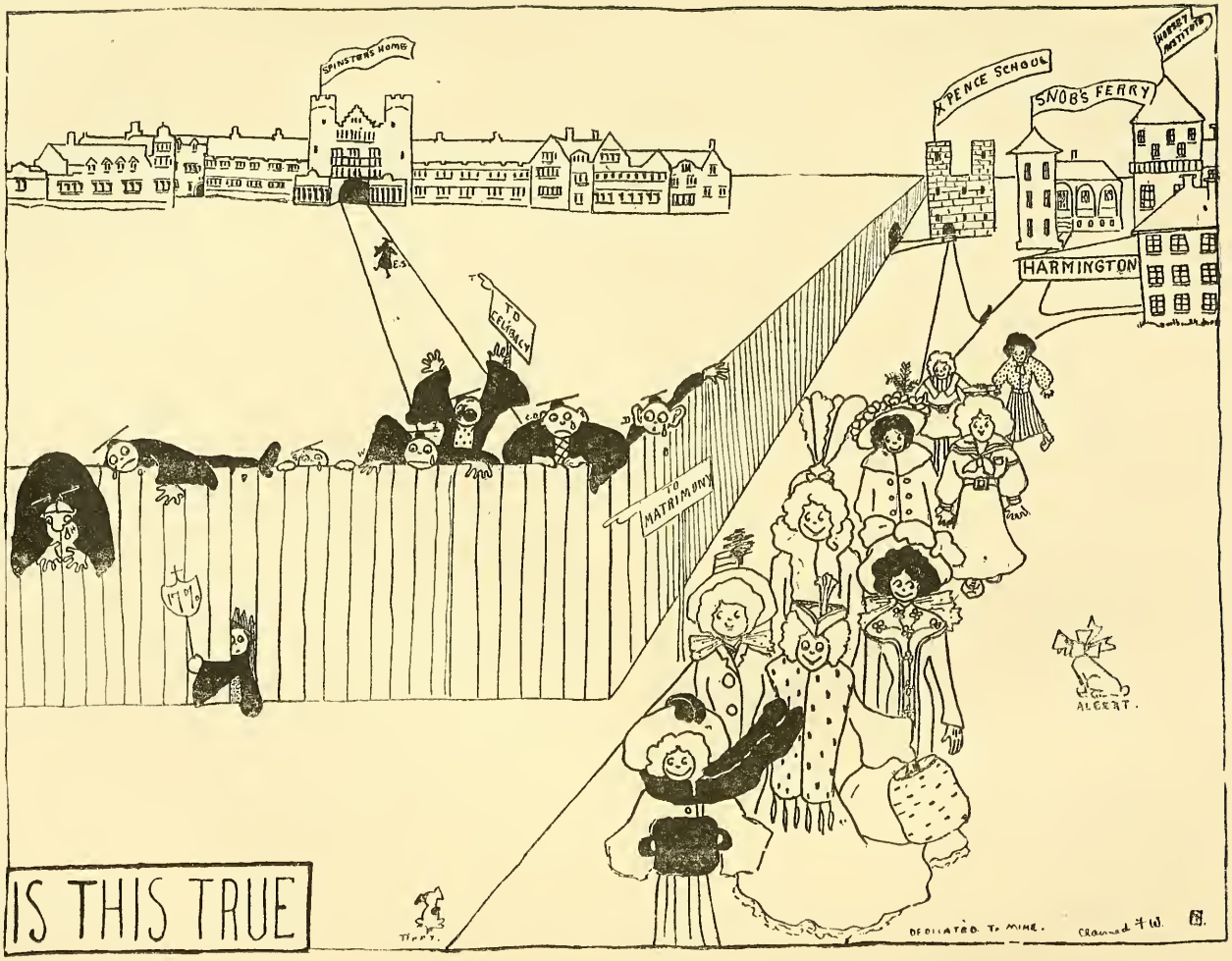
A.—He will call on me.

J.—Yes, he will call on you.

A.—And I shall not know the answer.

J.—No, you will not know the answer.

(*Curtain falls.*)


SPINSTERS HOME
X PENCE SCHOOL
SNOB'S FERRY
HARMINGTON
TO ELIGIBILITY
TO MATRIMONY
ALBERT.
IS THIS TRUE
DEDICATED TO MINE.

THE SENIOR'S LAMENT

Oh for the thrills of Freshman year
When we knew no knowledge, and felt no fear!
With that first mad zeal our games we fought,
And we giggled in Taylor, studying naught,
In our Freshman year.

Oh for the sprees of our Sophomore year
With that pleasant conviction we had no peer!
With Freshmen to jeer at and jostle and jar—
Philosophic discussions on man, moon, and star—
Yes, we certainly felt we were props of Bryn Mawr
In our Sophomore year.

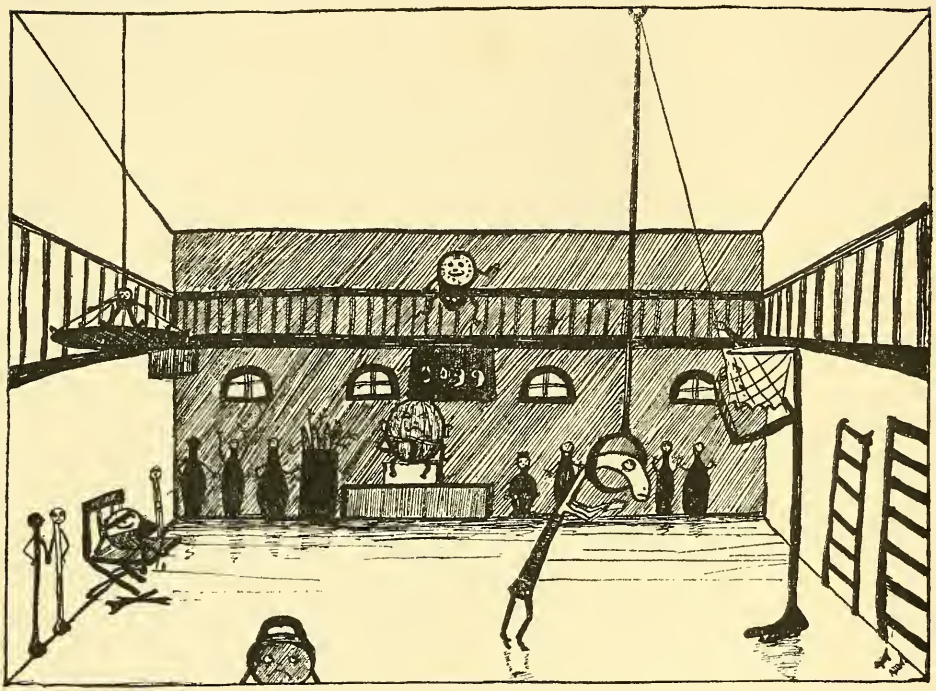
Oh for the calm of our Junior year,
With nothing like A. B.'s and Orals to fear!—
A grandmother interest in Freshman ways,
Serene enjoyment of all the plays,
Contentment and harmony filled our days
In our Junior year.

But, oh, the troubles of Senior year,
With nerve-racking Orals drawing near!
We sigh for the carefree joys of the past,
Lamenting that nothing whatever can last—
Oh, the days are numbered and hurry too fast
In our Senior year.

L. C. M., '05.

Long have I wandered the wide world o'er,
Yet ne'er saw a house with a chimney before.
Alas! Had I wandered a trifle less blind,
I might have seen one with a chimney—behind.

'06.



JACQUES SENIOR.

A Tragedy the Oral
And all the Seniors in it merely players;
They have their exits and their entrances;
And each one in her turn plays many parts,
Her acts being seven phases. At first the Senior
Translating idly in the summer months.
Then the worried Senior in the autumn
With half her books unread, rushing like mad
Endeavoring to get through. And then the Senior
Sighing like a furnace with a woful ballad
Made to the baleful Oral. Then the Senior

Full of strange fright, and shaking like a leaf
Lacking in knowledge, sudden and quick in timor
Flying the awful registration
Even at the office door. And then the Senior
In fairest garment at the Oral dinner
With eyes severe and face of would-be mirth
Full of French quips and German parodies,
And so she plays her part. The sixth phase shifts
Into the Senior grave and dignified
In cap and gown bedight, and frown on brow,
Reading with heavy heart a mass of words
That make no sense; and her firm steady voice,
Turning again to childish treble, pipes
And whistles in its sound. Last scene of all
That ends this strange eventful history
Is gloomy, dark despair and sad oblivion,
Sans French—sans Dutch—sans hope—sans everything.

A. K. B., '04.

A mushin' Tew.

EDITORIAL

SINCE the annihilation of the Freshman Play is no longer a matter for discussion but one of history, and the wounds of outraged precedent are somewhat healed, we may be permitted to hail the passing of that dramatic event as a not unmixed evil. However well it may have served to sift the entering class, however charming may have been its tinsel prettiness, its illusive plots, its perennial puns, yet its right to rank among the three important college plays of the year was always doubtful and its real value questionable. Its departure from the boards is, therefore, an estimable loss, and leaves free a certain quantity of time and effort which may now be more effectively expended.

As a college we have never accomplished very much dramatically, beyond our one stupendous effort and success, the May-day Fête. For this there is no fundamental reason. That such an accomplishment would be worth while is unquestionable; that it is possible without loss of academic standing other colleges bear witness, and that we are capable of it goes, let us hope, without saying. Last year there were two sporadic but serious attempts, which met with encouraging approval—"The Comedy of Errors" and "Gareth and Lynette," and these were given each by a comparatively small group of girls, not by the college as a whole. The times, indeed, seem ripe, and the withdrawal of the freshman play leaves a gap in the college calendar which could not be more fitly filled than by an all-college play.

"The English Club," that hitherto rather secretive organization, is said to have had in mind for some time a proper scheme for the accomplishment of this possibility. It has planned to give annually one play of some recognized literary and artistic value and to give it intelligently and smoothly, in fact, with all possible excellencies. The play will be chosen by the club and given under its supervision, but the cast will be drawn from the whole undergraduate body, the choice being simplified by the competitive system recently effective in class plays. The play is expected to justify itself and to pay expenses by its gate receipts, any surplus going as a matter of course into the ever-yawning coffers of the Students' Building Fund or its like. But really the giving of a good play

well should need no justification. It may take time and effort, but for the cast there is recompense in the possession for all time of the words and conceptions of a great dramatist, and for the audience—well, the play will at least be presumably the best thing the College can do in that line and should always be interesting from that point of view, if from no other.

This all-college play will, of course, be a hazardous innovation and one doomed to failure if it does not arouse from the first a lively enthusiasm in the fickle undergraduate mind. But even as an attempt it should be distinctly worth while.

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

Dr. J. H. Hyslop, of Columbia, addressed the Philosophical Club Friday evening, November 20th, on "Psychical Research."

He began by urging the necessity upon the academic world of recognizing and dealing with this subject which, under the possible misnomer of spiritualism, has never been admitted into sufficiently reputable society by the modern world, although Socrates, Plato, Aristotle, Kant and Hegel all seem to have acknowledged the supernormal.

He briefly introduced the Society of Psychical Research, organized in England in 1881, to which the names of such men as William Gladstone and Henry Sidgwick give at very least a right to recognition. Its object is to investigate the mass of alleged supernormal phenomena, and then to put forth theories attempting to explain them. These facts are thoroughly examined for fraud or illusion of any kind, and can be recorded only by the person who actually experienced them.

Dr. Hyslop pointed out that in the scientific study of such facts the discovery of the liability of illusion would be a sufficient end, but that in his opinion the result will be of much greater moment. He himself approached the subject with no preconceived notions whatever, unless it were the usual prejudice against spiritualism. A careful study of the facts, however, has brought him to a belief in spiritualism as the only theory which can explain the phenomena.

To support this theory it is necessary to show that the facts used, represent the purely supernormal, *i. e.*, an access to the mind not sensory. This rules out at the start all cases of secondary personality. Next, these

supernormal facts must represent the personal identity of some one deceased and this personal identity must have unity, consistency and intelligence. These conditions are best fulfilled in the case of Mrs. Piper, because all possibility of fraud has been excluded and a sufficiently large mass of material has been collected to be dealt with scientifically.

Dr. Hyslop then proceeded to describe several seances he had had with Mrs. Piper since his records have been published, and also one or two sittings with other mediums, of which he told no one, but which were later referred to or repeated in sittings with Mrs. Piper. In the light of such facts as these, it is impossible to adopt the telepathic theory unless one assumes that telepathy extends over a practically unlimited field and possesses remarkably selective ability. It is difficult to conceive why, after selecting the right incident out of an almost infinite number, telepathy should yet make the numerous errors we find and be unable to draw accurate distinctions of time.

In closing, Dr. Hyslop answered the three objections usually advanced against the spiritualistic hypothesis. The first point of contention—that the spirits always speak of such absolute trivialities, an old cap or a mere acquaintance and never anything vital or helpful—he claims is really an argument for the spiritualists, as nothing but such trivialities could ever satisfactorily establish personal identity. The second fact supposed to be contrary to his theory—that they never tell of their spirit condition or of the lives they are leading—Dr. Hyslop assures us is very natural, since the analogies between their world and ours are probably so slight that we could in no way get any conception of their life. For their third argument, the opponents of this theory point to the confusion and mistakes always made: the spirits, if we are to believe them such, must be very poor, indeterminate things much degenerated from their former selves. His reply to this is, that to communicate with us at all the spirits must be in an abnormal or trance-like state, and therefore we cannot regard their condition as indicative of the normal spirit condition.

To quote Dr. Hyslop's closing words: "Our object is not to find out the character of the after-life, but simply the fact of its existence. It is sufficient that we should know that nature respects conscious life and morality as above the purely sensuous and material."

THE JUNIOR ENTERTAINMENT

1905-1907

On the evening of Friday, November 10th, the Class of 1905 gave an entertainment to the Class of 1907. The dominant idea was to lead the Freshmen for two hours into Wonderland. The "Gym" looked its best in an array of red poppies and green leaves. The Freshmen, on entering, were received by a square of winsome poppies. After a song of welcome full of Wonderland sentiment, the poppies roped the Freshmen into groups with poppy garlands, and conducted them to the various fairyland shows. In one corner they saw fearful animals, the centipede, the senior, the sophomore and the like, under the control of a trusty tamer. In another nook they were charmed by a Turkish love-scene. Down stairs Alice, grown to her full height, played with the walrus and the carpenter, and the wonderful tale of the Jabberwock thrilled the spectators. In a fortune-telling booth the three witches of the one eye doled out their wisdom. After the Freshmen had sufficiently marveled at all this, they sat down to watch "deeds of Camaralzaman."

"Prince Camaralzaman" was full of puns and burlesque, not written for fine acting, but for pretty dances, catchy songs and bright-colored costumes. 1905, considered as amateurs, were adequate in their singing, up to the mark in their dancing, excellent in their costuming and color schemes. The dance of the mandarins and of the little Japanese girls possessed the true local color of the Orient. Miss Le Fevre and her violets were true fays of fairyland. One enjoyed the play not because of its perfection, but because of its snap and go, and the enthusiasm of the cast.

The banner was presented from the midst of snow maidens in snowland. Miss Sturgis told the Freshmen of its meaning and the snow maidens sang of it to the tune of "Little Boy Blue." Miss Augur received the banner in behalf of her class.

The entertainment seemed to succeed in giving the Class of 1907 a merry time, in making them gaze at the wonders, and laugh at the jokes quite as they should. Although the Class of 1905 must have spent long hours over the production, over the elaborate costumes and trimmings, the

result was worth their trouble. For who without labor can summon a Wonderland?

"SONGS OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE."

The Students' Building Committee, in bringing out the Bryn Mawr song book, has accomplished something worth while for the College as well as for the Students' Building. The book should have great financial success, but it is sure to have the success of long service in Bryn Mawr—and this for three reasons: its practical value; the excellent selection of the songs; the fact that this edition of them, this staging of them, one might say, is delightful.

A song book will be of use in college because there is hardly an occasion that is not honored by a burst of melody. We sing to welcome coming classes, to say good-bye to the classes passing out. We sing with tears and groans over proctors and orals. We sing with smiles and dancing over the joy of spring days. We sing to cheer on our hockey teams, to spur on basket-ball veterans. And all this singing, whether it be with the lusty yelling of untrained voices, or with the finished warble of a glee club, is a very good thing. For it gives a sugar coating to our troubles and makes us realize the more vividly our joys. Besides that, there is nothing like songs—the songs of Lantern Night beneath the arch, the singing on Taylor steps in the spring with a moon over Pembroke, and the cherry trees in bloom—there is nothing like these to arouse our sentiment, to infuse within us college enthusiasm. And of all the myriads of songs there are some better than the rest—some of real wit and charm. These it is worth while to collect into a book in memory of the others, and in recognition of the best in song that Bryn Mawr has done.

The selection of the songs in this, our first song book, makes for us an overture of Bryn Mawr life from the beginning, the fall of 1885, to the spring of 1903. We start down "the Private Road" with the college hymn. We pass through all of the class songs. We come upon a few hits from various Freshman plays. We linger amused and terrified over the most amusing and most terrifying of the oral ballads. We are refreshed by old English melodies and words, sung at the May-Day Fête, which among other things help to give the envied English flavor to

Bryn Mawr atmosphere. We meet well-known favorites, with their date and the name of their fortunate author; and, too, we find songs which are worth keeping, but which, if it were not for the song book, would fade irrecoverably into the past.

But almost more charming than the songs themselves is the artistic form in which they first appear. The design for the cover is a suggestion of Bryn Mawr, idealised—and Bryn Mawr idealised is what we sing. The shape of the book, the printing, the design on each page, are not only attractive in themselves, but help to bring out the best in the songs, and to make vivid to us their peculiar sentiment.

In short, Bryn Mawr students will find not only enjoyment in "Songs of Bryn Mawr College," but even inspiration there for the writing of other songs worthy of being published in future song books—so that

"Of our work and our singing some echo still shall last
To the glory of Bryn Mawr." D. D., '05.

COLLEGE NOTES

The Junior Class gave an entertainment to the Freshmen on November 13th.

The Freshmen gave a Costume Dance for the Sophomore Class on Saturday, November 14th.

On November 11th, Dr. Floyd Tomkins, of Holy Trinity, Philadelphia, addressed the College Fortnightly Meeting.

On Thursday evening, November 19th, Mr. Robert Hunter, formerly the head of the Settlement Association of New York, spoke in the Chapel, upon general aspects of settlement work.

On Friday evening, November 20th, Mr. James Hyslop, of Columbia, addressed the Philosophical Club.

The Students' Building Committee has arranged a set of postal cards; twelve colored cards illustrating college life, and twelve gray-tint cards illustrating the college buildings. These will be on sale before Christmas for the benefit of the Students' Building.

Mr. Yeats, the Irish poet, gave two lectures in the Chapel. His first

lecture, Thursday, December 3d, treated the "Literary Revival in Ireland;" his second, December 7th, "Old and New Poetry."

On Sunday, October 25th, the Moseley Commission, a body of influential men sent from England by Mr. Moseley to examine American schools and colleges with a view to improving their own, visited Bryn Mawr College. President Butler, of Columbia, made for the Commission a schedule of the most progressive of the educational institutions of this country, from which he excluded all women's colleges. The Commission, however, took the matter into their own hands, and included Bryn Mawr College in their tour.

ALUMNAE NOTES

'92. Elizabeth Weiser Pearson has a son, born July 7th.

'93. Gertrude Taylor Slaughter is spending the winter abroad.

'95. Florence Leftwich was married to Mr. Samuel Ravenel, on December 10th.

'01. Katherine Lord is unable to continue her work in English at Wellesley because of her health. Her place is to be taken by Miss Brigham, formerly Reader in English at Bryn Mawr.

'02. Helen Nichols is now in Italy, after traveling through Russia, Turkey, and Greece.

'02. Elisabeth Chandler was married to Mr. Horace Forman on May 30, 1903.

'02. Emily Dungan was married to Mr. George W. Moore on September 9th.

'02. Clarrissa Harben was married to Mr. William Macavoy in June.

'02. Nan Shearer has announced her engagement to Mr. John Lafote.

'03. Edith Dabney is teaching at the Milton Academy.

Virginia Ragsdale, '96; Eleanor Brownell, '97; Edith Campbell Crane, '00; Sylvia Scudder, '01; Maude Sperry Chapin, '02; Alice Day, '02; Elisabeth Chandler Forman, '02; Claris I. Crane, '02; Martha White, '03; Dorothea Day, '03; Louise Atherton, '03; Linda B. Lange, '03; Ida Langdon, '03; Agnes Austin, '03, and Susan B. Tyler, '03, visited Bryn Mawr last month.

ATHLETIC NOTES

The tennis championship of Bryn Mawr College was again won by L. Marshall, 1905, who defended the cup against A. Wardwell, 1907. The score of the finals was: 6-1; 6-3; 7-5.

The fight for the championship in hockey proved a close and exciting contest. The teams of 1905 and 1906 were evenly matched and accustomed to playing together. Perhaps 1906 played the swifter game, but coolness and team-play brought 1905 the victory. The two teams were:

1905		1906
Havemeyer (Cap.)	C. F.	Richardson (Cap.)
Le Fevre	R. I	Houghton
Marshall	R. W.	•Thomas
Little	L. I	Kingsbacher
Kempton	L. W.	Wade
Longstreth	R. H.	Bullock
Denison	C. H.	Neall
Mason	L. H.	White
Meigs	R. F.	Evans
Sturgis	L. F.	Harrington
Armstrong	G.	Rawson

The finals consisted of five games—the scores as follows:

1905	1906
1	1
1	3
3	1
1	1
1	0

The championship goal was shot by Morrow, substitute for right inside forward.

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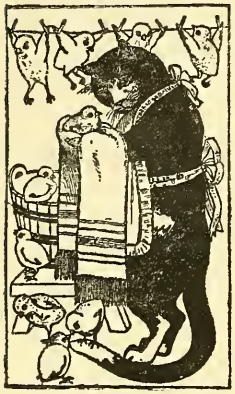

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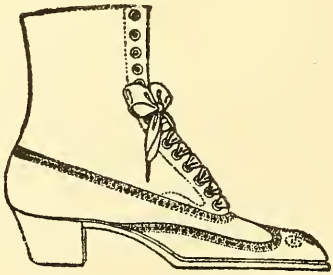

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A BACKWARD LOOK

Sometimes when Taylor's bell rings out its familiar sound at ten o'clock, the lights in Pembroke Hall grow dim, the long gray roofs and chimneys disappear, and once more Taylor, Merion, and the gymnasium stand upon the campus alone. The drives and walks are rough with newly cut and uncrushed stone, the corridor walls are pictureless and bare, some large blue velvet chairs in Merion Parlour stand stiffly waiting for the conceivable but unexpected guests, and the college too is waiting, a bit self-conscious, very empty, wondering what it is to become.

Scattered about on Merion's three floors some forty students are living, as various in type and training as forty students well could be. They have come from typical Friends' boarding-schools, from quiet homes, and gay society lives. No preparatory school has set before them a vision of Bryn Mawr, no speculating tutor has conjectured what their entrance examinations will be, there have been no " Bryn Mawr papers" for them to try. No Seniors told them of college ideals, no Juniors guided their wandering steps, no Sophomores demanded of them respect, no rules,

no precedents controlled their doings. A fine picture on a study wall, a bit of pottery, an old desk, gave one a distinction that must have been almost oppressive, for in the main the college revolving-chair, the straight table and the yellow book-case with its pinked red leather border to each shelf, was the furnishing not only to use, but admiringly to approve. If such simplicity had its crudeness, it had its charm as well. The morning was quite time enough to plan the evening's entertainment; even in the second year two days sufficed to prepare for the first Sophomore play, and the lower hall of Merion had room and to spare for all the college including the women of the Faculty as guests. There were a few among the forty that were quick enough in wit to make up for the lack of scenery and costume. The Mephistopheles in red flannel of the first fancy-dress ball still waits a rival, and the ode to the first measles patient in the fourth floor infirmary, "Come down, oh maid, from yonder measly height, For health is of the valley, Come," was as good a parody as some of its successors.

Even in Taylor and things academic this same simplicity prevailed. The snow and winds blew with a violence still familiar, and for lack of paths and snow-ploughs Professors several times came rubber-booted to their lectures. Prose composition exercises were based on local jokes and personal experiences, and most unpretending parents lodged and dined in the Professors' cottages and shared the college news. As the Bryn Mawr spring came on with a beauty that has not grown old, private reading examinations took place on the steps of Taylor, and special Greek classes wandered into the woods about Harriton, not to study, but to recite. The turtles in the Biological Laboratory on the second floor of Taylor found an easy and pleasant walk along the chapel aisles; the one room of the Library was large and empty enough for Professor and students to sit undisturbed before the fire for an hour's special examination.

Yet in this simple unconventional college life, unrestrained, apparently undirected, the germ of Bryn Mawr spirit was at work, developing so quietly that even our first great Biologist could scarcely have found its origin. After four years had passed the Professor who was the first Commencement orator had come to know the college and it was more than a clever inspiration that made him say—*Dux femina facti.* High ideals of beautiful architecture, true scholarship, and academic excellence were

hidden deep and still in the mind of the young Dean, and, although she did little to exploit them, began very early to be felt. Into two little frame cottages she had gathered a band of young Professors, who were waiting to put the touch of the best ambition and the most glorious attainment upon Bryn Mawr. They stumbled about in the darkness with no lantern to guide them from bed to board, they battled with the snow-drifts and sometimes fell defeated by the wintry gales, but there was nothing dim nor uncertain in the work they gave their classes, nothing doubtful about their scholarship, nor aught but genuine in their devoted interest in Bryn Mawr. The college lantern found its suggestion in one of the first college songs written by the Sanskrit scholar now holding Prof. Whitney's chair at Yale; "Manus Bryn Mawrensium" had no less worthy an author than the present Professor of Greek at Chicago University; the first students went in eager procession to the laboratory door to celebrate with proud if foolish song an early discovery of a Biologist, now one of the best known of American Scientists; and current events were interpreted in informal lectures by the present President of Princeton. Only one of that first year's Faculty, chosen with rare wisdom by the Dean, has Bryn Mawr been able to keep. This Professor lives in quiet solitude upon the hill, but foreign mathematicians discuss her theories, and universities on both continents make use of her text-books. What these Professors were, the younger Bryn Mawrtyrs can guess from what they have become.

Gradually, but very surely, the ideals of the Faculty made themselves felt in the student-body, if so few members can be said to constitute a body. After the Apology Class was once told that it was reading more than the Harvard Freshmen, nothing could persuade a single student to lessen her preparation by a line; after the Homer class had heard the fine passages of the Iliad read in the Greek with the feeling that a great man of great appreciation could put into them, every student read and labored until her reading was not too painful a contrast for the class to bear. The scientific students felt more than pride in the publications of their Professors, and saw visions of their own discoveries in the days to come. Beyond this personal ambition, this raising of the individual ideal, came very swiftly the ambition and the ideal for Bryn Mawr. It was not merely that kindly Trustees at college receptions told the students that the college would become what they made it. They themselves felt

the consciousness of power. Very early the white ghost of college precedent appeared in student meetings, and what later generations have found it fearful to follow, the first students trembled to create. Bryn Mawr must not only be different from other colleges but better than they. If these students were supercilious in the eyes of later classes and of other colleges some mercy must be granted those who were absorbed in a task that gave them a peculiar sense of proprietorship and pride. When they gained perspective, they too saw their failings.

It would be false to the early Bryn Mawr if no mention were made of another force that did more than any one other to unite in friendly consideration of one another, and in devoted service to the college the various types of men, women, and young girls gathered the first year at Bryn Mawr. Young Professors respected, obeyed, and truly loved the wisdom and Christian charity of Bryn Mawr's first President. Students of every name and creed came gladly to hear his simple but far-reaching talks, and waited eagerly for the friendly grasp of his hand and the greeting, "How art thou this evening?" that was no mere convention or form. A word from him as from a beloved father set a wrong matter swiftly right, and sometimes his very presence and the consciousness of his regretful disapproval did away with need for rebuke. The conservatism of the Quaker trustee, the scholarship of the young Professor, the enthusiasm of the inexperienced girl were all moulded and guided and unconsciously amalgamated by the rare personal power of Dr. James E. Rhoads.

The bell has ceased its ringing, the mists have cleared away from Pembroke towers, and a greater, fairer, better Bryn Mawr stands before us. The old rejoices in the beauty and the strength of the new. Yet as 1907 hands on the lantern's light to 1908 it is good to think that they will abundantly fill the lanterns with the oil of glad merriment, sound scholarship, and deep devotion to Bryn Mawr, of which some scanty drops were distilled in '89.

Susan Franklin, '89.

A FABLE

A lady and a poet were walking in the green woods in June. The lady was very beautiful. She had hair the color of the alders in spring, and eyes bluer than myrtle in April and that is very blue; her cheeks were like apple-blossoms and her hands like late, white, apple-blossoms. When she moved she seemed the sweetbriar swaying in the summer storms.

The poet looked at her and said, "You are everything that a man could wish."

But the lady was not only beautiful; she was very wise. For years she had studied many deep and difficult sciences, and had read much but concerning science only. So as she and the poet walked between the green trees, the pink wild honeysuckle and white dogwood they might not have been in the same land so differently did everything appear to them.

The poet did not know this but was happy, looking upon the lady and the blossoms. His fancy and imagination were like a mist about him through which the sunlight, shining, was all broken into rainbow colors, and therefore he saw not things as they were, but as ever changing and more beautiful.

He spoke to the Lady of the wood as he saw it, a fairy land, a song of delight, and as he talked his face grew splendidly eloquent as one would like to see the face of a man.

Meanwhile the lady was silent. At first she smiled, then her eyes grew troubled, and at last she said, "I do not follow you. Your talk is very strange, and yet it seems to me that long ago I might have understood you." Her face grew sad. " Perhaps it is all true, but I have not thought in your way for so long that I have forgotten how, or else you are a dreamer." She laughed lightly, " Yes, you are a dreamer, and, forgive me, but your dreams seem very foolish."

The poet's face was cold. " I seem to have been dreaming in my thoughts of you," he said, and then "Alas," he said, "that so sordid have become the minds of Mankind, that even the women are too wise to know or love the Poet."

H. W. S., '06.

THE SERPENT'S TOOTH

Old Major Hardy crouched on the veranda steps staring mournfully, almost vacantly, at the broad, golden green terraces falling away below him. He shivered and drew his shabby old coat around him in the pitiless glare of the late sunlight that revealed all the weakness and age of his rheumatic body. Some pigeons flocked about his feet, and his old dog, Castor, sniffed anxiously at his hands, but he pushed them away mechanically with his stick, while his weak, old eyes blinked with tears of self-pity. When one is deserted by men in time of need, there is small comfort in the dumb, useless devotion of animals.

The auctioneers had departed a few hours ago, after selling every stick of furniture down to the least valuable article in the house where he and his fathers before him had lived for two hundred years; the house, itself, and the land had been sold months before, but he had been permitted to live there until to-day, when the door had been locked against him forever. In all the troubles of the last year—the death of his wife, which had been almost a relief to him because they had never been congenial, the failure of his business which he had grown too old to attend to, the disgraceful conduct of his only son, Reade,—he had never quite believed that this final misfortune would fall upon him. Even when he had lived alone in the house, dependent for food and clothing upon the desultory kindness of former servants whom his wife had helped in need, he had hoped for some relief, he had trusted unconsciously in that son whose debts had contributed to ruining him, and whose vices were the talk of the town.

Reade had acted badly, to be sure; he had gone off on a hunting trip when his mother was dying; but he had been a good little boy, a handsome little chap, whom his mother had spoiled outrageously, and to whom the father, although he had disapproved of the spoiling, had not been unindulgent. Reade had not lived at home for years, but he had been always welcome, whenever he chose to come, and they had paid his debts without open reproach.

The Major repeated this to himself in an anxious, beseeching tone. Surely, he had a right to expect something from his own son. But this afternoon's events had stunned his hope. Reade had been there, jealously

looking over every article and urging the auctioneer to ask for higher bids. He had brought out all his mother's dearest possessions and his own childhood belongings and given them for sale without a sign of regret. The money from this sale would be his because the furnishings in the house had been in his mother's name and could not be seized by his father's creditors. He had not come near his father who had watched him dazedly through a mist of old memories, sorrowful wonder and regret. When the sale was over, he had gone away without one word or look for the gray-faced figure huddled up on the veranda steps.

The old man sobbed feebly at thought of this desertion. There was only one place in the world left for him,—the poor-house,—and it was a long walk out there. Besides it was a disgrace, going to the poor-house, a terrible disgrace for a man like him who had been of the best once.

A hand fell on his shoulder. He started up in terror, then drew away angrily. Allen, his wife's brother, stood bending over him. He had always despised Allen for a sneaking, pitiful cur who had lived on his sister's bounty, and had a voice like a woman's, a shrinking manner and queer, old-maidish habits. He had almost forbidden him the house more than once, and had had many a quarrel with his wife over him. Now probably this creature had come to mock his misery. His eyes blazed, and he pushed the man roughly away, but Allen spoke:

"Come, get up," he said, in his cracked, woman's voice. "I have a room for you and want you to come home with me."

The old man stared at him strangely and tottered to his feet. Leaning heavily on his stick, he stumbled along beside his brother-in-law, who helped him gently over rough places. When they had reached Allen's house, a little cottage where he dwelt alone without even a servant, Major Hardy was almost fainting from weakness. Allen helped him up the steps patiently and led him into a bed-room on the first floor. For a moment, the old man noticed nothing, then something familiar in the air of the room caught his wandering attention. As he looked, he saw that the room was filled with his old belongings, his bed, his chest of drawers, his great carved library chairs, his books, even the rugs and the cracked painting of his mother that had been in his own rooms. He went from one thing to another, rubbing each lovingly, laughing softly and making little exclamations like a delighted child.

Allen, from the doorway, watched him with a smile of evident pleasure on his finely wrinkled face. From pure pity and love for his kind, dead sister, he had bought these things with a long hoarded sum. The old man's pleasure satisfied him.

Finally the Major turned and scrutinized him with a long, wondering stare. Then he smiled knowingly and stretched out his hands.

"Reade," he murmured, "Reade, I knew you wouldn't desert me. You had your faults, your faults, but you're my son, after all, aren't you? That's why you did this for me!"

"I am not Reade, I am Allen," quavered the other, disappointedly, shrinking from the outstretched hands. But the old man did not hear him. He continued to wander around the room talking softly to himself. At last he sat down wearily, but with a contented look in his deceived eyes. Allen undressed him with almost a woman's deftness and put him to bed. The old man patted his head fondly, a caress he had never given to his real son even before the debts and disgrace. Soon he fell into a gentle sleep.

Late that night Allen heard him calling. He went hurriedly into his room. The Major's face bore the strange mask of coming death. As Allen bent over him in fear, the old man caught his hands and looked up at him lovingly, gratefully.

"Reade, my boy," he whispered with difficulty, "you've been a good son to me, a very good son——" He closed his eyes and a calm, happy smile remained on his still features. M. C., '04.

THE LOVE AFFAIR OF A PEEVISH PRINCESS

"So you quite refuse," said the Prince whacking viciously at his ball.

"Quite," said the Princess.

"And would you mind telling me why?" asked the Prince.

"Certainly not. It is because you are so fearfully ugly," said the

Princess and dug up such an enormous amount of grass and earth that it took two basketfuls of the turf the royal caddies carried for such an emergency, to fill up the hole again. Whereupon she gave up the game and went stalking angrily across the meadows, the Prince and a score or so of royal caddies at her heels.

When she came to a silver brooklet she sat down hard and dismissed them all. The caddies went but the Prince remained and they stared together in silence at the silvery brook.

" Well," said the Princess finally, " why don't you go? You can't suggest any remedy, can you?"

She was still vicious but the Prince was quite unmoved.

"Yes," he said slowly, "I think I can."

The Princess sat straight very suddenly and looked at him from wide blue eyes.

"Only," he added, " you will have to tell me just what you prefer in the line of looks."

Thereupon the Princess burst into a peal of laughter more silvery than the brook.

" So My Lord will hie him to a beauty doctor," she cried. "He will straighten his nose and his eyebrow, he will darken his nondescript locks and whiten his saffron cheek. He will in sooth become as pretty a waiting lady as ever queen sighed for."

But the Prince, as the Princess well knew, was of a determined nature and finally obtained a complete list of the masculine beauties he so sorely lacked. It was a long category but he learned it painstakingly, by means of a clever alphabetical method which highly delighted the Princess.

" In sooth, 'tis pity," she ended sweetly, " that you are so utterly devoid of these attractions, else I might marry you with a free conscience. But an *ugly* prince is a matter quite out of the range of a properly conducted fairy-tale, or even of a personally conducted one, like mine. If you were a handsome prince in disguise it might be arranged, but, alas, your face is your own forever, I suppose." And the Prince gloomily assenting, they walked back in silence to the palace.

The Princess awoke the next morning to the startling realization that the Prince had set out during the night for his own country, there to remain in all probability forever. She roundly scolded the maid who

brought her the news and played very bad and lonely golf for two ensuing days, the courtiers who offered to attend her being ineligible young men, who had consequently long ceased to interest her.

But on the morning of the third day she was awakened by a martial blast of trumpets and, peeping through her curtains, saw a magnificent cortège crossing the drawbridge, at its head quite the most beautiful human being, she decided, that she had ever seen. A second Prince had come to win her hand.

The Princess dressed with elaborate care and was purposely late to breakfast. She found the new Prince already seated before his eggs and between her royal parents. In sooth, he was good to look upon even at closer range, having all those desirable attributes which she had detailed to the first Prince and which the latter had written down in careful alphabetical order. At least he had these attributes from A to F inclusive. He was athletic, blonde, with a cleft chin and a delicate nostril, even eyebrows and fine eyes and he bowed to her with a most delicious air of love and homage.

"At last the proper Prince for such as I," thought the Princess contentedly but in her nervousness she broke her egg rather messily so that it trickled over the edge of its cup while the Queen-mother looked daggers.

For the next two days the Princess was very busy. The new Prince acquiesced in all her plans, as the first one had never done, she reflected. They rode and walked together, danced and golfed, and through it all the Prince looked gloriously handsome, so handsome that all the maids in waiting lurked in corners to watch him pass and took to playing golf as never before. But by the third day the Princess grew a little bored. She had beaten the Prince at golf, had outridden and outwalked him, and when she chid him for it, he merely looked incredibly handsome and declared that love banished ambition.

"And shall you love me always?" demanded the Princess.

"Certainly," said the Prince, so that the Princess was forced to admit that the outlook was dreary.

However she gave him one more trial in a final golf match. By the time the third hole was reached, the Prince had been in every bunker twice and owned to a score of 53. The Princess sat down hard and dismissed everybody; to her surprise everybody went, including the

Prince. He left forever that same evening. "For," said the Princess, "I can marry a man without spirit no more than a man without looks. Oh, where is a proper perfect prince for this perfectly proper princess!"

On the third day after the departure of the handsome Prince, the Princess was again awakened by a blast of trumpets. A third Prince, handsomer than the last, had come to sue for her hand. He was graced with all the requisite attributes to be found between G and P in the first Prince's alphabetical catalogue. The royal parents were rather startled at this sudden succession of suitors, for, while wholly charming, their daughter had the reputation of being over-exacting and unfemininely critical, a reputation damaging to the matrimonial prospects even of princesses. They were, however, very civil, and the Princess rode and walked and golfed with the Prince, who quite outplayed her. Yet on the third day he departed in unexplained haste, and the Princess was found raging over the meadows.

"It is preposterous," she declared, "simply because I demand what all other princesses have had before me, I am called hoyden and shrew. Surely I can marry a conceited prince no more than a prince without spirit or beauty."

Within the next ten days the palace witnessed two more princely arrivals and two more hasty departures, both new suitors being undeniably good to look upon, having all the attractions from P to Z, but, according to the Princess, one without manners, the other without wit. Things were beginning to look serious to the royal parents, who had a wholesome horror of unmarried daughters. The Princess played golf more savagely than ever, so that the royal exchequer was perpetually depleted by the expense of returfing the links. The Queen mother tried to reason with her but in vain.

"Even if Papa has gout and a temper now," the Princess declared, "he hadn't when you married him and I refuse to see why I should fare more ill than any other old Princess in history."

At last one day as she was clambering into a deep bunker to dig out her ball, Prince No. 1 suddenly appeared over its edge, and leapt down beside her.

" Oh," she said, "Oh," and sat down weakly, hiding her face in her hands.

"Well," he said tritely, "I've come back."

"Oh," said the Princess.

"You sent the others away, you know."

"Oh," said the Princess, "how did *you* know?"

"They told me. I sent them here, you see. They were vassals of mine, mostly."

"Mostly?" said the Princess

"Well, some were farmhands," said the Prince.

The Princess took her hands down. "All is not gold that glitters," she remarked sententiously, and clambered seriously out of the bunker, followed by the Prince.

Then she gave him one grimy hand.

"You aren't so very ugly after all," she said irrelevantly. "Besides I don't believe in all those other princesses. They probably bribed the court historians."

So they ran away over the meadows together and were half-way to the brook, before the royal caddies, who had become modestly absorbed in a game of hop-scotch, discovered their absence.

L. L. '04.

SLUMBER SONG

There lies a shadowy island,
Beyond day's fartherest sight,
And storm-tossed barks will haven
By those dim shores to-night.
The winds moan soft around it,
Their guard the willows keep,
The gray dream river murmurs
Ye drowsy ones, to sleep.

It is the isle of slumber,
Come up along the strand,
Among the swaying rushes
To rest in fairy land,
To lie amid the grasses
In peace serene and deep,
While bending branches whisper
Ye drowsy ones, to sleep.

C. U. E. M., '05.

CERTAIN ASPECTS OF THE GOSPEL OF CULTURE

It must have struck nearly all of us as delightfully in line with a notable partiality among us for inventors that our American school children have commonly so remarkable a weakness for Franklin from among our heroes, as a sort of Jupiter Tonans, "the man who invented Electricity." Yet, though we are proud of our inventors, our reverence for them is as nothing to the worship we offer their inventions. Franklin is a favorite hero, but Electricity is a positive cult. How typical this is of us for good or ill was pointed out, it will be remembered, by perhaps our least flattering critic, I mean Matthew Arnold, whose own claim upon our appreciation we are only just beginning to find in a quarter that insures its success. For he too was an inventor: he was more than the Apostle of Culture; he invented it,—performed some such service for it, at all events, as Franklin with his lightning rods. And as surely as we have taken up the lightning so surely do we bid fair to adopt the Gospel of Culture with our customary energy and despatch.

It is a far cry, however, from the lightning rod to Mr. Edison's ingenious talking-machines, which a few years ago were so greatly occupying us, and of these there were a good many varieties, from the cheap graphophone to the exclusive and plausible gramophone playing motifs

from Wagner, for example. Some no doubt were a good deal worse than others. So that perhaps we ought not to be greatly surprised to hear that in Chicago they have been able to "make Culture hum."

Is it, one wonders, this Culture which is so busy now with its work of transformation through the West, through that district in particular which feeds and in turn is fed by the remarkable University of Chicago? At all events, I have been for some time watching with considerable interest its effect on a small town I know well. This town, which I am going to call F——, is in the centre of a very rich farming country with which Madame Blanc (Théodore Bentzon) was so much impressed on her first visit to America some fifteen years ago,—before Culture had really arrived. She had a great deal to say of this farming country in the pages of the *Revue des Deux Mondes,* for it seemed to her illustrative in the happiest manner of many characteristic excellences in our social and educational systems. And indeed it has many of the ideal qualities, such as they are, of a genuine and spontaneous democracy, a love of equality in particular, sincere for once, and paramount, though it be at some cost of liberty. But the educational side was what specially appealed to Madame Blanc. The district is rich in small colleges and "universities," attended by hordes of young men and women, quite simply, frugally, and industriously. They are mostly the children of farmer folk, prosperous now, but whose lives have known too much of hardship in the past. These parents have it close at their hearts that their sons and daughters, when they come to earn their livelihoods, shall earn them if possible less painfuly than they have done. No one will question the entire legitimacy of their ambition; which is that also in most cases of the young people themselves. Education is their word for the means; of Culture for its own sake one hears little among the students of the colleges.

For it is not in these colleges but in the public schools that the new Gospel has had its best field. For years they have been practised on freely. No theory is too novel and too indirect to find somewhere a haven in the hearts of a School Board, and there is no grudging on the part of the tax-payer, however frequent the demand for new systems of heating and ventilations, or for strange additions to the school curriculum. On the teachers the burthen of the common aspiration falls heaviest. But they are not persons to shrink from or to shirk their new responsibilities, by which indeed they feel their calling to be honestly dignified. They are

perhaps the members most disinterested and idealistic in a disinterested, idealistic community.

Among the teachers in my little village there have been no changes worth noting for nearly seven years. It follows from this that none of the teachers are any longer very young. None are women of the "higher," or even, with one or two exceptions, of a liberal secondary education, as supplied by the old academies and seminaries. But within their own undoubted fields of knowledge,—Arithmetic, Geography, and American History,—if not in the new outlying provinces of Drawing, Music, Vertical Penmanship, Gymnastics, and Infant Psychology, they may well inspire any layman with reverence and fear. Then, too, they are persons of tried and proven character, quite without exception conscientious, laborious, self-denying, well-mannered, too, of neat and comely presence, much beloved by their pupils and highly respected by all. One in particular, Miss J——, a person of real and very charming distinction, I cannot pass over without mentioning. She has had her moments of a heroism so fine and high and difficult that one's pity even of her misfortunes has something about it a little unworthy; she has been so obviously singled out and privileged for the noblest, most interesting things.

Among these teachers the Chautauqua Movement was the first of the new Culture waves to make itself felt. But though a circle was formed and went in segments to Chautauqua for diplomas, there was no great stir on the placid village ways of its members until one autumn two events happened simultaneously. A young man, "a hustler" as the West would say, came down from the University of Chicago, armed with credentials and introductions, and had shortly gathered all the eligible femininity of the village into the Clio Club,—pronounced *Cleo,* for reasons sufficiently occult. Moreover, and scarcely less important, Miss F—— returned from an Eastern college where she had spent a year as a special student,—Miss F—— an orphan almost independently rich, and unquestionably of the first family of P——. She not only returned; she very generously accepted a position in the High School at a salary little more than nominal. The first Winter the Clio Club studied History. Miss F—— did not join the Club immediately, though she often attended its meetings, held every fortnight alternately with social meetings, when its members met to play crochinole and crambo, and, before Christmas, to crochet bedroom slippers, while someone read aloud the very mild

psychological fiction from the *Child Study Monthly* or the *Chautauqua Magazine.* But if Miss F—— was to be present the hostess felt constrained to provide some more intellectual amusement.

The second year Miss F—— was persuaded to become a regular member. They abandoned the social meetings altogether, for now that under her direction they had proceeded to the study of German Literature it was plain that they "needed the extra time for preparation." They were not in the least hindered by an ignorance of German. Miss F—— read it easily of course, and Miss J——, it is true, had forgotten a little. This explains perhaps why her paper on Goethe was deemed the best of the year, and was published, indeed, on the front page of the local weekly. She sent me a marked copy, and my wonder was that she should do so well. But as I said she is far from being an ordinary person, and she had the good sense to take most of her " materials" from the *Encyclopedia Britannica,* as she explained,—certainly the best course available. The German year, I should say, is looked back upon as the most successful.

For Miss F—— now resigned from the High School Staff and went off to continue her studies. The Club was much at a loss to proceed without her to a grasp and understanding of French Literature. Finally they gave up the attempt to follow the University Extension Syllabus, and devised a method of their own. Each member was to choose the French author she thought she might like best, and procure one book of his in translation. I need not dwell on the omissions, such as Moliére, Montaigne and Rousseau, which last, by tacit consent after reading him up in the *Encyclopedia,* it was agreed not to mention at all. One vivacious witty person, full of worldly wisdom, was inspired by some far-off memories of the French Class at the Young Ladies' Seminary she had once attended to invest in a prose translation of *Athalie* and *Esther.* I have heard that she afterwards gave them as edifying works to the boys' Sunday School Library, where they can be had at any time without previous application. *Corinne* sufficed for the Eighteenth Century as Racine for the previous one. More adventurously, incited by the Balzac Centennial and articles in the *Outlook* and the *Cosmopolitan,* one member hit upon *Le Père Cariot.* When she abandoned it because of its immorality the excitement in the Club grew tense, and her " paper" of scathing denunciation almost missed its mark in arousing extreme and ill concealed

curiosity. But she had already deposited the volume in the fire. Five members were eager for *Les Misérables,* but the length was found to be so great that a book apiece was deemed ample reading, and a summary was to accompany each report. In one quarter only was there objection to this programme, the member solacing herself with *L'Abbé Constantin.* But Miss J—— as usual, she of the paper on Goethe, went far to redeem the Club. True to an early love she reread *The Three Musketeers,* and after that *Twenty Years After,* and *The Viscount of Bragelonne.* And she refused this time up and down to prepare any paper at all. How straight the incident would have gone to the heart of the good Dumas himself! And Miss J——, adorable as she is, is not often so adorably human.

Miss F—— came home last year from her college. She was amazed and distresed at the conduct of the Clio Club in her absence. The members seemed still to have no sense of literary evolution. The few cant words of criticism she had taught them they used with shocking inconsequence. They had not only run riot in French Literature; they had praised and censured their novels for precisely the wrong things. Now Miss F——, Puritan though she be, long ago gave up the right of private judgment. That is why, every little while, she goes off for her courses in Browning and the Development of the Novel. Such a course she is now retailing for the benefit of the Club, with the kindest, most generous intentions in the world. And if this is perhaps Miss Repplier's "second best at second hand" with a vengeance, *tant pis pour les autres,* that is all. She is trying too—like M. René Doumic last year—to make it plain why Dumas has no place among the great writers of France. One hopes she will not convince Miss J—— of her error.

Coming back for a moment from this missionary of Culture to Matthew Arnold I cannot help wondering as to his probable emotion in the face of such rites as those I have been describing. His dismay one may count on, of course. Of his sense for what they have both of dignity and pathos one can perhaps not be quite so sure. He had hardly Renan's beautiful perception, his reverent tenderness, for the sublimity in the blind idealism of the people. And perhaps one ought rather to envy than to pity these teachers,—no longer young, leading their lives of cheerful drudgery, to whom it is given to be absolutely sincere. Yet if they are to have a new Gospel, if they need it, it is hard not to wish for it to be a

little less Puritanic even than Arnold's—with more room for crochinole and the good Dumas, and less perhaps for the Evolution of the Novel.

W. E. T., '04.

A TALE OF THE TIMES

An Ant fell into a river and was carried rapidly down the stream.

Now it happened that the river was spanned by a railroad bridge, and the supports of the bridge were weak. And it came to pass that a train was hastening towards the bridge at the rate of sixty miles an hour. Now the train was The Pennsylvania Limited.

And behold, the Pennsylvania Limited crashed through the bridge. Three hundred people were killed, and a splinter of the bridge floated down the stream to the Ant.

The Ant clung to the splinter of wood and escaped death. And the Ant said to itself:

"How kind is Providence!"

'06.

MISS FLIRT

Fragments translated, for the general enlightenment of the American public, from a French article upon the American Girl which appeared in the *Revue Bleue* of September 5th, 1903. The words in Italics were originally in English.

Miss Maud Stanley is eighteen years old and for the last year she has been the possessor of a *flirt* of which she is well satisfied. Sam Thompson is an accomplished young bachelor with blue-gray eyes of a size most advantageous for a frank and daring expression. With an æsthetic pleasure Miss Maud notices the contrast in their appearance that makes them such a handsome couple. Positively this flirt has completed the excellence of all sensations in her life. Sodas sipped together have a better

taste. Well known walks in Boston seem quite new. Together alone at the theatre, at a restaurant or a music-hall—according to the custom of young Yankees—they understand each other in half spoken phrases, and the outbursts on the stage move their feelings in the same way.

"Isn't it nice?"

"Very nice indeed."

Often they go off for the day on pleasure steamers which ply to different beaches and which are floating paradises. The comfort in them is perfect; vast drawing rooms with panels of precious woods, high crystal mirrors, deep arm chairs of a severe luxury. At the slightest want electric buttons call up negro servants, silent and ceremonious like the menials of Haroun-al-Raschid. When they start, the passengers, idly stretched out on wicker *steam chairs,* have a fairy-like scene unrolled before them. The sea is like opal silk with tinges of blue and of gold. They see the water and the sky only, and they feel the cordial of the fresh salt breeze.

"You are exquisite," murmurs Sam Thompson.

"And you a very charming fellow," replies the determined and self-possessed voice of the girl, as she slowly lets the gaze of her seal-skin pupils linger on his blue eyes. . . .

Finally the day is over, and the young people give each other a vigorous *shake-hand* before saying good-by.

Once they happen to be on the same train going from Boston to Washington. Seated opposite each other in comfortable chairs they slip off into a reverie.

The regular motion of the train gives a musical suggestion and brings up to his mind tunes that they have heard together, but all have new words singing the praises of Miss Maud Stanley. Suddenly startled by the ringing of bells at a station the young man leans forward.

" Are you well, *my dearling,* are you warm?"

" Thank you, Sam Thompson, I am well."

" *All right!*"

" All right" is an extremely American word with many different meanings.

Spring and summer passed like a dream for Maud and Sam with happy days together and long talks. Sam Thompson, in his third year at the law, is delighted to discuss with such a clever and quick opponent as Maud Stanley. Sometimes, while they are sitting in a candy store slowly eating ice cream from a little pasteboard box, the tourney enters the ground of metaphysics. The man, as he should be, is the champion of pure reason and of scientific authority; the girl is the poetical upholder of all beliefs, even of superstitions, though she is not foolish about it.

"Science can answer no essential question formally and positively, can it? And so am I not right in believing whatever I think most credulous?"

"*All right,* you can believe in angels if it amuses you," replies Sam calmly, adding with a gallant air, "I believe in them myself when I see you."

In the autumn Mister Thompson told Miss Maud that he had discovered a real American Eden, very near Boston, not more than an hour in the electric car; it was the park in Brookline. Miss Maud clapped her hands with glee and they immediately went there. They walked beside a great pond on whose glassy surface were mirrored the silhouettes of the old elms upon the banks. Our two happy pilgrims are enraptured at the beautiful leafy vault above them and at the flying birds which dart about. And as the girl, stumbling over the root of a tree, is about to fall, Sam Thompson holds her up with his eager arm and an *"Excuse me, Miss,"* full of tact and discretion.

" Miss Maud, your mamma wants you in the parlour." It is thus that Lizzie, the colored soubrette, performs Mrs. Stanley's commission.

"*All right,* Lizzie, I am coming."

"*How are you, mamma?*"

" *Very well,* my dear. I do not see very much of you."

"I have had a lot to do; I have been on some very lovely excursions."

"With your flirt?"

"Of course."

"*All right,* dearie, but I must tell you that you will soon be twenty and that you have lived the life of a young girl long enough! A perfectly

suitable match has presented itself; Mr Van der Welt, the banker, asks for your hand for his son. He has ten millions and you only have six. There is no possible reason for hesitation."

Maud remains pensive for two or three minutes, and her poetical complexion becomes slightly pale.

Finally she answers *"All right."*

Sam and Maud are again in Brookline seated beneath a sassafras tree. They are more silent than usual, after the first questions are asked.

"How is your dear health, Miss Maud?"

"Excellent, *Mister* Sam, and yours?"

Again an embarrassing silence. Then Maud rather annoyed;

"See here, Sam Thompson, I am engaged, I am going to marry *Sir* Van der Welt."

"*All right,* I congratulate you, Miss Stanley, it is a fine match; I myself am going to marry my cousin. The young lady I showed you the other evening at the *Opera House.*"

"Ah!"

"Yes, but do you know one thing, Miss Maud?"

"What is that?"

"It is that I shall never forget our delightful *flirt.*"

"Nor shall I, Sam Thompson."

Translated by N. F., '05.

"Hurrah! Hurrah!" we spinsters cried,
Our eyes with longing dim;
"Leap year has come, and now at last
We all may ask for gym!"

F. E. M., '05.

THE MAN WITH THE SMILE

Once upon a time, years and years and years ago, there lived a Man with a sweet, sad, vacant smile. It was all that he had to recommend him to fame, but enough.

One day, as he lolled against a pillar in the market-place, thrumming weird note-calls on his lyre, a Philosopher passed, and looked at him thrice. "Well worth my remark and trouble, it seems," quoth he, "is a sweet smile like that!" and summoned the man to call on him the next day.

He had to wait two hours for him to come. As the Man finally strolled around the corner of the block, the Philosopher noted, amazed, that his smile was even sweeter now, than on the previous day. "Your views, your theories," he cried, advancing, hands outstretched, to greet him, "my friend, expound them!"

The Man struck an attitude, fingered the strings of his lyre in an absent fashion, and chanted,

"Where there's roses, sir, there's honey,
Where there's oil-trusts, there's money!"

For a moment, the Philosopher puzzled; then, "Shades of Socrates!" he cried, breathing deeply, "who shall say that fame is not at last at my portal! A discovery of the century! You're wonderful, Man, and you're mine! Thoughts like yours bring light to the world. Let me see more of you!"

The Man strutted and smiled, well pleased.

Another day, soon afterwards, as the Man sat kicking his heels against a tree-stump in the Park, still thrumming note-calls on his lyre, the King, who was out for his constitutional, drove slowly by and looked at him twice. "Ha!" quoth he, slapping the court chamberlain's shoulder, "I'll be jiggered if a smile sad as that one is not worthy of remark and trouble!" So, on the following day, the Man was summoned to the audience-chamber.

The King had to wait two hours for him. As the Man paused a moment, despairing, at the threshold, it was plainly seen that he smiled more sadly even than on the day before. "Your views, your theories," cried the King, half-rising, hands outstretched, to greet him, "my friend, out with them quickly!"

Striking an attitude, and running over the strings of his lyre in an absent fashion, the Man chanted softly,

"Superlatives, sire, custards and things,
Higglety, pigglety, monarchies, kings!"

The King puzzled a little; then drew a long breath and clapped his hands, "By jinks, Man!" he cried, "a plan of government like that runs a whole country. Be created at once, *Lord High Economist of Our Nation, and Close Attendant upon Our Royal Self!* All the bells in the kingdom, egad, shall ring out to proclaim you, and all the Public School children, have a holiday!"

Well pleased, the Man strutted and smiled and condescended.

Something else was to happen. On a day, not long after, the Man, once more thrumming note-calls on his lyre, stood pondering soulfully beneath a street-lamp, when The One Woman In The World rolled past in her barôuche. She looked at him twice, and quoth, "A smile vacant as that, is it not surely worth any amount of remark and trouble?" So she told the coachman to stop the horses, that she might summon the Man to take tea with her on the next afternoon. She determined, then and there, to wear her new gown of the shades of mauve, with violets.

She had to wait two hours and a quarter for him to come. She forgave him, however, when she saw him wagging his head in the doorway, more vacantly far than ever before. "Your views, your theories," she begged, as she glided, hands outstretched, to greet him, "dear friend, pray confide them in me!"

The Man struck an attitude before the fireplace, and played the strings of his lyre in an indifferent fashion, as he whispered,

"Love knots, ma'am, and by-lanes shady,
What a dainty, pretty, lady!"

After this he looked long and oh! *very* vacantly at her.

Not a moment did The One Woman In The World stop to puzzle. "Oh dear, Oh dearie!" she sighed, clasping her hands, and adoring him, "one lover in a million! Never has anyone proposed to me so deliciously before! At last, at last, my heart is won! Oh Man, I dote upon you, and I'll be yours till death!"

Extremely well pleased, the Man strutted—and smiled—and condescended. For he could afford it.

Then the wise man, unblessed, who stood apart and watched and waited, regarded The Philosopher, The King, The One Woman In The World, and The Man with the more sweet, more sad, more vacant smile, and laughed behind his fingers. 'Twas all that he had to recommend him to fame, but enough. E. L. B., '05.

THE PRECOCIOUS PSYCHOLOGIST

Johnny broke a window pane
  Just to hear the sweetness of the smash;
Johnny hit his sister Jane,
  Johnny's mood was more than ever rash.

Johnny's Father looked severe,
  Johnny's punishment was straightway planned;
"Gee," cried Johnny with a tear,
  "I predict the movement of HIS *hand."*

'05.

"SIRIUS"

(A *dog*-gerel rhyme.)

To value this rare beast sublime,
To heights æsthetic you must climb—
To stay below would be a crime!

His yellow eyes in vacant stare
Are glued upon us everywhere,
His pudgy face is always there.

He has a little orange snout;
His mouth is screwed up in a pout;
He's always stolid—always stout.

To ornament this quadruped,
There always is a bow of red;
This limits him as to his head.

No room without him is complete;
Within the home of the élite,
He crouches low on all four feet.

A. K. B., '04.

LITERARY GOSSIP

"I've just come down from New York. I saw the Art Exhibit there."

"Oh, really? What kind of pictures did they have?"

"Well, mostly portraits. It was really disappointing, though, not to find any Christy ones. I do like them."

"Did you see *The Portrait of a Lady* that everyone's talking about now?"

"Oh isn't that a book? Yes, I think it is: a Frenchman, Morepassing wrote it, didn't he? And by the way, that reminds me, I've been reading a lovely story lately, called *The Hall in the House of Fusher.* Hoe wrote it—or Roe—no, Roe's the name of our butcher."

"You're thinking of *The Man with the Hoe,* I guess."

"What's that?"

"Oh, don't you *know?*—Well; say, speaking of books, my daughter's been reading one that I think isn't hardly fit for a young girl. I took it away from her. It was *The Wings of a Pigeon."*

"Why, isn't it nice?"

"No, I don't think so. I couldn't make head nor tail out of it, so I told her I'd give her a present of a new book if she'd stop reading that one. What would you get her if you were me?"

"Lady Rose's Daughter. It's just out—a sequel to *Rose in Bloom,* you know!"

"Gracious me, I never *can* keep track of all these sequels, anyhow! I've just been reading the latest *Elsie* book."

" Oh, I haven't heard of that. What is it?"

"Elsie Venner at Haddon Hall by Justice Holmes."

"Yes, I guess I do remember now. He's the one who wrote *Unleavened Bread,* isn't he?"

"I think so. That's a fine book, so much in it! I never understood what it was named that for, though. Who'd want anything but yeasty bread, anyhow!"

"Yes, and I'm not very keen about that new Yeets man. *Cufhullain,* I guess he *is* a' foolin'—foolin' us all."

"He reminds me somehow of that *Mrs. Swiggs in the Cabbage Hatch.* Have you read it?"

"Yes. No. I don't know, but I think so."

"It comes in the same binding as *Elizabeth in Her Vegetable Garden.* They're both such sweet books, I think."

"Aren't they writing lots of those country things now, anyway? There's *Gunstreamandrod* and *Plain Tales in the Hills,* you know."

"Yes, and *Ride or Drive.* And *Town Topics* are going out."

"But don't you really like the theatre more'n you do books—isn't it more sort of filling?"

"Yes, and do you know, I saw the cutest play last night.—You must go to it—Sol Russell in *Mice and Men."*

"What's it about?"

"Well, I really didn't see where the *mice* came in, myself."

D. D., '05.
E. B., '05.

"She is a peach!" the fusser cried,
And pointed as he spoke;
Then, as the maiden strangled, he
Reversed his judgment, and with glee
Said "Not a downy peachlet she,
'Naught but an 'earty choke."

Where—oh where is fancy bred?
At Glockers!

THE INSULTED FRESHMAN

"Translate!" the cross professor cried,
Not noticing her pleading:

"How dare you, sir," the maid replied;
"This is my private reading!"

His sister ate his pumpkin pie
That in the stove did bake;
But he in generosity
Said, "Sister, for thy sake
I'll over look this little theft,
'Tis only a missed ache."

He patched his tattered Iliad,
His touch was firm and sure,
And holding high his head he cried,
With lofty mien and air of pride,
"Lo! I'm an Epic Cure!"

F. E. M.,'05.

EDITORIAL

It is unfortunate that the health and longevity of our good resolutions should annually be so threatened by the proximity of New Year and Mid Years. There is something in the mad abandon of those two weeks, fragrant with black coffee and the breath of dawn, that is fatal to the keeping of any New Year vow of bed at ten or daily preparation. They have a poisonous atmosphere of their own, those weeks, which filters into our blood and brain and turns us from the sane, well-ordered life. It is sad that it should be so, but quite inevitable. So long as the faculty unpleasantly demand written proof of our wisdom and so long as we have nerves Mid Years will remain a thing hideous to look forward to or back upon, and there will follow in its wake weeks of gay relief and revel with no daily preparation or early bed at all.

But there is none the less one resolution in its regard which it might be profitable to make and possible to keep. Though the great strain of the nerve-racking period of examinations comes from the desire to appear preternaturally knowing in the eyes of the faculty, it is sensibly intensified by the trying to seem preternaturally ignorant in the eyes of each other. Therefore we might, with profit, resolve to be mutually quite honest about the amount of work we do and the number of things we know.

It has been unwritten law that, though we may openly spend days in Taylor and nights in agony, we should yet know nothing. Up to the moment of the examination this pitiable state of ignorance prevails. "I've barely skimmed my notes once." "I haven't *looked* at the private reading." "I've done mine but I can't possibly remember it." "I know nothing, absolutely nothing at all." They are unpremeditated deceptions, these "deliciously feminine" white lies, due partly to the desire not to seem unduly cocky, and partly to the longing for some shield behind which we can retreat in case of possible failure with the excuse, not of stupidity, but of a sort of dare-devil neglect of the course. They are due partly to these things, but in larger part they are due—and here they cease

to be amusing—to the apparent dread lest we should seem to get our marks and even our degrees by hard work alone and not by sheer native brilliancy. Against college spirit in the academic sense—and college spirit in that sense is as sacred as in any other—there could be no more pernicious influence, or one more deserving attack by New Year resolutions. For hard work is, after all, the most honorable road to success and the one which we all of us—with the few possible enviable exceptions—have to travel here. Why not be quite frank about it then and say so.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Prize Story Competition

The date for closing the Freshman Prize Story competition has been extended to March 1. A box will be placed in Taylor Library for the manuscripts. Each story must be signed by a fictitious name and the real name of the author placed in an envelope and fastened to the manuscript. The Editors reserve the right to refuse any award of the prize on the ground of insufficient merit in the material handed in. All members of the Class of 1907 are urged to write, as the results of the competition will necessarily affect the election of the class editor.

THE LANTERN

It is earnestly requested that MSS. for *The Lantern* be handed to any member of the Editorial Board, Miss Temple, Miss Foster, Miss Lombardi, or Miss Blodgett, by February 15th. The Editors are especially anxious for contributions from the Undergraduates, and will very gladly consult with anyone who wishes to write for *The Lantern*. Besides verse and stories, short imitative papers, translations, essays, and sketches or portraits, with a view to a new department devoted to the best work done in the required writing courses, will be particularly acceptable.

POINTS OF VIEW

A department open to alumnæ and undergraduates alike for the expression and defence of personal opinion.

THE LENGTH OF ENTHUSIASM

It is better to pour out all rhapsodies than all denunciations over college life; but to recognize and to mend certain faults will only tend to justify the rhapsodist in her rhapsodies, and to condemn the denunciator in her denunciations. When, for instance, the spirit between the Sophomores and the Freshmen, inciting rushes, cap and gown nights, and a variety of inhuman hazing, was criticised and done away with, we probably at once became more what college women should be. For, although the days of cold water and hens thrown through the transom, the days of hat pins and enforced vigils by the cemetery had their stir and their thrill, and some of us half regret the loss of them; yet the Freshman-Sophomore spirit was in reality artificial, silly, and unwholesome, and without it we are now "perfect ladies." Another spirit, however, the spirit between the Freshman and Junior classes has grown up to take the place of the old one. It resembles the old in that it is artificial, in that it is silly, in that it is injurious to those possessing it and to the institution as a whole. Therefore, like the old, it should be criticised and done away with.

This does not mean that the classes entering college should not feel respect for those already there. They should feel it, and, as it is in all society, the greatest respect for the oldest comers. It would indeed be sad if upper classmen, with academic years behind them, were unable to inspire some respect, some sense of leadership in those of less experience. Such respect is only natural, and wholesome. It lends dignity and order. Also the tradition of some sentiment to be kept up between Freshmen and Juniors is pleasant. But that every Freshman should tacitly agree to everlasting worship for every Junior, and that every Junior must properly respond to this adulation, in college, and then afterwards whenever they may meet—this is unnatural and unwholesome, and is somewhat near the truth.

The artificiality of the situation impresses us when on the day of leaving for the Christmas vacation, we hear a Freshman exclaim:

"Oh, my dear, how can I bear to leave my Juniors for two whole weeks!"

And a classmate answers:

"Isn't it awful, but just think how much worse the year after next, when they are not here at all! I think I shall die without them!"

One might hope that this were done in the spirit of burlesque; but the long face, the earnest voice, together with much repetition of the same talk forces us to believe in its sincerity. For on the hockey field too, and in basket-ball games, when Freshmen and Juniors play against each other, we hear the Freshman wail:

"Oh, really I haven't any heart for this game. I'd almost rather have my Juniors beat than our class."

From Juniors perhaps there is less of the extravagance, but the instigation and the toleration, which seem to one equally reprehensible, are theirs. And occasionally they, too, let fall an example of something silly, as when they say, speaking of their Freshmen:

"Oh ar'n't they darlings! Wouldn't our Juniors be proud of them! Isn't it lovely to be Juniors and to have such Freshmen."

Such a spirit, of course, puts both Freshman and Junior in the class of things laughed at. And then, because in many cases the Freshman does not dare approach the Junior from a sense of over-deference, and because the Junior is often unable to approach the Freshman from her inherent ability as a Junior to inspire awe, the two cannot get the natural good from each other that people constantly thrown together should derive. Furthermore, what injures the welfare of a large part of the college has of necessity a bad effect on the college as a whole. Therefore, although it is gratifying to a Junior's pride to have her engaged signs in constant demand for memory books; gratifying to her feeling of kindliness to think of the pleasure she can give by a mere smile; gratifying to her sense of economy to be sure of lemons, crackers, condensed milk, anything she may want to borrow, kept in the neighboring room of a dear little Freshman—for it almost seems as if the Junior got the buttered side of the bargain—yet it should be more satisfactory to her to inspire respect, not adoration; to start friendly intercourse, not fanatic worship.

A criticism of this phase of college life may seem out of place and

unnecessary. I hope that it is unnecessary, that the passing of a college tradition beyond the bounds of sentiment into the realm of sentimentality is only the result of a short-lived enthusiasm.

D. D., '05.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

'92. Frances Harris Brown has a son born this fall.

'93. "An Introduction to the Study of Rhetoric" has been published by Helen J. Robins and by Agnes Perkins, '98.

'95. Madeleine W. Brown has a son born in January.

'97. Elizabeth Nields is temporary warden of Merion Hall.

'97. Gertrude Frost and Marie Minor are studying at their artshop in New York.

'99. Christine Orric Fordyce has a son born on December 25th.

'00. Eleanor Anderson is to be married to Mr. John Tanner next month.

Rita Levering has returned from a tour around the world. She is soon to be married to Mr. Theodore Brown of Philadelphia.

'01. Mary Ayer has written a book called "The Boston Common," for private circulation.

Ethel Cantlin has announced her engagement to Mr. Monroe Buckeley of Philadelphia.

'02. Eleanor Wood is studying at Columbia for a Ph.D. in Philosophy.

'02. May Yeatts has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Henry Howson of Wayne.

'02. Paxton Boyd is studying art in Philadelphia.

'02. Sara Montenegro has resigned her position as warden of Merion and is to travel abroad with her sisters.

'03. Edith Goodell, who has been at the Bryn Mawr Hospital, is much better and will return home this month.

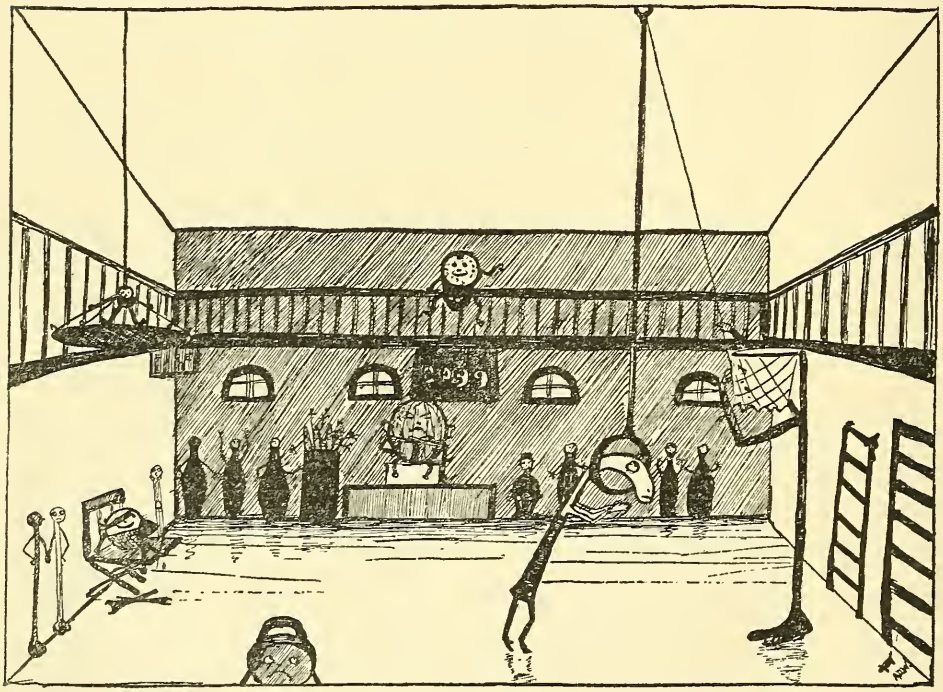
Ethel Levering, '99; Caro Buxton, '01; Lucia Holliday, '01; Anna Archebald, '01, and Louise Atherton, '03, visited Bryn Mawr this month.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Saturday evening, January 9th, Dr. Davis, under the auspices of the Graduate Club, addressed the students in the chapel. He spoke upon Turkestan, through which he had travelled extensively, especially engaged in studying the topography of the district. The lecture was extremely interesting in itself and well illustrated by slides made from pictures taken by Dr. Davis's party.

Dr. Irons will resume his position as Professor of Philosophy next semester.

The reprinting of this illustration explains itself, since in the last issue its point was unfortunately omitted.



m = Judge Basket Ball;
n = Hangman Basket;
x = Offensor Hockey-Stick;
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Since $\frac{x}{y}$ = stroke (not always);
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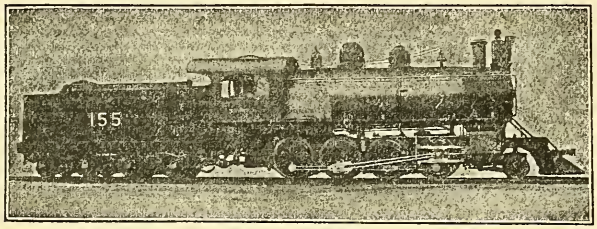

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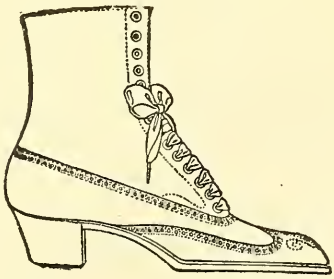

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A BOOK OF BRYN MAWR VERSES

Edited by ELIZABETH TERESA DALY, 1901, and AMELIA ELIZABETH WHITE, 1901

An Echo of the PLÉIADE

The *Book of Bryn Mawr Verses,* which Miss White and Miss Daly have compiled from the *Lantern* and *Philistine,* has now reached us, and we have had time, if not to estimate fully what the editors have done for the college and what the book is in itself, at least to read it with less or greater care. I think, however, that the impression it has made is not yet either so general or so deep as it must be. But we all feel already, I am sure, and wish to lose no time in expressing to the editors, as sincere thanks as we have often to give even to the Alumnæ; for right feeling, discrimination, carefulness, and disinterested energy in combination are almost as rare as they are delightful to meet.

The plain green cloth binding, and the clear accurate printing of the book, as well as the selections made and the arrangement of them, must

give real satisfaction to whomsoever the book is likely to interest, either now or at a later time. One's only quarrel, indeed, with the editing is the over-sparse representation of the verse of the editors themselves. Miss White, in particular, has contributed nothing, and it seems to me we have legitimate grounds to protest, and to hope for a second edition. And we have missed more than one *ballade* or *triolet* of Miss Daly's we had specially wished to see reprinted.

Eighteen names and one anonymous writer appear in the table of contents. Differences of thought and manner could and will be noted in reading, but a certain unity also seems to me to be fittingly noticeable. My personal impression, indeed, is that we have here perhaps the best and simplest expression we have yet had of a not unimportant or uninteresting phase of the College. I seem, in a word, to catch what, for want of an exacter name, I shall have to call the Renaissance note. Such a name for the characteristic accent I hope will not be found unsympathetic, if, perhaps, it will seem partial to some.

I think I need hardly enter into any elaborate definition of what I mean by the Renaissance note. Yet, I may be allowed to recall the undoubted fact that there is inevitably something of the spirit of humanism in any young college, and that, indeed, in anything like its present form the college is a product of the Renaissance. All students of the humanities, certainly, are heirs and children of the first humanists. No doubt their tradition has been fairly constant in the English universities, if possibly we have heard somewhat more of their Gothic and Mediæval aspects. But in our earlier American colleges we had on a Puritan foundation very little but German science and German romance.

Now it happened, obviously enough, that the classic, humanistic tradition at Oxford and Cambridge came, perhaps, to a more intense and persuasive expression than it had been given since the time of Gray, in the years when Bryn Mawr was in making. The first students who came here to live and study came to halls of residence to which had already been given, under the inspiration of Oxford and Cambridge, the late Renaissance or Jacobean stamp. And they came unquestionably because there had been found in American experience something responsive to the Hellenism of Oxford, by a similar evolution, shall I say. These earlier students, more, perhaps, than any equal number of Americans of any single generation up to that time, were wishing to see life, and even

to live it, in a manner at once larger and more refined, more critical and more audacious, than was possible in their homes, much less in any other college. Hence, perhaps, there was something more than commonly sincere, almost passionate, indeed, in the feeling they came to have for Bryn Mawr, as a kind of real existence, and typification of modern humanism, a certain playfulness or tinge of irony mingling, no doubt, with the feeling, as with the true Platonist wherever or whenever found. So that something of more genuine emotion, possibly, than was realized by the writers themselves may have been behind the writing of *Thou Gracious Inspiration,* or we should never have come to accept it with the entire sincerity of to-day. Our college symbolism, even to the Chancerian daisy, may have come into use in much the same manner. And the *Sonnet to Bryn Mawr,* at the end of the volume of verses, hardly overstates the general sentiment, I think.

The final stamp, however, on our thought and feeling, I suppose, was really given (if in a fashion not quite perhaps as commonly understood) by Pater, and the general Renaissance character of the college took on, through him, a French form rather than an English, at least in so far as writing was concerned. Here was a contemporary, an academic writer, a classical scholar, and a man of genius, who likened modernity above all to the exquisite preciosity and attenuated Platonizing passion of the later Renaissance in France. And the earlier Bryn Mawr undergraduates, represented in the *Book of Verses,* would seem to have been influenced by Pater less to imitation, either of contemporary English pre-Raphaelites or French Parnassians, than to take life and letters, if so they might, in the spirit of the *Pléiade,* the manner of Ronsard and du Bellay. At any rate, in their verse, at least, this seems to have been the actual effect of Pater on them. They brought to their study of the classics the same consciousness of having chosen the difficult, unusual thing, the same dainty pride in their philological patience, and a similar disposition to trifle, so far as emotions are concerned. Hence their verse has, as general characteristic, much grace and finish and intellectual fastidiousness, and a certain remoteness from experience and reality.

Let me illustrate, or rather indicate what I mean, in the hope that the present undergraduates will perhaps test for themselves the validity of my explanation. I feel, for example, that it is less just to the originality and sincerity of the writers to take Miss King's little poem, *On an*

Archaic Greek Tomb, or Mrs. Saunders's *To a Tanagra Figure,* as imitations of Mr. Austin Dolson's *Autonoë* than as similar in inspiration to more than one famous poem of Ronsard himself. And Sicilian asphodel and myrtle more than modern and American blossoms interest most of our versifiers, even when they are not translating Theocritus and fragments from the Anthology which, like the members of the *Pléiade,* they seem to have specially preferred. Even Mrs. Huddlestone's feeling for the sea is, perhaps, in its inspiration rather Greek than romantic. And Miss King's half-explicit philosophy belongs, may I say, to the more skeptical side of Greek thought, like Ronsard's, while, if Miss Nichols's *Soft Going* shows a somewhat Anglicized Hellenism, and the possible influence of Arnold, so much of genuinely modern feeling is absolutely unique in the volume. Miss Ritchie's exquisite translation of Scolion 16:

> "Drink with me and be young, love as I love, crowned as I am with flowers;
> Rave with me when I rave, but be thou, too, wise in my wiser hours,"

and Miss King's inscription for a copy of the Greek Anthology, together with Miss Daly's *Neo Pagan Elegy,* in which the thought and feeling have come to a most characteristic and satisfactory self-consciousness, are surprisingly sincere expressions, it seems to me, of precisely the *Pléiade* mood.

Something, too, of Ronsard's and Belleau's and du Bellay's remoteness from the real *beau monde* of intrigue and compliment is present also in the lighter verse of the collection. It is society verse from academic precincts, memory, perhaps, or momentary dreaming on the possible future: what du Bellay's Italian exile and languor did for him, and Ronsard's deafness and half monastic seclusion, strenuous academic effort seems to have done, for example, in Miss Daly's charming essays in society verse. The substance is as remote and artificial, as intellectual and dainty, as the forms. Miss Sickel and Miss Wines and Miss Child, if somewhat more interested apparently in the poets they are translating, still contrive to make them more or less exotic and attenuated,—not exactly the real Ibsen and Catullus, perhaps.

But in insisting somewhat upon a certain unreality in the *Book of Bryn Mawr Verses,* I am as far as possible from any intention to do anything but praise it on this score. It seems to me the most gratifying

thing short of first-rate talent and originality one could find in academic verse. For one is scarcely gratified by an uncritical, or superficial, or precocious handling of the deeper, more serious things. Whereas there is something admirably modest and, in the best sense, distinguished in writing of what one really knows and cares for, or even thinks one cares for, whatever the age at which one writes. Naïvete of a certain fastidious order has more than once found the most charming expression in poetry; there are Poe's perfect lines *To Helen;* there is, of course, Ronsard himself. And there is nothing in the *Book of Bryn Mawr Verses* in which the great vital things have been discounted or vulgarized; one is left with the hope, indeed, that some few, at least, of the Alumnæ represented may yet come to an expression of experience as sensitive and adequate as they have already given to their delicate academic ideals.

* * * * * * * * * * * *

In conclusion, let me add that the *Book of Bryn Mawr Verses* has been compiled for the benefit of the Students' Building, and for this reason, as well as for its intrinsic interest and value, the work of the Editors ought to meet with generous support. Owing, no doubt, to the preoccupation of the mid-year period, very few copies have so far been sold. They may be had in the college book-shop; the price is $1.25.

M. E. T., '04.

THE NELSON BOYS

" I am coming up here in winter some time, Tom. It must be great. I want to learn to snow-shoe, and I think I'd have some fun."

This from me, as I kept stride along the lumber road with Red Tom, the lunch-basket, coffee-pot, and frying-pan carrier. Between their " How to know the Wild Flowers" and their " Bird Life through an Opera Glass," I couldn't stand the old ladies a minute longer—on my life I couldn't. So, as they were hushing me up prodigiously hard, and listening in tense attitudes to the innocent caw of a hawk, I ran away—indeed, I had to. And Tom and I were soon working into a conversation.

" Yes, Miss, you'd like it up here, shure. You'd have a fine time."

This from Red Tom. Tom was Red Tom from the color of his

hair, and to keep him distinct from another Tom, who was black Tom from the color of his.

"Well, what could I do besides snow-shoe? Could I shoot?"

"Yes, Miss. You could shoot—if you could hit 'em—pa'tridge and deer."

"Deer! out of season!"

"Shure; who's to know? There ain't a game warden that kin git within spittin' distance of a fellow up in these Mich'gan woods. Why, you know Jake Nelson, 'fore he died of drinkin' too hard, when he come up to Marquette to bury his old mother; and John, his brother, him that took a cramp and drowned over in Conway Lake from takin' a bit on a hot day? Well, those two Nelson boys were kind er likely to make a boast or two. They both of them was use to sayin' that they could stand up on top of swallowin' a barrel o' whiskey. Now, I don't swear to it that that was true. But I've heard Jake—he was the more dangerous fellow of the two—I've heard him, and all the boys at the camp hev' heard him too—I've heard him say often how as his life warn't worth much to him, and how as you'd never find him taken alive. Well, that's a thing I can believe of him. Jake was a dangerous man—a fine boy, too. Why, there warn't a game warden in the Northwest that warn't terrible afraid of that man. Now, there was Skotie, the Indian. He knew as well as any that the Nelson boys had trapped a stack of deer in their time, and would likely trap a heap more. He was allus on the watch for them, but he couldn't do nothin'. He tried awful hard when the two boys used to come up to Marquette to put in their money at the bar. They say that once the both of them did run kind er near to bein' took, when they had a good deal aboard of them. But I tell you, when it come to the point, Skotie didn't dare touch either of them. You see, they'd as soon 'a' shot him through as not. Then Dolfy come along—Jake Dolfy. Now, he was set on gettin' the Nelsons into State's prison, but he was awful afraid of them. One day a Swede turned his way, one of these big fellows that thought there wern't nothin' under the starry skies to be skeered of, and he says to Dolfy:

"'See here, Dolfy; you give me the price, and I'll go up to Conway Bay and I'll catch them Nelson fellows with the deer on 'em and haul 'em back to Marquette.'

"Dolfy offered him good pay and he went along. He must 'a'

reached the homestead about five of an afternoon—you know, the one that sits facing Lake Superior over there in Conway Bay—a fine spot. It was in December, I guess, and a terrible cold day. Jake and John weren't the kind to leave a fellow out in the cold. Jake had nice manners. He could talk to any lady, you know yourself. Well, he come to the door when the big Swede knocked, took him in, sat him down before the fire, gave him feed, and after dinner all three of the men fell to talkin'. The Swede made out how as he was kind er lookin' over the country for land to take up.

"'Fine lumber up here,' Jake tells him. 'Pretty lonely in winter, though. My brother and I don't get up to town much. We're often thirstin' hard for a good chat with the fellows at Mooney's. John here has the record for the Northwest, a barrel and a half straight the last time we was in civilized parts. But we don't have the money for much sport. We must 'a' trapped eighty-odd bear in the last ten years, but the bear is gettin' kind er scarce and there ain't much other business, unless they mean to do some lumbering up this way. I don't know as I'd advise you to take up land. Kind er rotten livin' on canned goods the year round.'

"The Swede snatches at that quick, you can bet. 'You don't mean to say you able-bodied fellows are a livin' on canned feed? Why don't you get lively and bring some deer in? They eat awful good. That's what I calculate to do. How's the game warden goin' to find you out up here in this wilderness? Why, I thought all the fellows in these parts had their fresh meat now and then. I guess you two's a slow lot.'

"The big lake was boomin' against the cliffs outside, and the ice cakes was just knockin' together and makin' a roarin' fuss. Jake told me afterwards that if he'd a knowed what kind of a sort they had with 'em they'd a picked him up and chucked him right down into that water between them ice cakes. But after their bein' wary for some time, and the Swede still tellin' tales of fresh meat the year round and sayin' how he'd have it in a jiffy if he was in their place,—well, with all that they got kind er careless and the both of them gave the man some stiff stories of their own fun against the laws. He showed 'em plenty of encouragement, and said they was just right about it and a good sort, too, and the three of them went to bed that night in fine shape with each other. You know it was the year their mother was with the boys, just before she went

off. Well, when mornin' come around, Jake went out to the kitchen, where the old lady was cookin' the breakfast, and he says to her:

" ' Mother, you can bring some o' the deer on for grub this mornin'.'

" You see, they had venison in the house at the time. Well, you can bet the Swede ate a bit of that meat, but when he was done with it he pushed back his plate and started on sort of a speech.

" ' Boys, I want to say you've treated me well. You give me a good bed and good eatin', and now I want you to come along to Marquette with me while I show you some entertaining.' Right here he whipped out his revolver and covers them with it. ' You see,' he says, ' I have you caught with the deer plump on you. Might as well come along without makin' a fuss, boys.'

" That was kind er too cool a bluff. Jake made a jump for his gun on the wall, while he says:

" ' No, you don't. You go to h— sooner than to Marquette. None of your smooth tricks around here. We give you two minutes to clear out of this house.'

" Jake had his gun square on the man, and John too. Quicker than Sam Hill the old Swede was down the road between the pines, shots just flyin' after him. He didn't get hit. He got away, but he kind er went alone. No, the Nelson boys weren't no hand to get taken alive."

P. D., '05.

THE FOREST PATH

When last I trod the woodland path
  That climbs the mountain-side,
The lonely winding woodland path,
  'Twas golden summertide.

Above the narrow, moss-grown way
  Hung low the graceful vines,
A shimmering sheen of summery green
  Against the sombre pines.

The gray squirrels chattered overhead,
  The rustling leaves amid;
A rippling splash, a silver flash,
  Showed where the stream lay hid.

And bird-notes trembled near at hand
  To bird-notes far away;
A music rare was everywhere
  That golden summer day.

Time passed, and now how changed the wood,
  All bare and white and drear!
A wintry waste, and scarcely traced
  The little path lies here.

The bare, black trees stand gaunt and grim
  Upon the mountain-side,
While snow-wreaths pale the larches frail,
  And feathery hemlocks hide.

All gray the heavens overhead,
  All white the path below;
The long dun aisles, the deep defiles,
  Are veiled in drifting snow.

No music of the mountain stream,
  Nor sound of life is heard,
Save when through solemn stillness thrills
  The call of a lone bird.

It seems as if a sadness strange
  Would ne'er from hence depart;
'Tis written in the woodland path,
  And written in my heart.

T. H. B., '05.

A CONVERSATION

"It's so different here now, isn't it? It's as deeply domestic as it was once frivolous; and I didn't realize how changed it would be. In fact, I wonder what will become of me in course of time."

Barton Otis spoke to his cousin Frances at the dance his old friends were giving him on his return to life in his native place. Once they had all made up the gayest set that had been known there since the early days, but the ebb and flow of gayeties that formerly had distracted the town had passed, and most of the young people had settled down at home to the semi-poverty and provincial existence into which most families of the place had sunk. In Barton Otis's case, long absences had allowed half-childish attachments to lapse, and he had not followed his old friends into their lost state,—that of matrimony. At this dance, he found himself the only one of the old set unmarried, except for his cousin Frances; and in his first mood of marvel at the domestication of things, he came for a talk with her, with an unreserve probably the more, as years of comparative isolation had given significance to ties of blood. Besides, he had a sense, not a very delicate motive to be sure, that she must feel nowadays here much as he did himself.

At his speculation as to his probable future, his cousin had flushed a little and bit her lip. She preferred the vantage-ground of convention, even if he was her cousin, but she found it a little hard not to ask him the same question for herself.

"What will become of you?" she repeated. "One can't presage for a man, I'm afraid. I must say it's rather an anomalous position for him—the prospect of being choked by the domestic atmosphere." She spoke a trifle dryly; then lifting the seriousness with a laugh she added, "For so many generations he did the choking himself."

Barton did not relax his eagerness of interest in what he was talking about. His eyes strayed across the room to where a group of women were gossiping together, of domestic concerns probably, a few days' experience had taught him to conjecture. Some of them he could not yet look at without wonder, so surprisingly had they developed resem-

blances to the dowagers—their mothers. His native place as here presented had incurably affected his imagination to-night.

"Do you know, Frances," he continued, "I feel almost as if it were an emotional New Year's Eve. The future is so persistently in mind. Won't you admit that to a man past thirty some shrinking is natural when he looks forward to an unbroken future of existence among friends contentedly engulfed by fatherhood and grandfatherhood? He has a pretty lively sense that it may be up to him to play for his youth, and he is afraid what stakes he may be driven to wager."

"In short," said his cousin, "you are afraid it's one of those cases where you only win when you lose. What you call high stakes many people call solvency,—take looking for your future in other people's, for example. I imagine that's the normal outcome in many cases,—it may be in yours. Now, perhaps you'll simmer down to an indulgent uncle to your friends' children, after you have been here a while."

"My future will be in my past sooner than that, I fancy," said Barton, "probably many people have learned to live by not living at all themselves. But it's the method of the sluggard as well as the saint. Do you pick me out for either?"

Frances felt a little angry at the purely theoretical manner in which he seemed able to pursue the matter with her. But she would perhaps have been angrier yet if he had used her as data, so she preserved the purely ideal attitude.

"Instead," she answered, "I think there is such a necessity of empirical knowledge of anything about life, and we have so little of that as yet, that we can't know whether we aren't just reaching the point of revelation, that after all, the method extends to the whole life of the world. I have no doubt it does, viewed with the vision of the 'Magnetic Age.'" She rose as she finished, having decided that no sanctifying or devitalizing influence of her position should, at any rate, oblige her to endure discomfort for some one else's comfort, in confessing exactly her own case.

"Happy 'Magnetic Age!'" said Barton, rising too. "Perhaps the least hazardous solution now is to descend and make its acquaintance." He looked across the room, then turned to her, smiling. "Frances, won't you introduce me to those young people over there? They look so refreshingly young and unhampered."

"Vampire!" returned Frances, smiling, but with a certain inner flash. She had a sudden vision of what she knew well would be the attitude of these girls and boys towards Barton, a man, and what she knew it was towards her, a woman—in the once case, flattered attention. contrasted with half reverential jealousy; in the other case, only gentle and quite impersonal acceptance.

"For me, there's no possibility of being a vampire," she thought.

H. E. A., '05.

TO FURNESS ABBEY

Amid thy clover lawns I see thee lie,
A mass of shadowed archways overgrown
With nesting ivy, where birds long have flown
About thy windows, open to the sky.

Still, empty shell—with living days gone by—
Of that great abbey through all England known,
Which yearly sent gold hoards unto the crown,
And thus did help the king make more men die.

Stephen and Maud,—how strange it is that they,
Whose lives of turmoil, spent in rival war,
Knew not the name of beauty, nor could see
A harmony like thine. How strange that they
Now rest in quiet niches by thy door,
United founders of a thing like thee.

G. C., '06.

ŒDIPUS TYRANNUS

The sounds are few and far apart;
  The lights burn soothingly and fair,
Where, poring o'er the Grecian tale,
  She plods with calm, scholastic care.

She finds the old, sonorous words
  Are vivid with eternal youth,
Which scholiasts of two thousand years
  Cannot deprive of poignant truth.

It does not own the Renaissance,
  Nor any Greeks for king or lords;
It is the everlasting Fate
  Revealed in classic Attic words!

The victim is the Theban king,
  Whose doom's approach with creeping pace
She ponders as eternal truth
  Within her sheltered dwelling-place.

But thoughts of such a Fate for her,
  Troubling her simple, pleasant world,
To her are senseless as the rain
  The gust against her window hurled.

E. M. H., '04.

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74 MERION

Every one knows 74 Merion, the big, square corner room on the third floor; but very few people have heard the story connected with it,—the story of the girl who had the room for the brief space of one October, and then left it, never to return.

It was in that far-off period before Denbigh or Pembroke had been

even dreamed of. The entrance class of this particular year was large, and in it was a girl who attracted attention from the first,—Katharine Forest I shall call her,—tall and handsome, full of self-confidence and enthusiasm. And Katharine thought, and was thought, very fortunate to have drawn the much-desired 74 Merion.

Since the classes were so much smaller then, Freshmen grew intimate even more quickly than they do now. Katharine was very sociable and made friends easily, particularly with two girls who had the suite of rooms opposite to hers, Edith Bradford and Margaret Owens.

One night about the second week of college, a crowd of Freshmen were in Katharine's room. It was very late. All the lamps but one had been turned out to save the oil, and, moved by the stillness and darkness, some one suggested ghost stories. The idea proved popular. Katharine volunteered to tell a story, and was about to begin when Margaret Owens caught her arm and whispered,—

"Don't tell them before Edith; she gets so frightened."

Katharine, who loved ghost stories, shook her off.

"Edith doesn't mind, do you, Edith?" she said.

But there was no answer. Edith had fallen asleep. Katharine turned out the light and told a delightfully ghostly story. Then every one else told one, and her turn came again. She was at the climax of her second tale when Edith woke up suddenly, and, finding herself in the dark, lay still a moment, heard a few words, and screamed. Katharine immediately turned up the light, but Edith grew hysterical, so she and Margaret sent every one away and tried in vain to soothe her.

"How *can* you be so scared, Edith?" said Katharine, growing impatient. "There's nothing to be afraid of."

"Oh, Katharine, you don't know—such awful things happen! My uncle once told me how he—oh! what's that in the corner?"

"Nothing but the shadow, Edith. Don't be so silly. Listen to me. There aren't any such things as ghosts, and no one ever saw any; and if they said they did they were lying to you, because they couldn't see them. It's so absurd to be so superstitious, Edith. You ought to get over it."

"Oh, Kate dear, *don't* talk like that! Perhaps there are ghosts in this room now! Don't make them angry! Don't say you don't believe in them, for if you do *they'll make you believe in them!* Uncle Jack said——"

"I'm sorry, Edith dear, but I don't care what your uncle said, and I think you're acting very foolishly. Now don't talk about it any more, but go to bed. You'll be all right in the morning."

"I'm going, Kate; but, Kate, don't say you don't believe in them,—don't challenge ghosts, Kate! Oh, please tell me you won't say it any more! Something will happen to you. I'm so frightened for you, Kate!"

"Frightened of what, Edith? Heavens! I'm not afraid of any ghost. I challenge them to do their worst, and I hope I'll see—— Oh, Edith, *don't* scream! I didn't mean it, Edith. I'm sorry I said it; it's all right, Edith. Oh, Margaret, what on earth shall we do?"

* * * * * * * * * * * *

It was a few nights after this that Katharine, who had gone to bed more than usually tired, awoke with a start, to find herself sitting up, her teeth chattering, and strange shivers going over her. She had never had such sensations before, and she was somewhat disturbed; as she was so nervously wide-awake that she could not sleep again. She lighted her lamp,—it was about three o'clock,—and tried to read, but she could not. Her attention wandered; she kept watching her door furtively; she strained her ears to hear something, and then started violently at any sound. She seemed to be waiting apprehensively for something. But the next morning she attributed it all to nightmare, and said nothing about it.

From that time on the nights grew worse and worse. Once she woke to find herself at the window, hanging far out, and watching something, she couldn't see what, with breathless horror. Another time she found herself at her door, panting and gasping, leaning against it with all her strength to keep out the Horror. Once she hid from It behind a great chair, and on waking did not know where she was, and so she stayed there, motionless, till the dawn came. And always she felt the same terrible nameless fear, she who had never felt fear before.

The dread of ridicule and her own high courage prevented Katharine from telling any one of the dreadful nights. People remarked that she looked ill, and told her not to overstudy. Edith and Margaret grew worried about her, but Katharine had an idea that Edith knew or guessed, and she began to hate her for it.

The end came late in October. Katharine had been spending several nights with another girl, and those nights had been undisturbed. To the

blessed relief sleep brought was added the hope that the dreams of fear had gone forever. So it was half in defiance and half in dread that Katharine returned to her own room and went to bed.

She fell asleep at once, and awoke suddenly to find herself running desperately from the Horror. Nor could she stop at first, but still ran on blindly till she struck her head on something sharp and fell stunned. When she awoke early the next morning, she was lying on the floor of the drawing-room. The fear haunted her all that day. It seemed incredible that she would sleep in that room again, but she did—for the last time.

It was a curious night. A thick mist hid the full moon, whose rays, however, illumined the fog to a dim whiteness. There was no wind, everything was deathly still. Katharine awoke. She was leaning far out of one of the side windows, grasping the sill to keep herself from being pushed out. No one pushed her. No one was in the room. Cold and shaking with terror, she did not dare move, but stood by the window, straining her eyes to see through the fog.

To see what? Strange fog-shadows glided through the mist, and she watched with great, vacant, staring eyes. The strain grew tense; she *had* to see. It seemed to her as if the fog were a curtain let down to hide something from her. She *must* see what was behind. She leaned far out and tore at the mist with both hands. The muscular effort revived her. She knew she was afraid. She was shivering from head to foot and cold, so cold. She would go in and sleep with Edith and Margaret. She did not care if Edith *did* know. She must feel some warm, kindly human being. She tottered to the door, whispering hurriedly, "They'll want—they won't let It get me. I mustn't be afraid—I mustn't be afraid." She stumbled through the girls' study and into their bedroom. She went to Margaret's bed and fell beside it; she put out her hands to touch Margaret's face and felt—the pillow. The bed was empty.

In a sort of uncomprehending daze she got up, murmuring stupidly, "Margaret's gone—she's gone. I'll go to Edith. I'll tell Edith—tell Edith. What was I going to tell her? Margaret's gone—tell Edith Margaret's gone—Edith, Margaret's gone, she's not here. Edith? *Edith!* Edith's gone too!"

The bed was empty.

Katharine staggered back to her own room. She lighted a lamp and

went down the corridor and into every bedroom. She knew before how it would be—every one was empty. The warden's room was empty. She went through each corridor. She was alone in Merion.

She went down and tried the front door, and it was locked as usual. Then the shadows seemed to mock her, and she tore up the stairs to her own room, gasping and sobbing, and locked herself in. The lamp had disappeared—somewhere. She had dropped it, and oh! how she wanted some light. She crouched down beside the door, listening and waiting.

Centuries of death-silence passed—silence not broken by the pounding of her heart or the roaring in her ears. Then, far away, she heard footsteps. They came quickly, yet softly, up the stairs. She heard whispers and smothered laughter. Some footsteps came down the hall, some went up. They were coming towards her door! She tried it,—yes, it was safely locked. Then with a last rally of courage she climbed upon a chair and looked through the transom. Footsteps came to the room opposite, there was soft whispering, the door opened and closed. But she saw no one. The hall was empty, save for the sounds.

She waited until all was still again. Then slowly and wearily she got down from the chair, lit a lamp, unlocked the door, and went into the opposite room. Edith and Margaret were both fast asleep. She went into all the other rooms in a sort of dull, fearless apathy. Each girl was in bed, asleep. She must have returned to her own room unconsciously, for she found herself again at the window, staring into the mist. Mad ideas floated and throbbed through her brain. The world had vanished. Nothing was real but the mist which hid the truth. The dim outline of Taylor was the ghost of the hall. There was no sky, but only paler mist, no ground, only grayer mist. How the mist whirled! How funny there should be no world, but only mist.

Only mist and the Horror. It came so quickly and stealthily that she was not ready for it, and it tried to push her out of the window. She was so tired, but she struggled, and wept, and fought with it. She was hurt,—the blood started out on her forehead,—she was getting weaker. But to fall three stories down! She struggled,—it nearly won then, but she was just quick enough. She couldn't do it again. She fell on the floor and tried to grasp it with her hands, shrieking noiselessly. Something was lifting her up, higher. She couldn't grasp the sill. It was going to throw her out.

F. W., '05.

THE FROG IN THE HOUSE OF SQUSHER

(With apologies to E. A. P.)

I arrived at Bramstock about half-past five. It was a dull, cheerless autumn day and my spirits sank even lower as I looked around the desolate, empty station. There was no one in sight. Suddenly, a burly, red-faced countryman came around the corner. "You're fur Miss Gilbert's, I reckon." He eyed me curiously. I nodded. "Wal, you git in here and Jim will see about your trunk." I climbed into a dirty, dilapidated surrey and we started off. I began to scan eagerly the country which was to be my future home. Long expanses of dismal moor and swampland swept on towards some blue hills in the far distance. Now and then a lonely farmhouse or an ill-kept hovel, surrounded by a few acres of corn or wheat, broke the monotony of miles of dreary wasteland. There was nothing picturesque, nothing grand, about these stretches of moor. They suggested man's neglect rather than the wild primitiveness of nature. We crossed a bridge that spanned a sullen, dirty stream. The boards creaked and groaned. Everything seemed neglected and uncared for. The absence of the sun—for it was a cloudy day—added to the dismalness of the landscape. The substantial form of the driver in front of me seemed strangely out of place in this eerie country.

The wagon stopped with a jerk. "You'll have to git out here. Thar's your way." He pointed with a horny finger to my right. I was hustled out and in a minute he was gone. I looked around me with curiosity mingled with dismay. In front of me lay a large pond, or rather an expanse of stagnant, rotting vegetation, with here and there a glimpse of muddy, murky waters. On one side of the pond, a path led to a miserable, little cottage, only separated from the water by a broken fence. The croaking of the frogs was the only sound. A faint puff of smoke from the chimney told me that the cottage was inhabited. Picking up my skirts, I started out on the path, fearing every moment to sink into some quagmire as my feet splashed in the truculent moss. Finally, wet to my knees, I reached the steps of the hovel. They were

wet and oozy and led up to a moss-covered, rusty door. I knocked. There was no answer. I knocked again. I heard a sound as of the splashing of water. The door creaked on its rusty hinges and slowly opened. A tiny woman stood before me. "So this is my niece Fanny?" she asked in a high, croaking voice. "Come in, the pond's been high lately and the floors are all wet, but they'll be dry soon." Lifting my damp skirts, I stepped into the house. A wet, unhealthy odor greeted me. My aunt, walking with a strange hopping movement, preceded me into a room on the right. The walls were damp and cracking. The scanty furniture was covered with mould and the plaster was falling off the ceiling. I turned towards my aunt. Her short skirts displayed tiny ankles and long, claw-like feet. Her hands were like talons, the nails were so long, and as she stretched them out towards me, a shudder shook my whole frame. She wore a rusty, green dress, and her hair, parted in the middle, hung in matted, greenish, dripping strands on each side of her face. Her small, sharp, green eyes were the only vestige of color on a parchment-like skin. "You don't seem to like the damp?" she croaked. "You'll get used to it soon. I've lived here fifteen years. The pond and I are old friends, and the frogs are all the company I need. Here, Tommie," she called. A loathsome toad, with beads of moisture on his green, slimy back, came hopping out from a corner. I ran up the stairs in horror. "The room on the right," she called. I went in. There was no lock. I threw myself on the damp bed, crying with fear and homesickness. Suddenly, I felt something cold and creepy. A huge toad had hopped out from under my pillow. With a cry of fright, I jumped up and ran downstairs. My aunt was not in sight. I rushed out of the house and past the pond. All at once I heard a loud croaking behind me. I stopped for a moment in my flight and looked back. The moon was shining brightly. I saw a green creature that looked like a huge frog hop beneath the murky waters. A few bubbles rose and then all was still. How I got to the station I never knew. I was sick for a long time afterwards. My aunt was never seen again. An attempt was made to drag the pond, but the clinging reeds and foul undergrowth made the task impossible, and the search was abandoned. The cottage has fallen to pieces; a few rotting boards are all that is left of the House of Squsher.

E. H., '05.

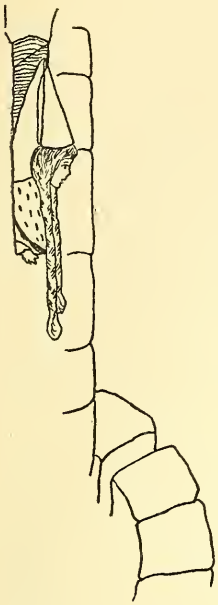
THE FRESHMAN'S BATTLE OF WATERLOO

There was a sound of revelry by night,
  A sound that procters scarcely could subdue
To undertones less harsh. For naught could blight
  The budding Freshmen in their quarters new.
Quick friendships started forth and grasped and grew
  'Neath late electric lights. And there were told
Long chapters from life's annals. Swiftly flew
  The social nights. The year was growing old,
  And well the Freshmen recked that mid-years onward rolled.

In vain the wardens warned. " 'Twas but a quiz,"
  The Freshmen cried. " We'll make it up,—you'll see."
On with the fun, the crush talks and the fizz,
  No rest till morn when Pleasures turn and flee
And Sleep steps in with languid laugh of glee.
  But, hark! A dreadful sound has broken o'er
The Freshman's hour of frivolity—
  'Tis such a terror as has ne'er before
Attacked those Freshman spirits gay and free,
  With lips all white they cry, " Mid-years are at the door!"

Ah! then and there was hasting to and fro
  For loan of note-books. There was dire distress,
And every light sent out its midnight glow
  In silence. There were vigils such as press
Tears out of stone, but none from Profs. we guess.
  Then mid-years come, and out to meet the foe
The Freshmen march with show of fearlessness,
  And some come through unscathed, but some lie low
As monumental proofs of too much friendliness.

E. L. W., '07.



(Voice from within.)

"Sister Anne, Sister Anne, dost thou see help coming?"

(N.B.—Were hired girls scarce in those days, too?)

THE DRAMATIC INSTINCT

Once upon a time there was a Man with the Dramatic Instinct. This is a very valuable thing to have, for it supplies Emotions at any minute, regardless of cost. The Man realized this, and was always on the lookout for the Opportune Situation. At last he met a Woman, and perceived that he and she together made the Opportune Situation. Following the promptings of the Dramatic Instinct, he led her out into the moonlight and looked into her eyes. Whereupon the Dramatic Instinct agitated his heart violently. "Oh," said the Man, "this is Love!" and he told her so. Now, the Woman did not know a Man from a Dramatic Instinct; so she fulfilled her part of the Situation. With Fitting Ceremony and Select Sentiments the Dramatic Instinct now carried the Man to the church door. Here it supplied him with all the Emotions appropriate to the occasion and the Subsequent Honeymoon.

Later, in the Three-Roomed Flat, the Dramatic Instinct faded away, leaving only the Man and the Situation. Now the Man and the Situation = Reality. But the Dramatic Instinct has nothing to do with that.

E. R. P., '04; A. K. B., '04.

PROFESSOR WENDELL'S LECTURE ON PURITANISM

Professor Barrett Wendell, in his lecture the other night, presented us with an hypothesis for Puritanism that was audacious enough to be persuasive, observation forces one to believe, rather on temperamental grounds than on logical. Practically, he rested his final proof of the real nature of Puritanism—seventeenth century, dominant Puritanism, that is, as America received it—on empirical knowledge of it, from an imaginative realization of Puritan belief; but as that is not an affair from which one can be really sure of a certain and immutable outcome, one may believe that the view of Puritanism that Professor Wendell puts forward appears alternately strange and powerful, with alternate turns of mind.

The lecture which Professor Wendell gave at Bryn Mawr was but one of the series of his Cambridge lectures, and his starting-point is accordingly an historical one. Coming in his study of literature to the end of the Elizabethan period, the decay of literary expression, and the following apparent dearth of imagination in England, Professor Wendell has asked himself what has now become of the Elizabethan imagination. Then, proceeding upon some such principle as of an approximately constant mass of imagination in the nation, he has turned to the religious life of the Puritans as the channel into which the imagination has passed from the literary life of the Elizabethans so called. The early New England settlers, he reminds us, were themselves actually Elizabethans in date of birth, and by an analysis of their intrinsic character he seeks to establish their claim to the Elizabethan heritage of imagination as well as to the Elizabethan name. The term Puritan as he uses it does not mark merely the general and immemorial Puritan,—that ever-present type of humanity possessed by a haunting and crushing sense of the blackness of the world, and a necessitous desire to believe something transcendental. In the *abandon* of life in Elizabethan times there was especially much to nourish such Puritanism, but Professor Wendell intends to speak now only of Puritans as Calvinists. Consequently he proceeds to a consideration of Calvinism.

The Calvinistic belief, as Professor Wendell gives it, is somewhat as follows. It is rooted in the dogma setting forth the beneficent will of

God and the free but originally beneficent will of man. The freedom of his own will Adam exerted against the will of God, and in consequence brought his progeny under the dominance of sin and of the necessity—except for those few "elect" who by God's special and inscrutable choice were excluded—of damnation. The conception of the "elect," Professor Wendell points out, declares the future of man in a manner strikingly similar to the modern theory of the "survival of the fittest." This theory of the "elect" is the cardinal consideration regarding Calvinistic conduct. The struggle of life lay in determining whether one belonged to the "elect" or not. If the human will could manage to identify itself with the Divine, then the primitive certainty of salvation was restored; if not, the threatened retribution would fall. For the knowledge of God's will the only source was the Bible, and all who came under the influence of the Gospel might possibly become the "elect." It was that effort and that possibility that made the whole Calvinistic life.

That was a life, Professor Wendell believes, that demanded the greatest imaginative exertion. For proof of this he offers simply the evidence from one's own achievement momentarily of Calvinistic belief. Whoever, he holds, can momentarily perform the act of that belief,—can realize the conviction of the infinite beneficence of God's will, the infinite capability of man's will and its infinite consequences,—whoever can do this, will recognize that here is a venture in which any amount of imaginative force can sink itself inappreciably, going to feed for inner springs rather than any surface luxuriance of outgrowth. But on the performance imaginatively of this tremendous belief rests the real proof as to whether American Puritanism bore away the Elizabethan imagination into the indirect and remote channels of religion and life, or whether that imagination merely perished out of the English race.

For Professor Wendell, perfectly convinced of the high imaginative demands of Puritan belief, the Elizabethan imagination in a measure continued in those indirect and remote channels of American religion and life. Always, he believes, in the practical encounter of religion with life, especially in the encounter of Calvinism with life, come complications. The usefulness of catch-words, Professor Wendell said, in this case obliged him to use them. The encounter of Calvinism with living he calls the conflict of "right" with "rights." And it was the divergence between the religious "right" and the social and political "rights" that made

Puritan history. A divergence of some degree must always exist, but that in English life the Calvinists found intolerably great. To escape this and make "right" as closely as possible correspondent to "rights," they came to America. In the study of their fight for existence there, and in the mass of their controversial theology, one finds one's self upon the very train of that English imagination that seemed to have been lost or lost to expression. The religion and life of American Puritanism Professor Wendell regards as the legitimate fruits of the high English imagination.

H. A., '05.

NOTICE

Maxine Wragley, one beloved of our little band, is like to be taken from us. Last Friday afternoon she was conducted in a half-fainting condition to the Bryn Mawr Hospital. The stress of mid years has been too much for her. It is thought that she cannot recover. A miracle alone can save her. After all the happy, merry years she has spent in this centre of learning, there will be many to mourn her loss. Both faculty and students will, for the first time in the history of our college, be united by one common bond of sympathy. The interment will be private, taking place in the Rarington Family Cemetery. Miss Wragley has already made her will, which, as she has requested, is printed below in this number of the TIPYN O BOB. All those interested to peruse it will see that it is highly expressive of her generous nature and of the love she bears Bryn Mawr College. It runs as follows:

My dear friends, I do not want to go. I feel that I might yet be useful among you. I hope I may be spared, but in case I am not, in token of love for one and all, I compose this will. A man, you know, has his country, a woman her college. Therefore, I Maxine Wragley, being of sound mind and in full possession of all my faculties, do hereby bequeath on this the fifth day of February, Anno Domini 1904, almost all that I own in some manner to this our glorious Alma Mater. One possession alone I reserve for no dearer, yet for a nearer relation,—my bills

I leave to my father. Here, however, there is an exception. My bill for condition examinations in major English, in minor biology, vertebrates, and embryology, in punctuation, in spelling, in Greek art, in general English, in rhetoric and in minor law, torts, I respectfully bequeath to the fountain of wisdom and justice, whence it came—the Office.

I want my Doctor Lyon's tooth powder to go to the corner-stone of the next Rockerfeller hall.

All my flunk notices I will to the Students' building fund; also my Bryn Mawr calender for 1902; also my check-book from the Bryn Mawr Bank. (Note: I am sorry that it is already overdrawn.)

The Uneeda biscuits to be found on the bottom shelf of my bookcase are left to the red ants of Bryn Mawr.

My rubber plant I bequeath to my dear and favorite centipede, Bessy.

My gym. suit and blue garters I lovingly tender to the Trophy Club.

My toboggan cap I want Taylor Zeus to have.

My ruching, Wanamaker's best, which I have not yet worn, and my blue beads (now all the rage) are to be sold. The proceeds thereby gained shall be used to found a home for the aged 83 per cent. of the classes of Bryn Mawr College.

My chair in major English, Critics, is to be left for the use of visitors.

And now, dear friends, I take my leave of you. May you all flourish and prosper, and keep verdant the memory of me, your ardent admirer. In accordance with this, my last will and testament, I do hereby set my hand and seal.

(Signed) MAXINE WRAGLEY.
(Witnesses) THE WATCHMAN,
CHAUNCY DEPEW,
GRANDMA WRAGLEY.

ONLY THREE HOURS

Pray, Arabella, do I see
A flunk note there upon your knee,
While still you smile so merrily,
As if from care and sorrow free?
Oh, Bella, dear, how can this be?

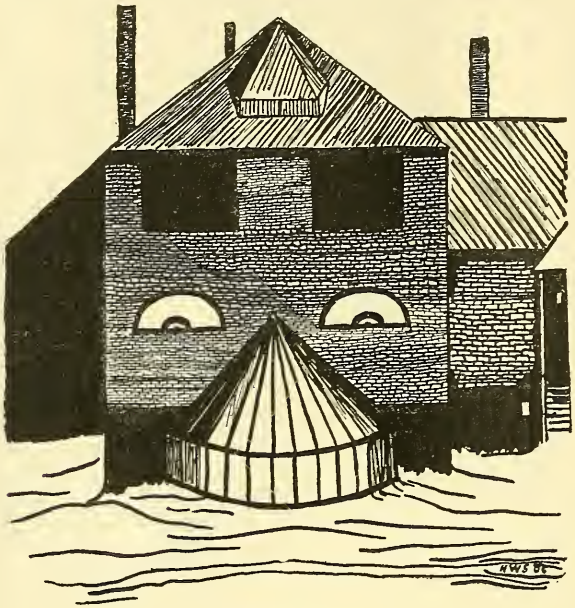
Yes! yes! a flunk note here you see;
'Tis agitating, I agree;
Yet still I smile so cheerfully
Because 'tis my Philosophy.

F. E. M., '05.

STAR GAZING

If I could just reach up my hands
  And pull the stars down here,
I'd make the loveliest string of beads
  For you, Matilda dear.
I'd have star buttons up my back,
  Star buckles on my boots,
And for my father's go-bang gun
  I'd get a star that shoots.

F. E. M., '05.



Sunny Gym

EX OFFICIO

Upon my desk the other day
  I saw two valentines;
I opened them and found therein
  Just half a dozen lines.
If I had read a million lines,
  I couldn't have turned paler;
For valentines aren't welcome when
  They're coming out of Taylor.

F. E. M., '05.

EDITORIAL

There is a story of an American girl, one of a party of tourists who visited Egypt. They went to Memphis and stood on the shifting sands of the desert, staring at the Sphinx, spellbound and struck dumb, as innumerable tourists before them, by its mystery and state. Suddenly the American girl stamped her foot and shook her fist at the Sphinx. "Wink, can't you?" she cried. "Oh, if you'd only wink, I think I could bear it."

Whether or not this hypothetical young lady ever existed, she was as certainly a college girl as she was American, at least in that she was the happy possessor of a collegiate dower of far more value than a degree or knowledge of the ancient Medes and Persians. This elusive and invaluable possession was once defined here as "that by-product of a college education, eternal youth." It has been called, too, "intellectual curiosity," "an awakened perception," and innumerable other things that apparently remove it far from the damsel of the desert. But whatever the name, it is for this proficiency in the timely art of seeing things that we should be most unfeignedly thankful when we reckon the debits and credits of a college course. Without it, who would drop upon her knees in a rainstorm to watch a peculiarly active earth-worm cross the path, merely because she had learned an earth-worm had five hearts, and wondered "if it should have palpitation in all five of them, would it be an earthquake"? Who would shriek with glee on her twenty— birthday over prospective rides on an Atlantic City Jinny-go-round? It is this timely art which frees the college graduate forever from incipient boredom and arms her with an indomitable "interest in things."

Our only excuse for reiterating this by-product which has become a truism, and for calling it by a name of our own invention, involves another story. Not long ago we welcomed here and listened eagerly to a man of certain renown who had graciously consented to be our guest. After his departure we heard with consternation that when some one—before his visit here, be it added in hasty parenthesis—asked him if his daughter went to college, the great man lifted his eye-glass from his nose and said, in pained surprise, "My daughter is a lady!" His tone, unfor-

tunately, did not leave it to be inferred that therefore of necessity his daughter went to college. It was the heart-breaking contrast between the lady-daughter and the girl tourist that reawakened in our hearts a pæan of gratitude to our Alma Mater for our "eternal youth." Would the lady have stooped to the worm, think you, or have shaken her fist at a Sphinx?

The department, "Points of View," which was presaged in the first number of the Tipyn o Bob, opened successfully in January. We hope that it will serve the purpose designed for it in providing an opportunity for the discussion of college matters and for suggestions in regard to them. If the alumnæ as well as the undergraduates contribute, its value in bringing the two bodies into closer touch will be incalculable. It is not essentially a department of criticism, and should not be emphatically made so by the character of the contributions.

As the department is open to any member of the college, past or present, the Editorial Board can regulate its contents very slightly. The Board, however, wishes it distinctly understood that the department cannot serve as a medium for personal attack, either upon individuals or institutions. Its motive is the righting, or at least the discussion, of general wrongs, not the rousing of personal animosities. Unless an article is written with comparative sanity and with the intent of reform, it cannot be printed.

POINTS OF VIEW

In a department open to alumnæ and undergraduates alike, there is a question most suitable for discussion,—the possibility of closer acquaintance between alumnæ and undergraduates. As far as I know, there are two committees in college to meet this need,—the Conference Committee and the Academic Committee. The function of the former is, I believe, to promote intercourse between undergraduates and alumnæ. I have asked many people from different classes if they have ever seen or felt any of the activity of this committee; the answer has always been No. That intercourse is encouraged between the members of the committee,

both undergraduate and alumnæ, I can well believe, and that at their meetings they discuss, and wisely, matters of common interest I also am sure; but that this committee has much effect on the undergraduate and alumnæ bodies as wholes I cannot agree.

The Academic Committee is a mystery to which one is initiated Senior year by means of a most delightful tea. This committee takes the place to a certain degree of the alumna trustee in other colleges, and brings to the attention of the President, Trustees, and Faculty matters of interest in the social or academic life. The Senior class is invited to its regular yearly meeting in February, and there many Seniors learn for the first time of the work of this committee and its admirable success.

These two efforts are all very well in themselves, but they are not enough. We need something more to make firm the bond between Past and Present. We need the advice and experience of the alumnæ in our every-day college life. How can we get it?

This bond must be somewhat social and informal, the sort of connection that clubs and societies give in other colleges. It has been suggested that in each hall the Seniors consider themselves a sort of unofficial Entertainment Committee to introduce the alumnæ who happen to be stopping in that hall to the other classes, and to tell the alumnæ the latest topics of interest among the undergraduates. This scheme would be a failure without hearty co-operation from the alumnæ, who would have to be willing to meet many people and to spend time telling them of the events of their college days, which, however dull they are to the alumnæ, are of wonderful freshness and interest to the undergraduate.

This is but one suggestion. There must be many, both alumnæ and undergraduates, who feel this need of closer acquaintance. Can they not give some suggestions as to a remedy? Speaking from an undergraduate point of view, I can only ask that the alumnæ tell us more often of the college of their day, which, after all, is ours, even as this Bryn Mawr of the present is also theirs.

H. A. H., '04.

Begging the question for the sake of argument that certain statements in "The Length of Enthusiasm" are true to some extent, there still remains another point of view to be considered, that of utility. If, in the first place, there is a general class feeling of fanatic adoration

between Freshmen and Juniors, it cannot concern separate individuals so vitally as to prevent genuine friendships. If, on the other hand, this mutual affection is between individuals, it concerns neither the classes nor the department of Discussion. The main point is, however, that such an attitude is so utterly contrary to Bryn Mawr spirit that it ought not to be discussed in the college monthly. It is an element which thrives under criticism and dies of its own exaggeration when unnoticed; an unnatural, unwholesome boarding-school attitude which cannot survive two weeks of healthy, broadening Bryn Mawr life.

F. E. M., '05.

If there exists in college life any phase which is unnatural or harmful, it should be discussed, criticised, and, if possible, done away with. So thinks the Tipyn o Bob, and for this reason has given us an opportunity of stating any criticism we may have to offer in its department called " Points of View." In general this is a sensible plan, for discussion often does not harm matters and may remedy them.

There may be customs—good, sensible traditions—which have existed since the old days, and which as the college grows are forgotten or changed, the old point of view being lost. In such a case discussion is useful. But when it comes to bringing into prominence a phase of college life so silly, so vulgar, so childish, and so short-lived that it only deserves to be ignored, and when, as in the " Length of Enthusiasm," such a phase is taken as representing a traditionary spirit of Bryn Mawr, it may be doubted whether such discussion will be helpful. One side only of the question having been given, however, it seems but fair to try to give the other side also.

The relation between the alternate classes is an old and perfectly reasonable tradition, and is not injurious to the student body. For a class just entering college, inexperienced and new to the life, it is surely not a bad plan to have another class to which it can look for advice and help. It need not be " silly" for one of the older classes to take it upon itself to stand in a way responsible for the Freshmen; this does not at all necessitate " artificiality" of intercourse or a lack of dignity on the part of either class. And as it is a tradition of the college that such should be the attitude of the Juniors towards the Freshman, why should this custom

be changed? Is it necessary that we should give up a spirit that has proved helpful in the past, merely because in a few cases it has degenerated from sense to sentiment? Do not let us mistake the superficial attitude of an occasional excited Freshman for the true feeling which exists between the alternate classes. It is absurd to think that the relation between Junior and Freshman cannot be as frank and as friendly as that between Junior and Junior or Freshman and Freshman. For the Juniors to know that as a class they are to help and encourage another class in the best way in their power cannot but be advantageous, while it need not be harmful for the Freshmen to know that they have an older class to go to if they are puzzled or at a loss; another class to cheer for and to be enthusiastic about. Class spirit can injure no college, and enthusiasm of a sensible sort is one of the most wholesome things we can cultivate. And the sentiment between the odd classes—it is a part of our college life, it stimulates our college spirit, giving a certain responsibility to the older class which cannot fail to be a source of development, and a feeling of respect to the younger class which is wholesome and natural, while the good-will and friendly feeling resulting from it can harm none of us. If now and then we find a silly spirit growing up in the place of the true spirit, by ignoring it we can soon do away with it entirely. But do not let us mistake the whole custom for what in only a few cases it is—silly and artificial.

I. A. L., '05.

In the summary arraignment of Junior-Freshman relations in the last issue, there seems to be an insistence on the evil, perhaps because the good we have always with us. Because half a dozen persons of unstable mental equilibrium make a fetich of a time-honored college tradition, is there sufficient reason for condemning the tradition as "unnatural and unwholesome"? All upper classmen have "inherent ability to inspire awe" in the breasts of newcomers to the college world; the feeling of fellowship between Juniors and Freshmen tends to render that ability in Juniors less able in the course of time. It is not fair to judge such interclass spirit by its manifestations in the first few months of its existence; rather consider its development in the *comradérie* of Seniors and Sopho-

mores; and, further, in the lively interest in college affairs with which it endows a graduated class so long as its Freshmen—even so long as its Freshmen's Freshmen—are part and parcel of the college life.

A. M. B., '03.

To the Editors of the Tipyn o Bob:

In answer to the article, "The Length of Enthusiasm," that was published in the last number of the Tipyn o Bob, be it said by a member of the Class of 1907 that the Freshmen's attitude towards their Juniors is one of real respect and friendship, and is not the artificial and hysterical sentimentality of which they have been accused.

It is only natural for an entering class to look to the upper classmen, and especially to their Juniors, for initiation into their college life, and for support and guidance in the novel situations in which they find themselves; and the Class of 1905, in extending to the Freshmen their aid and advice, have succeeded in establishing and encouraging a friendly intercourse, not a fanatic worship, between the two classes. In our first excitement over the novelty of our college life our enthusiasm was extravagant in the extreme, and, of course, found its vent in extravagant expressions. Hockey, afternoon teas, the plays, and the dances were all eulogized with a lavish expenditure of adjectives that was not, perhaps, always in proportion. Our attitude towards our Juniors was no more exaggerated than our attitude towards any other phase of college life; it was never hysterical, and had always a firm basis in the respect and admiration we felt for them.

M. H. A., '07.

To the Editors of the Tipyn o Bob:

The article, "The Length of Enthusiasm," that appeared in last month's issue, seems to me to present only one view of the question, and that is the attitude of a few individuals towards the relations between the Junior and Freshmen classes. That the attitude of some members of

1907 has been extravagant we must admit, but it seems scarcely just that this should be regarded as representing the whole class. The feeling of the Freshmen towards the Juniors is one of respect and friendship, not of fanatical worship. The interest and advice of our Juniors have been very helpful and encouraging to us in these first months of college; this help has been very real, and has not been used merely as a topic of conversation. Common sense, of which most of us have a few grains, tends to do away with artificial sentimentality, and to put in its place reasonable admiration and respect. We hope that our supply of this necessary article, small as it may be, has helped and will help us to understand the balance of things, and to guide our appreciation of and affection for our Juniors into the proper channels of expression.

H. P. H., '07.

A POINT IN VIEW

Through the Editors of the TIPYN O BOB.

DEAR MAGGIE: You're no lady. I told you the last time that if you borrowed my chocolate again I'd write to the TIPYN O BOB, and now I'm doing it. You're a nasty, carping disposition. It would be different if you were good-looking enough to afford it. But you're not! Your the plainest thing in college. Even an automobile would shy at you. If I weren't a lady, I could say more.

Yours sincerely,

SEREPHEMA.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

'96. Mary Mendenhall Mullen has a son, born in November.

'97. Anne Lowther has been appointed warden of Merion Hall.

'99. Sylvia Scudder has announced her engagement to Mr. Ingersoll Bowditch.

Katharine Houghton has announced her engagement to Mr. Torvel T. Hepburn.

'02. Elisabeth Corson has announced her engagement to Mr. Percival Gallegher.

Harriet Spencer Pierce has a son, born in January, who is the class baby.

Mary Breed, '94; Marian Parks, '98; Content Nichols, '99; Edith Campbell Crane, '00; Dorothea Farquar, '00; Katharine Lord, '01; Mary Southgate, '01; Elizabeth Stoddard, '02, and Martha Jenkins, '02, visited Bryn Mawr this month.

A meeting of the Alumnæ Association of Bryn Mawr College was held in Taylor Hall on February 6, 1904, at 10.30 A.M. There were about one hundred and twenty members present. After the meeting was adjourned, the alumnæ luncheon was served in Pembroke Hall at one o'clock. At 2.30 the meeting was again called. A discussion took place as to how to provide for the deficit in the running expenses of the college. There was a suggestion that the tuition be raised fifty dollars; another suggestion was that the table expenses be lessened. Finally, the alumnæ pledged themselves to make up the deficit until a permanent endowment fund be established. It was decided that the fund for the Students' Building be abandoned by the Alumnæ Association until this endowment fund be realized.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Wednesday evening, January 20th, the Rev. Floyd Tomkins, of Trinity Church, Philadelphia, addressed the Christian Union Meeting in the chapel.

Mid-year examinations began Monday, January 25th, and lasted until Friday, February 5th. College opened for the second Semester on Monday, February 9th, at nine o'clock.

President Thomas announced in chapel that the college seal had been decided upon, and gave a description of the difficulty entailed in this decision. The drawing for the seal was made at the English College of Heraldry, with the advice of the Chief Herald. It is a shield half gold and half ermine. Three owls, drawn full face, are on this shield, two above and one below. On the top of the shield is the heraldic lantern, upheld by the Bryn Mawr daisy. When used as a seal proper,

the shield is changed to a circle, and the motto of the college "Veritatem Dilexi" runs around it.

President Thomas announced that an owl, from the Parthenon, shot there as it flew among the columns, had been presented to the college. It will be placed beside the shield in the new library building.

On Friday evening, February 5th, Professor Barrett Wendell, of Harvard, under the auspices of the English Club, addressed the students in the chapel. His subject was "Puritanism."

On Monday evening, February 15th, Monsieur Merle d'Aubigné addressed the students in the chapel. His subject was the social, religious, and political condition of France in connection with the Dreyfus case.

ANNOUNCEMENTS

Prize Story Competition

The date for closing the Freshman Prize Story competition has been extended to March 1. Each story must be signed by a fictitious name and the real name of the author placed in an envelope and fastened to the manuscript. The Editors reserve the right to refuse any award of the prize on the ground of insufficient merit in the material handed in. All members of the Class of 1907 are urged to write, as the results of the competition will necessarily affect the election of the class editor.

THE LANTERN

It is earnestly requested that MSS. for *The Lantern* be handed to any member of the Editorial Board, Miss Temple, Miss Foster, Miss Lombardi, or Miss Blodgett, by February 15th. The Editors are especially anxious for contributions from the Undergraduates, and will very gladly consult with any one who wishes to write for *The Lantern*. Besides verse and stories, short imitative papers, translations, essays, and sketches or portraits, with a view to a new department devoted to the best work done in the required writing courses, will be particularly acceptable.

PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

Dr. Dickinson S. Miller being unable to speak on February 12 because of illness, Dr. Leuba kindly consented, on very short notice, to prepare a lecture for the club, taking as his subject " Mystical Ecstasy." He discussed at some length the mystic trance with considerable illustrative quotation from three literary mystics, St. Francois de Sales, St. Therèse, and Madame Guyon. They were found to be in accord on all essential points, and the following quotation from Madame Guyon was given as a brief statement of their common method of approach towards the ecstatic state and the various steps in the mystic process:

(1) " In the 'meditation' it is necessary to rest gently on some substantial thought, not with reasoning, but only for the sake of fixing the mind."

(2) " The principal aim should be to keep God's presence. The attention should be fixed by *affection* rather than by intellectual effort."

(3) " When the soul begins to perceive the odor of divine perfumes, . . . one's own activity should cease that God may act."

(4) Consciousness entirely disappears.

Thought and feeling are thus concentrated on a single idea, the idea of God, about which centre with growing intensity all tender and affectionate emotions, for to the Christian mystic God is love. Gradually external impressions disappear, images and ideas become more and more vague, while the affective state, the love of God, thus gains complete control and continues as long as consciousness lasts. Finally, if the highest degree of ecstasy is reached, unconsciousness closes in round the mystic, and he swoons into an empty union with his divinity. Similar phenomena were cited from the Ceylon Buddhistic literature.

A description was given of the method of Nancy for producing the hypnotic trance, stressing the essential likeness between hypnosis and the divine union of the mystic. The hypnotizer guides his subject towards mental passivity by removing from his mind through suggestion every other idea but that of sleep. He then substitutes an idea or mood which may be made by post-hypnotic suggestion to extend beyond the trance, and may thus play no inconsiderable rôle as reformative agency in the subject's life.

This strange religious phenomenon is no mere anomaly. It brings satisfaction to some of our deepest spiritual needs, and has no slight practical significance. It offers to the pious devotee the longed-for peace and quietude in the vision it shadows forth of the unity of the finite and the infinite; in the God whom the mystic loves, and who seems to give love in return, there is affective support and comfort against loneliness and lack of sympathy; and finally, on the immediately practical side, in this state of increased suggestibility, there may be inculcated moral ideals full of the beauty and efficiency of holiness. All forms of worship, Dr. Leuba asserted, tend in their eminently mystic tone to a state of increased suggestibility to their peculiar ideas, and the concentration of spiritual feeling here effected makes for active righteousness in daily life.

E. A. S., '04.

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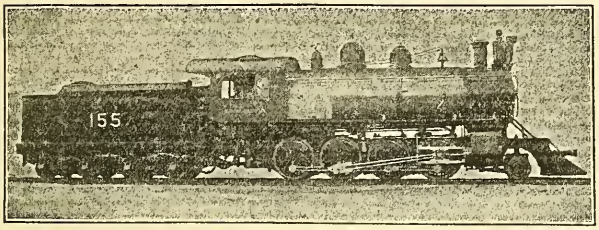

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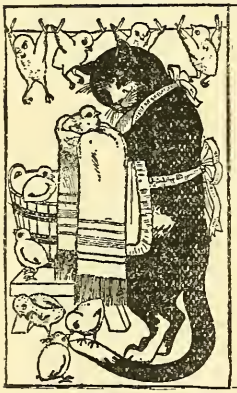

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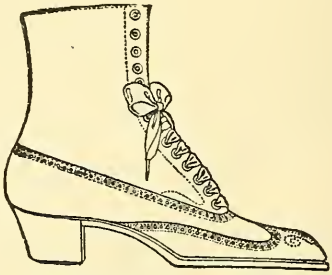

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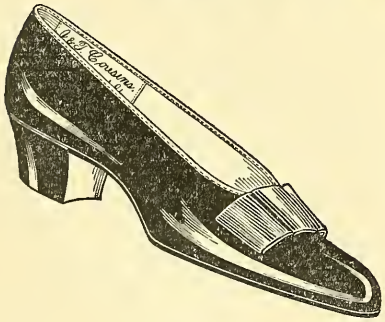

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PARADISE LOST

(The prize offered by the TIPYN O BOB for the best story written by a member of the Freshman Class has been awarded "Paradise Lost."—ED.

"Above all, we should try to make little independent philanthropists of our children. Under our careful supervision, they should be allowed to see something of child life in the slums, to realize 'how the other half lives.'"

Mrs. T. Roger Clendenning received the applause that greeted these words with her usual air of satisfaction. She was acknowledged one of the most forceful speakers in the "Woman's Club," and this, her latest effort, had more than verified the reputation. She always indulged in epigrams that caught the hysterical fancies of her earnest colleagues, and her catchy phrases and apt quotations became by-words among them, to the utter undoing of certain psychological gentlemen asked to address the club on such subjects as "Ethics of Open-Air Playgrounds," or "The Germ of Greek Civilization in the Modern Kindergarten," or "The Philanthropy of Psychology."

On this first "Friday afternoon in Lent," however, devoted especially to child-study, Mrs. Clendenning's most interested audience was not the row of women on camp chairs in front of her, but a solitary figure in the hall upstairs, sitting with her fat little legs thrust between the post of the banisters, and listening eagerly to what was going on below. She was a sturdy little person, about ten years old, with straight yellow hair, a pug nose, and eyes that looked merry, and yet so quizzical and serious at times that they might almost have belonged to a story-book child. She loved to attend meetings of the "Woman's Club," and was always so quiet and well-behaved in her private box that the nurse willingly let her sit there.

"Miss Theodosia's a funny child," that estimable woman would confide to the cook. "Why she'll stay out in the hall content, by the hour, and when I ask her what they talked about, she'll answer that she doesn't know, she only heard the sound—which is almost uncanny, to my way of thinking."

But the sound was just what Theodosia wanted, the sound of her mother's voice. She would shut her eyes and not listen to the words but pretend that her mother was sitting close beside her, telling fairy stories. Then she would clasp her little hands together, and make believe that the pressure came from her mother's hand, as she leaned over to tuck in the bed-clothes and kiss her good-night. That was what mothers did in the story-books, and Theodosia wished that they could in real life, but then, of course, they couldn't. She knew very well that her mother was too busy to think of such things.

Whenever discussions in the "Woman's Club" turned upon the subject of the slums, Theodosia was interested, and even the imaginary séances with her imaginary mother were forgotten. You see, Theodosia was not wholly a story-book child. These slums had the greatest fascination for her. She imagined them as a sort of fairy land, which her mother visited twice a week. The outside of them was ordinary enough. Had she not stared up at those dark dingy houses again and again as she sat waiting in the carriage for her mother? But she had never been allowed to go in, and that was where the mystery lay. She had discussed the matter quite seriously with James, the footman, but had never reached a satisfactory conclusion. James was all very well when it came to talking about the favorite horses, but he seemed strangely devoid

of ideas when he was asked why his mistress would not allow her daughter to enter fairyland.

But Theodosia had enough ideas on the subject to make up for James's stupidity. At one time, she thought that there must be a password to this strange country, and of course the first one that came to her mind was "open sesame." So one day, as the carriage stopped before a "slum," she said timidly, but with a heart full of hope in her voice:

"Mamma, open sesame."

Her mother glanced at her impatiently, and answered:

"Don't be silly, Theodosia."

Another theory, and one which prevailed in her mind for some time, was that no children were allowed within the "slums," because there always seemed to be such a crowd of them on the street, and huddled around the house-doors. But this convenient and satisfying explanation was one day done away with by the sight of several commonplace youngsters, crossing, apparently unforbidden, the magic threshold. Oh! how she longed to follow them, but there was James, standing as stiff as a wooden soldier, the fur lap-robe over his arm, and she knew that he would brook no such attempt on her part.

To return to the first Friday afternoon in Lent. Theodosia heard the word "slums," and immediately began to pay attention. Her eyes grew big with astonishment, her heart beat faster and faster, and she nearly clapped her hands for joy. What was this her mother was saying? That children should be allowed to work in the slums? Why that was just what her mother did, "work in the slums." The dear slums, the dear slums! Theodosia was to see them at last. She scrambled to her feet and ran into the nursery, and jumping on the bed, hugged herself, and rolled over and over, until she finally rolled on to the floor and came to her senses. But they were excited senses, and the next morning nurse found her a very trying charge to wash and dress. What else could be expected? It was Saturday, the day on which she always accompanied her mother to the slums, and this time she felt sure she was to be allowed to go inside.

Theodosia was all ready at eleven o'clock, and as she walked downstairs, she saw a lady standing beside her mother, whom she recognized as the "guest of honor," though what that meant she did not know. But she had peeped over the banisters the afternoon before, and had seen her

mother point to this lady, and say, "the guest of honor," and then everyone had clapped their hands.

As Mrs. Clendenning, the "guest of honor," and Theodosia walked down the steps to the carriage, Theodosia noticed that James wasn't there. She wondered if her mother had told him that she was to be allowed to go into the slums that day, and he had dismissed himself in wrath. The "guest of honor" spoke to Theodosia several times during the drive. She didn't pat her and speak "kindly"—Theodosia hated people who spoke "kindly"—but she asked her questions that she really liked to answer, and what is more, she listened to the answers. Theodosia's mother appeared a little impatient at these conversations, but she said nothing.

At length they reached a "slum." It was an ideal "slum," of charred yellow brick. The carriage stopped and the "guest of honor" got out, then Mrs. Clendenning, and then Theodosia started, as a matter of course. But her heart was beating so loud that she was ashamed of it, and, as she made up her mind afterwards, her mother must have heard it and been displeased, for she turned and said,—

"You are not to come this time, Theodosia."

Theodosia's heart stopped short, it seemed to her, and she threw herself back on the seat of the carriage. Not to go in? What did it mean? But her mother had said so—she had said so. Oh! it was too disappointing! Theodosia looked out of the window. No one was near, not even James. Why shouldn't she go in? Her heart was quiet now, she would not be excited. Surely it was that which had displeased her mother. She hated to have her excited. Softly she turned the handle of the carriage door, tiptoed across the sidewalk, up the steps, and over the threshold.

She was in a slum!

But how dark and musty it was. She walked gingerly down the long corridor, feeling her way with her hands. At length she came to a door and knocked softly.

"What yer want?" came in a harsh voice from within. Theodosia didn't know what she wanted, so she knocked again. The door opened, and a haggard-looking girl of about her own age, with a baby on one arm and a toddling youngster hanging to her skirts, stood before her. The children eyed each other with interest, then Theodosia walked in. The

elder girl looked at her suspiciously. She had a keen, sallow face, and masses of dark straggling hair.

"What yer want?" she asked again. Theodosia laughed hysterically.

"I just want to see it all," she answered.

She stood in the centre of the room, and looked around her. Everything was covered with dirt. There were piles of rags heaped in the corners, the floor was strewn with papers. A dim light came in through a cracked window opening on a narrow stone court. Theodosia became conscious of the hostile expression on the face of the girl in front of her, and all of a sudden a great fear came over her, and with it a strange sickening feeling. She felt as she did when the doctor had set her broken arm the winter before.

"I guess I must go," she said politely, in a weak little voice. The girl moved from the door. Theodosia passed her quickly, then turned and walked backward down the corridor. She could not summon courage to put that wild figure behind her, she must watch it until she came to a place of safety. All of a sudden she felt somebody behind, and heard a welcome voice say, "Get out of my way, little girl."

Theodosia clung to the hand that was pushing her aside, and looked up into her mother's face.

"I'm through with my slum work, mamma, take me home," she faltered. Her mother said nothing (she was not an understanding mother), but there was a hard expression on her face. The "guest of honor" led the way to the door, Mrs. Clendenning following, holding tight to Theodosia. The drive home was something of a trial; Theodosia kept her face turned from her mother's. Once the "guest of honor" glanced at her.

"So you work in the slums," she said. "I wondered if those theories of yesterday could be put into practice, Mrs. Clendenning. This apparently proves it. But the danger of the thing appals me."

Mrs. Clendenning changed the subject. And be it said to her credit, or discredit, as you will, that she never referred to the affair to Theodosia; but be it also said, that Theodosia did not accompany her mother on drives directed towards the slums until James's successor was well established in the Clendenning livery.

EUNICE SCHENCK, '07.

SITTING IN THE SUN

I.

"Just for the day let us sit in the sun,"
  Think not nor dream in the glorious hours;
Bask half asleep in the warmth of the spring;
  Drink in the smell of the grass and the flowers.

II.

Find not a symbol of aught in the scene—
  Wonderful truth that you tremble to see—
Note but the pink on the windflower's leaf,
  Hear dimly the song of the thrush on the tree.

III.

You may have felt bitter longing e'er now.
  Clouds and the pour of continuous rain
Brought you a loathing of all that you were,
  Dampened and drowned all the joy of your gain,

IV.

Brought up the sweets of the hopes ne'er attained,
  Making the present seem dark and unkind,
These may have held you again and again,
  Cruel and marring and scarring the mind.

V.

Let us forget them and rest on the hill,
  Flowers around and the sun overhead,
Birds, if you listen, to warble on high,
  Swiftly the river o'erflowing its bed.

VI.

Green in the field is the new-springing wheat;
  Buds are gray-green in their promise of May;
Merely to rest here in sunshine is sweet,
  Sit in the warmth for one indolent day.

EVELYN MACFARLANE HOLLIDAY, '04.

SUSAN HARDY'S AFFAIR

"Ah, she is beautiful."

"Yes, beautiful."

"And lovely as she is beautiful."

"Yes, lovely as she is beautiful."

"And knows what humor is."

"Her humor is rare."

"You are the only man good enough for her. You're a stunner, Garry!"

Susan Hardy, a matron of short standing, alive as a child of six, could not forbear her sentence end. If there were one thing of which she might be sure, it was the existence of a gratifying brother, a hero to little boys, the preoccupation of many a girl. And now that the smell of the sunny sea air wafted from sparkling waters before them, had given her the sensation of living off ground, one quick look at him drove her enthusiasm perforce to expression.

"Yes, there is nothing wrong about you."

"I know it, Susan. I'm the salt of the earth, but not good enough for Miss Weyburn. She's queen of her sex, isn't she? I can't aspire."

"Well, if you won't, she ought to, even she." Susan was never more zealous. "I'd have taken you myself, if only you'd not been in the family. Perhaps that's just as well, because one would hate to think of poor Jimmy dying for love of me in bachelor's quarters."

At this point Jimmy came round the corner of the piazza and Miss Weyburn too. His face glowed red against his white tennis flannels, but she was cool and fresh as her dainty clothing. Yes, Mandola Weyburn was the beauty they had said. One must fail, however, in description of her, and only rob the poet of his job. Her eyes had a look of wonder in them. Her long pale face, and yellow, yellow hair, her bearing,—these two together would put her on a horse with roses at his head, and would proclaim her Queen Mab of Irish songs,—this, if she had not lived to-day in a twentieth century summer. Because she is a girl of these times, not a goddess of olden lore, she had been playing tennis, and beating Jimmy Hardy two sets out of three. When she saw the others, she smiled a flash of humor, and when she smiled this way a dimple broke the long sweet pureness of her face.

"Susan, she beat me—two out of three. I like you better as an opponent," this with a bland smile.

"Sir!" his wife returned with cold surprise. "Take that back, or I *am* your opponent, and for always. Mandola, isn't he an outrage? Of course you beat him. That's the proper way to do. Garry, why did you ever let me marry the man?"

"Garry, please pay no attention to her, but for the love of our manly sex, take my racket, go out and show Miss Weyburn what a man can accomplish when his pride is up. Mine's too dash lazy on a warm day. Ask an egg what it would choose to do—why, poach on the piazza rather than scramble on the tennis field any time. Susie, mayn't I please have a julep through straws? If you'll let me, I will stay and talk to you for an hour."

By this time facetious Jimmy was well stretched on a swinging couch, and the champion of "our sex" had gone off with the queen of hers.

"Well, Jimmy," his wife began in her charming, childish manner, "you can stay here and talk an hour and look melted and drink a julep, if you'll pretend you are Mary Fox and gossip. Now that I have those two people up here for three weeks, I want to make a match. I want the glory of bringing a perfect girl and a perfect man to the altar."

"My pardon, angel, but that you've done," throwing a kiss to his bride of a year past, "at least, unless I get some of the glory."

"That's not the point. What are the chances? Mandola must realize that he was sent by Providence. And as for him, he's probably in love already. Susceptibility runs in the Garing family. Think of them as they went off just now. The world would stop and marvel to see them take the ditch together. Now, Jimmy, you're not sentimental, but you admit yourself that Oliver Garing is a record breaker, and Mandola does make you whistle."

"Well, I did admit it when I walked up with the girl to-day. There was something about her gait that let me understand where on earth the old Greek fellow got his idea of Diana's walk, and I thought it was a shame I flunked the Homer course in college. As you say, her eyes are like the heavens of a June night—you look into the stars. As for Garry, he ought to get her, if he wants her. . . . Did I tell you what Benton said about him the other day? He told me that Oliver was working right

up to president of the road. He'll have a million in no time, and never a cent of it that's not his own. It's true—he has had more influence at the age of thirty than most men have been bothered with at sixty."

"Yes, and isn't it delightful that neither of them knows what self-consciousness is? They don't seem to realize the scope of their charm. One might fear that Garry would wear a placard telling us about it, and that Mandola would sit back and rest on the look in her eyes, on the lines of her face. Oh, dear! here come the Foxes. Joke on you, Jimmy. You'll have to get up." And she giggled.

"We've just come over, Susan," Mrs. Fox explained, "to pay a next-door-neighborly call on your guests. We hope that your brother and Miss Weyburn are in."

"No, they're not, thank heaven! Oh, I don't mean that," kicking a trifle, "but every bit by themselves will help along. Oh, I haven't told you. Jimmy and I have them settled. We want them to marry. There's no time to be lost, only three weeks for the whole outfit—friendship, love, engagement—all of it. Mary, do you think that's time enough?"

Mary was sufficiently amused by her friend, and thrilled by the thought of food for gossip, to join in the excitement. "Oh, that is interesting. That will give Rockport something to talk about. We must all combine in an effort to throw them together. I'll have a cruising party for them. We'll see that everybody understands just how it is. And oh, what an utterly fascinating place—don't you think so, Mr. Hardy?—with the sea before and the hills behind for two such splendid creatures to find love out."

And so the gossip went on. As it went, our two splendid creatures were playing each other an even game of tennis. When they had accomplished two sets apiece, Garry observed:

"Miss Weyburn, I insist that I play a good game of tennis, but I am in terror that you play a better one. Please don't tell Jimmy that I'd rather stop upholding the honor of our manly sex, and please say that I may."

"Don't believe for a minute that I intend to dodge that delicate compliment. I always thought I could play well, and now I am sure of it. How is that for my turn at a pretty speech? I will let you off, too. With this sun and this blue sky and this sea air I am magnanimous to-day."

It was great that there was never a giggle but always a laugh in her voice. Garry by way of a less delicate compliment would have liked to tell her so.

"Come," she continued, "let's sit down right here. It's an admirable spot. We get the sea and the mountains, the sun and the wind. You notice, this is my first day on the Maine coast. I want to spend my time breathing as hard as I can. I'm afraid, however, that years won't accustom me to this smell of salt and pine trees. It's inconvenient, isn't it? Not to be blasé, uses a great deal of time."

"Well, how long are you planning to stay?"

"Three weeks."

"Oh, it takes longer than that for the cure. I come three weeks every summer. And when we were children we spent months here. I'm no better off than you. And Susan isn't much better off. She feels the same way about it, except when she's talking."

Mandola laughed. "I almost forget myself when she is talking. But then she cuts out the sea-wind; for it gives you a breeze to hear her —a merry breeze from a fresh-water lake. Arn't you glad she took Jimmy?"

"Yes, I like them together."

"I liked him at first, because when you had him around you, there was no need of buying tickets for Roger Brothers, and then I liked him, because he's a sport right through. I knew he was the man for Susan. And I used to sing his praises for a while as much—well, as much as she sings yours now."

Mandola stopped, aghast at herself. It was the first mistake she could remember ever making. Garry wondered with her. He knew too much of her to suppose she could say the wrong thing. Indeed, a casual observer, from the look of high sufficiency about her, would have acquitted Mandola of the possibility. Garry was curious to see what she would do with this unaccustomed situation. He was not surprised when she ignored its illegitimacy and went on with it as adequate.

"Yes, I am chiefly glad you're here because now at least you won't be described to me. They will see that I must realize your height is six feet two,"—this, carefully measuring him up and down,—"and that your tie is the right shade of blue, and that you don't like your first name, so that they call you what the kids you used to play with called you. I

could tell you more things, too, that make you out the right kind, I assure you." Mandola looked people calmly, steadily in the eyes when she told them matter of this sort.

"You probably heard that I was fired from the first three preparatory schools I went to. At least I hope you did. At the fourth school I got religion; so of late years I have nothing fascinating to recommend me."

"Yes, I knew that too—that you got religion. But don't deceive yourself; you didn't get too much—just the right amount. You smoke, and sometimes, but very rarely—you believe in self-control—occasionally, however, you swear. I have said my worst."

"Now it's my turn, Miss Weyburn. I know you better than that. You never swear. You never want to. Susan wants to sometimes, and it's wonderful of you not once to have felt the need of it. You do most things in the way you play tennis. And I am to ask you to sing. Once when you were six years old you said that you were going to be a heroine, a prima donna, an authoress, a poet, a cook, a princess, and a housekeeper. One Thanksgiving Day, a year or two later, you were thankful because they were going to let you wear a pale green sash instead of a pink one. And I needn't be afraid you won't be nice to me, because you are nice to everyone. You are better-looking than I could imagine. There's more, whenever you want further testimony. But I think I beat, didn't I."

"Oh, I don't know! Perhaps you deserve honorable mention for details. I know another good game. As I remember you like it too."

"What?"

"Go in and wash our hands, and then have luncheon."

"That's great of you. Susan never said you were capable of such an idea."

They started over the lawn towards the house. To have seen them would have given anyone pleasure. They both knew how to move, whether walking or running. Garry used to smash records on the track, until some girls told him that to them he was a flying Mercury with head and shoulders of the Hermes. After that he went in for football. In his last game he broke his nose. It was never straight enough again for Grecian standards, so he felt repaid.

Mrs. Baldwin, the duchess of the place, going by in her victoria at

the time did see them, and experienced other as well as æsthetic pleasure. She knew all about it when Mary Fox told her more that afternoon.

"Ah, it's refreshing to hear of such a probability." She hastened to show appreciation. "A man like Oliver Garing is too apt to be thrown away on some ugly, common-place little thing. Miss Weyburn is perfect for him, as far as I could judge from my first view of her, and from what they say. The world has a right to gain its wish sometimes in the matter of mating."

"Well, Susan is planning to let them see a great deal of each other. She says she won't bother them with many other people. Of course no one would be keen to step in, anyway. I think everyone suspects they are on the way to an engagement. Anne Dorsey—she's very attractive, is she not?—said to-day that she felt her chances of ever knowing Oliver Garing were almost over. You see, in all the years that he has been up here he has never made himself the least of a summer man. Susan has always said he would not fall in love until he met just the right girl, and that she would be a wonder. It's very interesting, is it not?"

Talk like this was only a promise of that kept up during the next three weeks. The grown members of Rockport society, at all events the young men, and the women of every age, came in the course of these days to call on Mrs. Hardy's lovely guest, some out of mere politeness and some of curiosity. Many of them went away to discuss the symptoms of the expected engagement. Mrs. Healy, another middle-aged gossip of Rockport's summer population, felt that she had received the benefit of more circumstantial evidence than anyone else. She consciously aired it a day or two afterwards at a luncheon.

"That's going to make an enchanting match—Susan Hardy's brother and Miss Weyburn. When I called the other day, she was singing to him—a charming voice. He was lounging about the room as if they were the greatest of friends. She had evidently been giving him all the silly little love songs of the season, because when I asked her to keep on, she made some apology and turned to more standard music."

Mrs. Healy would have been all the more gratified if she had known that her departure occasioned Garry's request for more of "the silly little love songs of the season."

"No, she is not the last caller," Mandola had answered. "We can't afford to gain notoriety for deplorable taste a second time."

" Oh, that's all right. Old lady Healy has us already booked for sentimental fools. She will introduce the item to Rockport at the next function she attends. So please go on again. You know I used to like Grand Opera, but I'm not sure that 'Eyes of Gray' and some of these others arn't pretty fine too. Next winter, when I can get all the Wagner I want, I may be longing for one of your summer repertoire."

" Pray, don't call it my repertoire. I only sing to please, as far as possible."'

" Well, I don't know why I like them. Perhaps it is because I never dabbled in anything of the sort before."

You see, they *had* become the greatest of friends. Although there were some non-Healyites in the place, some who saw other things of interest beside this affair of Susan Hardy's, as it was called, yet everyone was well enough trained to give Mandola to Garry on all social occasions, such as dinners and dances. So Mrs. Hardy was doing as well as could be expected; they *were* seeing a great deal of each other. Fortunately neither of them felt it a burden. They understood, on the contrary, that Rockport was allowing them the opportunity of something worth while. Friendship had set in—perhaps more. Who could say? Susan was beaming.

In such wise the three weeks were passing. It was one of the last days. Mandola and Garry had been sailing with others. Luncheon had been served in picnic style on a delightful island. As usual they were left to themselves, the others having escaped. Long ago they had given up, as futile, efforts towards society. In true lover fashion they sat on brown rocks, piles of sea-weed around them, the ocean stretching far before them. A pause came in their conversation. Mandola turned and looked her companion full in the face. Then she laughed.

" Why don't you laugh? I will allow it. It is funny, isn't it?" she insisted.

Garry smiled slowly, but before he spoke he gave her back her look complete. Her beauty had never shown so high before. The wonderful purity of it, its naïveté were peculiarly fitting here by the sea. In the solitude of the place, she seemed more entirely the Mab of old Irish song; except for the humor, which could not leave her, small hint remained of the modern American.

" Yes, it is funny. They are driving us hard, are they not?"

"They understand persistency. But I wonder if you realize quite how funny it is. If you do, we might speak of it."

"You mean that poetic justice demands a crisis in such a place?"

"Yes, I mean that. Since they manage for us, they manage well. We are not without the ideal spot."

"And this is about the right day too, if I am not mistaken."

"I should think so. I leave to-morrow. You soon after, do you not?"

Here they laughed together. Appreciation and merriment overcame them.

"This gives relief, doesn't it?" Mandola said between gales. "We have one thing to be thankful for, though. We have had a pleasant time together. Just think, it might have been necessary to count expressively, to while away the long hours of each other's company."

"Then you haven't been bored beyond measure? I am glad of that. I knew I was wasting your time. I only hoped you realized my helplessness."

"Oh, yes. To tell you the truth, I foresaw the whole thing from the minute Susan met me at the station and told me you were here. I knew my part was straightway to fall in love with you. I am feeling guilty—oh, you don't know how guilty I am feeling, that I played it no better. I hope you are guilty, too. It is only decent of you."

"No, Miss Weyburn, I am hardly that. I feel rather in the position of a life-saver. My failure to fall in love with you is a heavenly blessing, because if I want a thing I usually succeed in getting it. And I am the last man in the world for you. You must marry a president of the country, or a Minister to England. A plain business man would be a crime."

"Yes, I know, that is what they say. I imagine that is why they have marked you down as the one and only. You are to be one of our big men, I believe. And pardon me, such are only for my admiration. I want someone without a position and without a purpose in life. Isn't that tragic? And, pardon me again, I trust he will not be good-looking. But he must give me a great deal of queer fun."

"And I want to tell you how narrow your escape has been. You see, I had found the girl I want before I met you. Who knows what might otherwise have been my fate."

"Oh, how distressing these weeks must have been! How could you waste your vacation here?"

"Well, she is camping up in Canada somewhere. I only know her in the city. She didn't ask me to go with them. Besides, Susan expects me here. I don't know how I should have stood it, if it hadn't been for you. I realized that the chance to make a friend of you was a privilege. And you could keep a fellow presentably quiet when nothing else could. You would like her, I am sure. Many times I have wanted to tell you about her."

"What is her name?"

"That's one of her best points. It suits her—Lee Denny." He was fairly hugging his knees at the opportunity she was giving him. "She isn't beautiful, nor even pretty. I wouldn't have her the last. She is small and thin, but muscular,—a bully figure,—ability in every line of it. She has distinction, and endless style as well, enough to give away. She's the only girl I know whose clothes a man can describe. They have a lot of sense about them. She hasn't much color, except black hair and gray eyes. Her mouth is all right, and her chin, too. She doesn't smile much, but she laughs and makes a fellow laugh with her. She's great to dogs. I'd trust her with anything. A man she knew was in trouble once. He said to me afterwards that telling her about it was what helped him through it."

"Have you got her yet?"

"No. I don't let myself think that I can't. I wouldn't want to live, if she threw me down."

Mandola believed him, and asked to hear more.

"I thought you would care for her. Lots of people don't. They say she doesn't take enough trouble for them. That's the first thing I liked about her. There isn't anything more to tell you. I'll read you a letter she wrote me, because it's characteristic. It will make you know her."

Mandola was never more flattered. She loved Garry for the girl he had chosen. The letter confirmed the picture she had from his description:

"'Dear Garry,—I hope for your sake that you find winners at Rockport, because if you don't, I suppose there is not much to compensate. You ought to be up here. I am not putting in good work—there's not a man worth the name in the place. But there's everything to compensate.

Pitou, my Indian, says I'm "the first women folk and things of such sort" that has got this far, "things of such sort" being, I suppose, children and idiots. Yesterday I had a fight worth your while with a trout—a four-pounder. I am just getting so that I don't lose them. We do all the shooting we please—no game laws. The woods beat the Adirondacks all out. The other afternoon they did what nothing ever did before—they scared me. You won't believe it, but I ran back to camp. I am telling you about them because I can't mention them much. One of the reasons Papa gave for not wanting to take me was that girls always rave about the scenery—you know that spoils the fishing. It's true, too, that they do. So I am showing him a thing or two. Don't tell him then that this wildness is the best thing I have ever known, fishing next best, and then canoeing. I can be proud of one thing, I don't mind any more that I can't get my finger-nails clean. I hope you will answer this letter. I want to hear from you. You tell me about the gayeties of the Maine coast, and I shall be so glad I am up near Hudson Bay. Give my love to Benny. Tell him that I hope he is going to walk with us again next winter.' "

"Benny's my dog," Garry said, as he stopped reading.

Mandola nodded with the right smile. Then she added: "You have given me an afternoon I shall like to remember." After a while she said,—

"We had better go. The others may be waiting."

"They will be horribly disappointed."

"I know it. There's the trouble. Do we dare to face Susan as we are?"

"No. But what shall we do? You think of something. She will expect a great deal."

They laughed again. Finally, Mandola stopped with an inspiration.

"I have it; let us go and tell her."

"That's risky, but I am proud of you. It's art."

Susan saw them coming solemnly, as if with a purpose. She could hardly keep from hugging them both, even before the proper time. Now they were standing in front of her, and Mandola was speaking.

"Susan, we have something to tell you." (Susan's eyes were glistening.) "We are not engaged."

Mrs. Baldwin, the duchess of Rockport, when she heard about it, remarked sententiously, "I feared it was too good to be true."

DOROTHY DUDLEY, '05.

TRANSLATIONS FROM THE SPANISH "RIMAS" OF GUSTAVO BECQUER

I.

By its master half-forgot,
  In the shadow of the hall,
Mute and lonely stands the harp,
  Covered with a dusty pall.

Many a note sleeps in its strings,
  As in the branches sleeps a bird,
Waiting for the supple hand
  With the power to make it heard.

Ah! how often genius rare
  In the soul asleep and dumb
Waits, like Lazarus, for a voice
  Which shall say: "Arise and come!"

II.

What is poetry? asking this
  Thy blue eyes are fixed on me.
How canst thou the answer miss?
  Thou art poetry!

III.

For a look, a world complete;
  For a smile, a heaven of bliss;
For a kiss—I know not, sweet,
  What I'd give thee for a kiss!

IV.

To-day the earth and the sky are smiling;
The sun shines down to the depths of my soul;
I met her—she gave me a smile beguiling—
To-day my faith is whole!

ALICE GODDARD WALDO, '04.

A THWARTED AFFECTION

For a space, the sitting-room was pleasantly still. Sounds from without were muffled by the quietly falling snow; the stillness within was undisturbed by the soft dropping of ashes in the round iron stove, or by the intermittent purring of a large gray cat that blinked and nodded comfortably before it; now and again a little click came from the knitting-needles of the two elderly women who rocked beside the two front windows. Between them an easy silence prevailed, broken at last by the smaller and stouter woman. She ceased to rock and to increase the red woollen stripe of the afghan she had been knitting, and pushed her spectacles down till they no longer affected her range of vision. At this signal of communication the other laid her work, some knitted edging, in her lap, and looked up expectantly.

"I declare," the small stout woman said with emphasis, "I most forgot to tell you a piece of news, Susan; Ezra has a beautiful, new picture of your mother framed in a handsome gold frame."

Susan started at the name of "Ezra" and flushed dully.

"I don't think I care to hear about it, Mrs. Hastings," she said with a sudden stiffening of the muscles of her face.

"Oh, very well," said the other good-humoredly, sinking back to her knitting. "My, ain't it snowin' hard; I guess Walter'll have to fetch me home to-night in the snow-plough."

Susan's placid flow of thought had been rudely interrupted by the intrusion of her brother Ezra's name. At the mention of it a host of bitter memories had sprung up. She always felt a sense of personal shame when she thought of Ezra's self-constituted banishment from the

old homestead which she occupied in as solitary a state as Ezra's in his new house opposite.

They had never been closely bound together by family ties. The actual rupture between them had arisen from Ezra's chance mention of Judith Bennet one day at dinner.

"I never see a prettier nor a smarter young woman," he said between mouthfuls of potato. "She came into the store to-day," Ezra kept the village hardware store, "and told me what a hard time they was having down at her house. She had to give up singin' lessons, and she lotted a good deal on singin' in the choir."

"She had better stay home and help her mother," said Susan with asperity; "folks tell me she spends her time carryin' on with Sam Blake. She ain't a very nice girl, I guess."

Ezra's brows grew dark.

"Susan, you nor Mary Hutchins ain't got no right to say things like that about a girl because she's young and pretty."

Susan flushed hotly; she knew she was neither youthful nor beautiful. Smarting at the implication, she jumped to far conclusions.

"Ezra Parkman," she said angrily, "if you intend to marry that girl and bring her home, I won't stay one night under the same roof with you."

Ezra jumped up from his seat and flung down his napkin; he felt his maiden modesty affronted.

"Susan Parkman, I shall marry whom I please," he thundered, "and I'll never ask you to sleep under the same roof with me or any friend of mine."

With these words he walked out of the door.

Susan was frightened.

"Ezra, I didn't mean it," she cried, but Ezra did not hear her. Those were the last words he had spoken to her for six years. She knew that she had been to blame in part, yet she could not forgive Ezra's inexorable silence. He had lived opposite in his own house. Judith Bennet had married Sam Blake four years ago. Indeed it is doubtful that Ezra ever entertained thoughts of marriage. He had given Susan the old homestead and, under protest from her, the whole of the slender income their mother had left them, and he had kept on as proprietor of the hardware store at the Corners. But the sympathy of the village was

with Susan. "Ezra's a hard close man, and he'll get on," was the universal verdict.

In spite of her pride, Susan yearned for news of her brother. She secretly watched him start out in the morning. "Ezra's got cold," she would say to herself when she saw his muffler higher than usual about his ears. "I hope he remembered to put a flannel on his chest."

As Susan rocked and knitted she repented having checked the stream of Mrs. Hastings's news so abruptly. She wanted to hear more of Ezra. Finally, summoning her courage, she asked in an indifferent voice, "Where'd you see the picture?"

Mrs. Hastings answered uncertainly, for she remembered the former rebuff.

"Ezra called me in yesterday morning as I was on the way to the store," she said briefly.

"Well?" said Susan dryly.

"He took me into his dining-room," Mrs. Hastings continued, with increasing confidence. "His house's as neat as a pin, too. There over the mantel-piece hung a big crayon picture of your mother. 'It's a handsome piece of furniture,' he says. 'It's a speakin' likeness,' says I, and he looked real pleased. I heard Mrs. Wheeler say she thought the eyes were a leetle near together, but I liked it real well myself."

Susan vouchsafed no answer. When she spoke again it was striving with an effort.

"Which room is the dining-room?" she inquired coldly; "I ain't never been in the house," she added perfunctorily.

"Oh, I ain't surprised," the other reassured her. "It's back of the parlor on the west side."

The room had been growing rapidly darker with the sudden winter twilight; the cat got up and stretched himself, and then curled up again. Both women had put aside their work and were looking out into the darkness, dense with snow-flakes. A heavy knock at the kitchen door made them both start to their feet.

"That's Walter come to fetch me," said Mrs. Hastings; "I'll go and put on my things."

When her guest had departed Susan ate her own supper, fed the cat, and cleared away the dishes. Then she walked nervously about her sitting-room. At length she raised a front curtain and looked out, but

she could not see into the snowing darkness. There was not the dimmest glimmer of a light in Ezra's house. She consulted the old clock on the mantel. "It's half-past eight, now," she said to herself. "Ezra's bed-time."

After lighting a hand-lamp she went out of the room. A quarter of an hour later she reappeared strangely garbed. The cat sprang up with amazement and distrust at her entrance. Susan had pinned up her skirts till they came just below her knees and had drawn up a pair of stockings over her shoes. A shabby man's coat did not conceal the presence of a gray knitted jacket beneath it. Her head was swathed in a woollen muffler and her hands were mittened. Her plain face was flushed, and her eyes were bright.

"I don't see no harm," she said aloud, defiantly.

Lighting a lantern, and taking a chair from the kitchen firmly under her arm, she opened the outer door and stepped forth into the snow. At first the flakes blinded her. She ploughed along in the track the Hastings's pung had made till she came to the road. There she rested; she had underestimated the difficulty of her project, and found the chair very cumbersome. Straight on she plodded across the road, not stopping until the lantern's circle of light showed her the brown clap-boards of her brother's house whitened by the clinging snow.

With elaborate care she shaded her lantern and moved close to the side of the house, as if she had been a burglar. When she had gone about twenty-five steps from the front, she drew out her lantern cautiously and counted the windows. Under the third she placed her chair. Then all at once she sat down upon it heavily.

"Oh, dear," she moaned, "I know I oughtn't to have come. But it don't seem fair Ezra should have mother all to himself."

She mounted the chair, clinging with mittened fingers to the clap-boards for balance, and raised her lantern. The reflection of the light shone back at her from the glass, but the curtain was pulled down. With a sob of disappointment she dragged the chair to the next window and ascended as before. This time the shade was up. The room was dimly lighted by the lantern outside. Susan pressed her face to the glass and shaded her eyes with one hand. On the wall opposite, above the mantel-shelf, was a picture of an old woman, heavily framed in a band of golden oak leaves. Susan strained her eyes to make out the likeness. The stern

New England face of her mother confronted her across the room, behind the panes. She examined the portrait with critical gaze. "I ain't partial to the lines about the eyes," she murmured, "but the frame's real tasty."

As she straightened herself for a moment she saw her own face reflected in the window glass before her, encircled by the grotesque woollen muffler. "I declare I do look like mother," she thought, proudly. Yet her own mouth lacked the uncompromising firmness of her parent's features.

Now that her curiosity as to the picture was satiated, she knew she had come to the real interest of her expedition, Ezra's house. She noted the details of the neat, plain dining-room.

"Ezra's got one of them new-fangled sideboards," she observed, "and an ice pitcher. I wonder what his parlor looks like."

A fancied movement of the dining-room door drew her gaze in that direction; a realizing sense of her position as spy stung her to quick suspicion. She fancied she saw the latch lift, and ducked like a guilty child caught peeping. Losing her balance, she fell back into the snow. As she picked herself up she glanced fearfully at the window and seemed to see Ezra's hard, white face sneering out at her.

Seizing her chair she stumbled blindly towards the road, hiding her lantern until the snow-flakes formed a thick curtain between her and Ezra's house.

The sitting-room clock struck twelve and the fire had nearly burned out, when Susan dropped, wet and exhausted, into a rocker.

"If Ezra did see me," she moaned, "he'll think I ain't got any pride left."

The next morning a jangle of sleigh-bells entering her yard brought Susan to the kitchen door. The sun upon the new snow dazzled her so that she could not see the faces in the pung distinctly.

"Good-morning, Susan," came Mrs. Hastings's cheerful voice from the depths of her hood.

"Fine day," said Mr. Hastings, slapping his arms.

"Good-morning," said Susan, in wonder at their early appearance.

"I left my knittin' here yesterday," Mrs. Hastings explained, "and as Walter had to go down to Tucker's he took me along, too."

Susan disappeared and came back with the knitting.

"You look all fagged out," said Mrs. Hastings, anxiously, as she bent over to take the knitting. "Didn't you sleep well?"

"Not very," said Susan briefly.

"Pretty bad storm," said Mr. Hastings. "Your brother Ezra was snowed up at Warwick Junction last night. He'd been ordering stock. The first train from there ain't come in yet. They had to dig out the post-office, the drifts were so deep."

As Susan heard, she felt a great anxiety removed. The haggard, care-worn look left her face.

"Yes, it was a hard storm, but I guess fair weather'll follow now," she said.

The horse turned the pung with difficulty and left the yard in a cloud of shimmering snow-dust.

"Good-by, Susan," called Mrs. Hastings above the ringing of the sleigh-bells.

When Susan shut the outside door, she could see nothing inside after the glare without. She made her way gropingly to the front window and looked across to Ezra's house. "There ain't a trace," she said in relief.

Her face broke into a contented smile.

"I'm glad I did it," she told herself, "for it was a comfort to see mother's face and to know how Ezra's house looked after guessing all these years. I hope he had a good night at Warwick Junction. Them cars are draughty things; I wish I could give him a bowl of hot water and peppermint when he gets back."

DOROTHY FOSTER, '04.

ON THE BACK OF A SOFA-PILLOW COVER

"Give it here!" said the Dutch boy, and he assumed a threatening air.

"That I won't!" retorted the Dutch girl, but she twisted a corner of her apron around her forefinger and stuck it into her mouth. In the other hand she held the damson tart which the Dutch boy so much wanted. One could see by her show of defiance that she was afraid of him.

Then the boy swaggered magnificently. It was such a pity that the girl had her back turned and could not see him. Two manly hands went

pushing into two long slits of pockets, his chest swelled to a wonderful volume, his cap tassels bobbed masterfully. Then he spoke again, and his voice shook,—

"Fat wretch of a Dutch girl, give it me straight, or I'll not be betrothed to you a day longer!"

This was a catastrophe with which the Dutch girl had not reckoned. Her eyes grew round and bright like a squirrel's: it was well for her—was it not?—that the Dutch boy could not see them. But she was very much a woman after all, and her coiffe-brim flapped in derision. Her voice had insouciant tenderness, and her words a quiver of laughter,—

"Jan, Jan, dear boy, but how amused I am at you!"

The Dutch boy stamped his foot at her; his fingers worked clumsily in the pockets of the blue jeans. He was fast coming into a fine rage, and two turtle-doves in the grapevines overhead, seeing him, stopped billing and cooing a moment, to look down and be sorry.

"Impudent girl! I declare I'll not marry you. Who gave you a bite out of his apple only day before yesterday? Who carried your slate from school? I'll not *stand* being trifled with, I won't, I won't! Give it me this instant, or I'll tread on your skirt."

"Tread then, Jansie, just try once, do!" The Dutch girl spoke coaxingly as she danced away from him. He had not seen her eyes yet.

The damson tart, meanwhile, which was deliciously sticky and sweet, was getting very much crumbled in the selfish girl's hot fist.

One of the turtle-doves sighed, "How *can* they!" and then, of a sudden, both doves came close together and looked at each other sweetly for a long, long time.

The Dutch boy couldn't hear the girl laugh, for he was busily puffing and blowing like a steam-engine, and like any moment to burst. His face had gone purple, and his nose was beginning to wiggle the least little bit, as it almost always did when he was excited.

"How *dare* you, woman! You forget who I am! That's a hideous drab-stuff your gown is of. I'll *chase* you if you do not give it me—I'm off!—are you? There—scat!"

. . . . . .

The Dutch boy never caught up to the selfish Dutch girl. He never saw her eyes. He did, however, hear, now and then, a laugh wafted back to him, and that laugh made his fingers work the faster in his pockets.

Each day the sun kept coming in, and coming in, through the window: the sun kept fading the blue jeans of the Dutch boy—and the drab-stuff in the gown of the Dutch girl—and the grapevine leaves overhead—*and* the sorry turtle-doves.

EMILY L. BLODGETT, '05.

THE FORSAKEN MERMAID

She is a mermaid tall and slim,
  And she lives in a watery cave.
He's a land-lubber strong and grim,
Oh, she was sadly in love with him,
  And he was her life-long slave.

On starry nights, when the tide was high,
  And the rocks gleamed wet and bright,
Out of the sea with a low, glad cry
She stole to wait till her love came by,
  To play with her in the night.

Seven nights by her cool, green home
  She kept to her secret tryst,
Seven nights in the friendly foam
She sang in time to her coral comb,
  Nor ever dreamed she was missed.

Seven nights came her lover dear,
  And they played with the wet sea-things;
Seven nights without thought of fear,
Happy and gay in the moonshine clear,
  They spent in their frolickings.

Alas! too often her dear love came,
  Though never a mortal had seen,
Alas! too often she called his name,
And bade him haste to a starlight game
  Over the slippery green.

Sadly she sits now all alone,
  Oh, sadly alone by the sea,
She leans on a rock that's all her own—
The rock's a land-lubber turned to stone—
  And her father murmurs in glee.

ANNA HILL, '05.

THE WOOING OF WILLIAM

Miss Luretta sat on her little front veranda reading "Clarissa Harlowe" by the afterglow of a June sunset. The warm breeze stirring the geraniums and dahlias on either side of the brick walk leading from the gate fluttered now and then the many ruffles of her white, sprigged muslin and blew fine tendrils of her pale red hair about her temples and ears. From a distance, Miss Luretta looked like a young girl, with her slender, erect figure and light, ruffled gown, but at a nearer view the countless wrinkles of her fine skin, the thin neck, the faded hair and pale eyes betrayed her forty-odd years.

Miss Luretta's attention seemed to stray from her book. Often she gazed with an expectant air down the brown, stony road that disappeared around the corner of an old flour-mill.

Finally, a buggy, drawn by a large white horse and driven by a man, came thumping leisurely over the ruts. Miss Luretta fluttered and grew delicately red, and her eyes became riveted upon the pages of "Clarissa Harlowe." Not until the buggy had stopped before her house, and its occupant, a tall, large-boned man, had climbed out, tied his horse to the hitching-post and clicked the latch of the white-washed gate, did Miss Luretta seem to notice the arrival. Then she jumped up in apparent surprise and tripping forward, extended her hand girlishly to the man who was lumbering up the steps.

"Why, good-evening, William; such a surprise to see you," she minced in a high voice.

"Good-evening," answered William, taking her hand awkwardly and dropping it at once, "I thought you would know I was coming over to-night."

Miss Luretta bobbed down into her chair, stammering with a little giggle:

"Why, yes, I suppose I did, but I wasn't just sure of it."

"I almost couldn't come," pursued William, settling back in his chair, "Annie's sort of sick."

"Oh, dear," cried Miss Luretta in a shocked voice, "I do hope she'll be better soon. I'm so fond of Annie."

"She's better now," said William stolidly. He shifted his chair a little away from his companion, and spreading his hands on his knees fixed his eyes upon the nodding red and yellow dahlias.

"But she ought to have some one to look after her more than I can, so I've been thinking that as you haven't any ties to speak of——" He paused, and Miss Luretta gave him a quick, eager glance, then folded her hands with a melancholy sigh.

"I've been thinking," he went on, "that there's nothing to hinder you and me from getting married."

For a moment there was silence; then Miss Luretta, fluttering and twisting her head coyly, faltered:

"Oh, William, I don't know—it's so very sudden!"

William turned to stare at her.

"I've been coming here almost every night for a month," he said heavily.

"Yes, of course, William, but I couldn't be expected to know why," simpered Miss Luretta, with a deeper flush and down-cast eyes. Then peeping up at him sidewise, "I am hardly sure that I really love you," she almost whispered.

"That's all right," William assured her clumsily.

"But are you certain that you love me?" questioned Miss Luretta gazing up at him.

A heavy flush spread over William's brown face, and he half rose from his chair.

"I wasn't thinking about that; I'm too old for such foolishness," he stammered gruffly. "Folks say you're a good housekeeper, and that's what Annie and I need."

Miss Luretta sank back in her chair with a faint "Oh!" The eager light had faded from her face. The wrinkles showed plainly even in the growing dusk.

William scraped back his chair and stood up.

"Well," he said loudly, "if you're not ready to make up your mind now, just you think it over and tell me to-morrow evening."

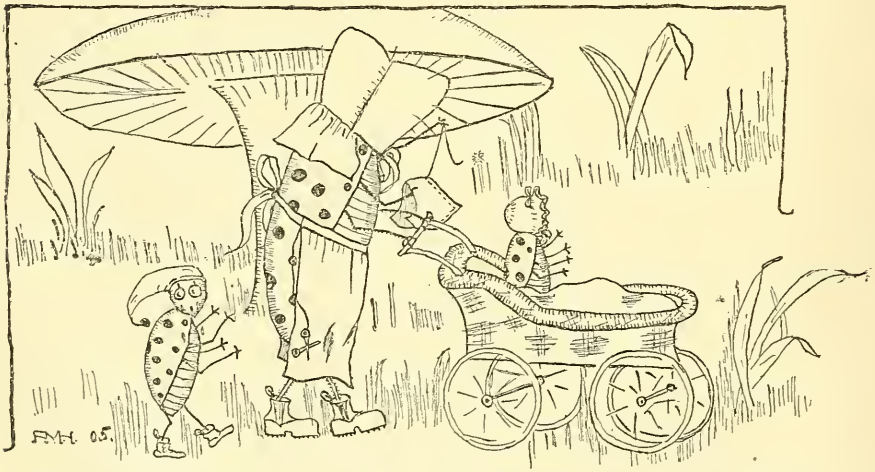
Miss Luretta rose also, and leaned upon the back of her chair.

"Yes," she answered, slowly, "I'll think about it."

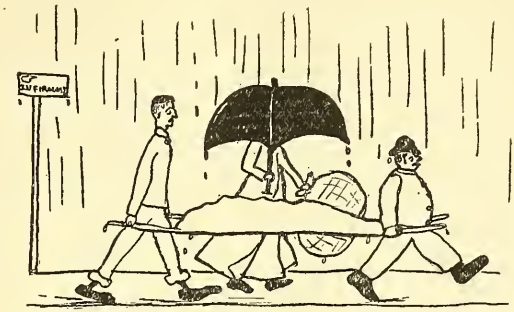
She stood motionless until William had stumped down the brick walk to the gate. Then hastening forward to the steps, "Clarissa Harlowe" clutched in her hand. "William Cole," she called shrilly, even sharply, "I can give you your answer now. It's *no,*" she snapped, as he came back a step. "I'm not so hard up to get married that I'll take a man who only wants a housekeeper, so there! Good-night."

"Good-night," returned William, banging the gate roughly behind him.

MARJORIE CANAN, '04.



MRS. BUG.—No, Johnny, you *cannot* play with Willie Worm. Your family may be poor, but your mother, whatever else she is, is a *perfect* Lady-bug.



O TEMPORA, O MORES!

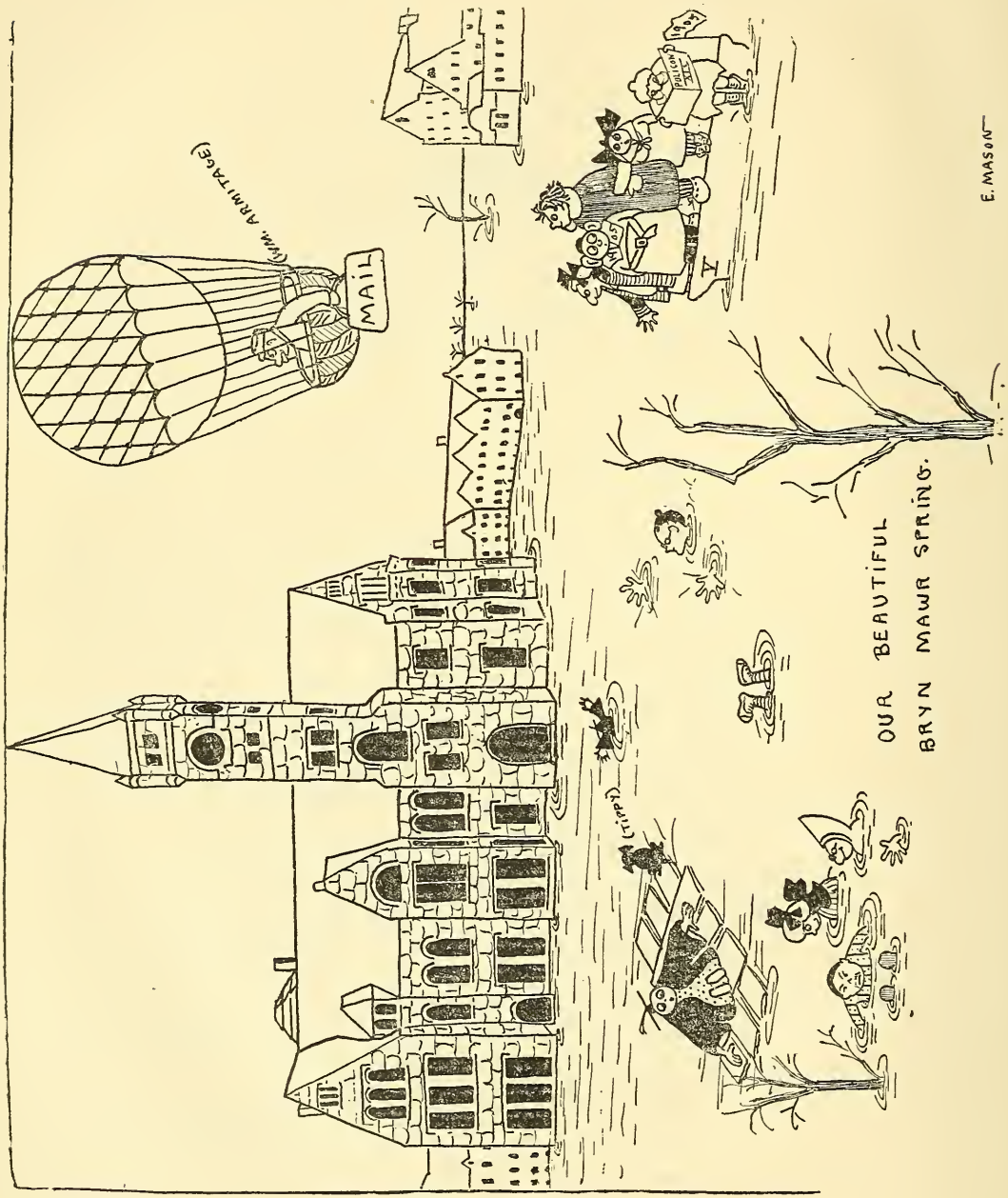
The merry springtime now is here
  (Powder and pills and formaldehyde).
A-choo! dear me, I feel so queer,
  And I can't eat, although I've tried.

My head is hot—my feet are cold
  (Measles and chicken-pox—maybe mumps!)
My trembling digits naught will hold,
  I'm troubled also with nervous jumps.

Hang an engaged sign out on the door
  (Powder and pills and formaldehyde).
Say I may see my friends no more,
  Prone on the stretcher I soon shall ride.

Bake my letters—then have no fear
  (Of measles and chicken-pox—maybe mumps).
Some day perhaps I shall reappear;
  At the thought, my heart ecstatic thumps.

ANNE KNOX BUZBY, '04.


MAIL
(Wm. ARMITAGE)
(Tippy)
OUR BEAUTIFUL
BRYN MAWR SPRING.
E. MASON

"VIVE LA GLOIRE"

To hasten wildly here and there
In search of copy rich and rare
And in the end to reach despair,
Old story.
To pester all your friends and foes,
That they some witty rhyme compose,
Yet everywhere receive but "Noes"
For Glory.

To measure Freshmen by the reams,
Until you see them in your dreams;
A cap and gown your shroud it seems,
Prophetic.
To keep accounts till you're half dead
With numbers running in your head,
And take your books with you to bed.
Pathetic!

To get out teams at half-past eight,
To stand alone and wait and wait,
Then scold the eighteen that are late,
Fame winning!
To choose a nine from all that play,
To smash opponents in the fray,
And merely look the other way,
Still grinning!

To listen for the least footfall,
And not join in when others bawl,
But go a-hushing down the hall,
Rare pleasure!
To ship your friends off one by one,
And feel a pride in what you've done,
And deal out reprimands for fun,
Past measure.

To drive, cajole, expel, collect,
These are the joys of the elect;
But pray what else do they expect?

M. Houghton, '06.
A. W. Neall, '06.

MRS. BERENSON'S LECTURE ON THE NEW ART CRITICISM

When Mrs. Berenson closed her lecture the other night, she spoke of the true equipment in a beautiful picture as something impossible to pass on, for which at best one can only create the desire of experience. One feels that these words of her own can be applied most sincerely to the delightful lecture which she gave on "The New Art Criticism."

In her lecture, she described the work in which she and Mr. Berenson are engaged in attempting to introduce critical method into the naming of pictures. After the development of criticism in all other directions during the last century, she said, the naming of pictures has remained the "happy hunting ground" where no veracity is questioned. After generations of reliance on the frequently careless statements of contemporaries, as of Vasari, for example, the confusion there is extreme, and any efforts to clear it, find immense obstacles in the pride of those possessing so-called Old Masters, and by the mere human inertia that forbids effort. Yet accuracy in naming, Mrs. Berenson believes, is really extremely to be desired.

Accuracy is to be desired, Mrs. Berenson says, because pictures do not, as a matter of fact, look just the same, regardless of the names attached to them. Pictures, even the greatest, are so seldom of a beauty perfect enough to overwhelm instantly any one not a connoisseur, that the unrecognized work of the best old painters is often passed over quickly without appreciation. Again, taste in art is so little inborn in anyone, that pictures bearing a great name may often win an honest if unworthy admiration. And in this way, not only is our individual taste corrupted, but also the history of painting has often been influenced for the worse; for the artists themselves have studied pictures falsely attributed to the greater painters.

Because of this corruption, in which possibly all taste in art might be involved, there are no aids of taste on which we can rely when in these later days we attempt to rediscover the true naming of the pictures of the old painters. The tests must be entirely mechanical,—documentary and internal. It is by the internal tests, first discovered by Signior Morelli, that the new criticism is forced chiefly to work. Signior Morelli was one of the " Makers of Italy," a doctor, and the inheritor of a large collection of pictures. His pictures were all hung in his house, and the daily sight of them, sharpened, perhaps, by his doctor's knowledge of anatomy, led him to notice that there were certain details that remained practically the same in all the work of a single painter. The ear, for example, which no one notes, every artist painted always in his one individual way. Also, there were many things that must always be conventionally represented in art, as the hair, for instance, which can never be painted in all its fineness,—or lighting,—which the old painters used not realistically as in modern art, but as a source of beauty, to enhance or disguise. By the Law of Parsimony, of Physics, which one can apply, as a Law of Laziness in Art, a painter almost invariably executed these conventional portions of all pictures with exactly the same convention. And it is by such details as these that Signior Morelli found one could always distinguish the work of various painters. In painting, the new art critics who use the methods discovered by Signior Morelli find, as in handwriting, there is always some tell-tale mark of the author, and to them even a bit of a picture would be enough for identification of its painter.

But in recompense for the study that makes an art connoisseur, Mrs. Berenson concluded, there is necessary a worthy reward. This one has from the contemplation of what is really masterly, after the separation of the wheat from the chaff, both in those few moments when one is able to grasp the beauty of a great picture, and afterwards, constantly, in one's outlook upon life. Art, the treatment, she said, one finds is always the same, Assyrian, Japanese, or Italian; it is only the illustration that is different. Art always looked at the plastic beauty that is in everything. One may say, paradoxically, that the real object of art is to make one do without it, to train one to look on all the visual aspects of life for oneself, as the great painters have looked at them. And one who knows the great painters well will grow to see the world now as Titian saw it, or now as Leonardo, or as Michael Angelo.

HOPE EMILY ALLEN, '05.

M. MERLE-D'AUBIGNÉ'S LECTURE OF FEBRUARY THE FIFTEENTH

Monday evening, February the fifteenth, M. Merle-D'Aubigné spoke upon "The Moral, Social, and Religious Situation in France, with Special Reference to the Dreyfus Case." Though representing the McCall Mission, he disclaimed any presentation of the politics of that mission; what he was to say he declared contained merely his own opinions as a private individual. The term "clerical party" used frequently in the lecture meant simply the political party supported by the Roman Church, as distinguished from the Roman Catholic Church proper.

To understand the present state of affairs in France, said M. Merle-D'Aubigné, one must look back to September 4, 1870, the date of the revolution causing the fall of Napoleon III. Opposition to Germany was in a large part due to the clerical policy of the empress, a Roman Catholic Spaniard. After the fall of the emperor the clerical party continued, and still continues to be the enemy of the French Republic. The clerical policy has been to put a king on the French throne; but Leo XIII. saw that this was impossible. The only means left, then, to bring France under Roman control was to educate the young people of the country in Church schools. To this end, monks and Jesuits became teachers. Having the reputation of being remarkable "crammers," they have become favorite teachers. Young men trying for military positions particularly, have employed the Jesuits to push them through the severe military examinations. Thus the influence of the Church has been great upon the army and the navy.

There are two opposing elements in France,—the lower class, composed of farmers and working men; the upper class, the Bourgeoisie, composed largely of moneyed capitalists. French taxation has not been just. Land has been taxed out of proportion to moneyed capital. There is a tendency to correct this injustice. The clerical party opposes this tendency. The farmers, therefore, are moving away from the Church, while the moneyed capitalists are more closely adhering to the Church of Rome. With men joining the Church from such purely interested motives, with "cramming" Jesuits and their harmful organizations, the Church has within itself the causes of its injury; but being loath to acknowledge this, it has picked out and attacked three "bogies" as the

factors working towards its detriment—first, the Free-masons, then the Jews, finally the Protestants. The clerical party has made it hard for all three classes, but the brunt of the attack has fallen upon the Protestants. For Protestants among the upper classes life has become unpleasant; and more unpleasant still for Protestants among the poor of the provincial towns. To bring on war has been the continual effort of the clerical party. The turning-point of the whole matter was "L'Affaire Dreyfus."

Dreyfus was condemned by military men, therefore by men educated by the Roman Catholic Church, and therefore by men brought up not to know what was right and what was wrong. The day of his condemnation was a terrible one for France. On the evidence given, fair-minded people could not believe him guilty. But neither could they think that a court of officers had made so gross a mistake. Society people were against Dreyfus, because they read the clerical papers; the whole clerical party was, and still is, against Dreyfus. "They have learned and forgotten nothing." Yet the affair will soon be brought to a close—and this by the union of two parties, zealously feeling and working for Dreyfus—first "Les Intellectuels." Men like Zola; and secondly, Protestant and Christian men, joined with Socialistic labor unions. These together have taken up the cause of Dreyfus; have effected the fall of the old ministry, the establishment of the Brisson ministry, and the re-examination of the Dreyfus case. At the end of this month Dreyfus is to be tried again, not before a military court, but before the Supreme Court of France, "Le Cour de Cassation."

Yet the French people should not be too much blamed for their long injustice toward Dreyfus. Every Frenchman serves three years in the army. Thus the French nation is taught implicit confidence in the chiefs of its army. High officers convicted Dreyfus. To change traditional trust and belief, to acknowledge the treachery of these officers, naturally came hard to Frenchmen. Among the Frenchmen that did acknowledge the treachery, there resulted a union—a union of the social, the progressive, and the radical parties in France, forming "Le Bloc," the Republican party. M. Cambe headed their ministry. Its policy is anti-clerical; its efforts are directed towards the energetic elimination of the monastic orders, as orders making possible such a thing as "L'Affaire Dreyfus." A number of these orders have already been declared illegal; some of them have migrated; others still remain secretly in France.

The schools have been secularized. Monks and Jesuits are no longer allowed to teach in the public schools. This may seem radical and despotic, but freedom in a Roman Catholic country is impossible. Only when the overthrow of the monastic orders has been accomplished, can the French people enjoy liberty, social, political and intellectual. In Catholic schools women have been made dependent beings. Reflection has been suppressed. Submission has been enforced. A non-truth has not been called a lie, but has been rather commended when told in the interest of the Church, and permitted when told for any reason given and believed as good. One can have no faith in teachers of this kind. There is, however, much of Christianity in the Roman Catholic Church. The misfortune is only that Roman Catholics are on the wrong side, and that unbelievers, such as Zola, are on the right side. For this reason the Church is losing many of its members. A large part of the French nation is without religion, lives in danger of falling into materialism and atheism.

It remains for the Protestant churches alone to teach justice and Christianity combined throughout France; to show the people that they can remain Christians, even though they must break with the Catholic Church. For this great work, denominational and inter-denominational missions have been established. The McCall Mission is one of the latter kind. It was founded by an Englishman. Help has come to the Protestants from both England and America, as well as from the French themselves. The fruit of Protestant labor is already to be seen. When Sebastian Faure delivered his powerful atheistic lecture, called "Les Crimes de Dieu," at Lille, and though he was a priest, could not make himself heard amid the uproar, a Protestant minister successfully refuted the arguments of M. Faure, and turned the applause in the direction of Christianity.

NATHALIE FAIRBANK, '05.

POINTS OF VIEW

"Do you think cutting very bad?" a Freshman asked me the other day. After I had given my answer, she said, "Well, a Junior in my —— class has already cut nine times this semester." Is it any wonder that the

agitation of a "cut" rule is feared, if statements like that of the Freshman can be made in anything but a horrified tone? One of the things the Bryn Mawr student prides herself upon is her academic freedom. "We are not treated as boarding-school girls," we are fond of saying to our less fortunate friends at other colleges, and yet I am not sure that, as regards cutting at least, we do not deserve to be treated as boarding-school girls. If we wish to enjoy the privileges of academic freedom, and the respect and trust of the faculty, should we not do our part towards making the granting of such privileges possible?

It seems scarcely fair to the faculty, to fellow-students, or to one's self to turn the liberty allowed by our system into a license. It is manifestly unfair to a professor to expect him to give his best to a class that does not return its best to him; and it is scarcely necessary to say that a class is not giving its best when there are noticeable absences whenever the class meets. It is certainly no fairer to one's fellow-students to subject them not only to the richly deserved, but nevertheless unpleasant reproofs of a professor—here as everywhere the innocent suffer with the guilty—but also to the constant dread of a "cut" rule.

Such a rule would undoubtedly rob us as an undergraduate body of much of the dignity and poise which we now have, and would probably be as unpleasant for the faculty as for the students. This is obviously a case where self-government ought to come to the rescue. I do not mean the kind of self-government that reads rules to find out how far it can go without disastrous results, but self-government with strong emphasis on the *self,* and this is where the student who cuts unnecessarily is unfair to herself. In a community life such as ours it is impossible that every student should not have some influence on one or more of those about her, and she owes it to herself, as well as to the college, that her influence should be as good as possible. When a Freshman cuts it may be through necessity, thoughtlessness, or pure bravado: the last term should be eliminated from the Sophomore's scheme; it seems as though "thoughtlessness" must be changed to "wilfulness" in the case of the Junior or Senior, and if a Freshman cut "because So and So does it, and she's an upper classman," it is all the more lamentable for the upper classman.

That everyone cuts is not true, and I doubt whether even the majority of students cut; but certain it is that the cutting minority is far too large, and in some way must be reduced.

HELEN W. ARNY, '04.

COLLEGE NOTES

On Wednesday evening, February 17th, Mrs. Howard Taylor, who has spent many years as a missionary in China, addressed the Fortnightly meeting.

On Thursday evening, February 18th, the undergraduate elections took place. The new officers are: Leslie Farwell, President; Marion Houghton, Vice-President; Anna MacLanahan, Secretary; Lelia Woodruff, Assistant Treasurer.

On Thursday evening, February 18th, the Law Club held its first debate. The subject was: "Resolved that a policy of expansion is detrimental to the ideals of a Republic." Those who debated on the affirmative side were: Esther Lowenthal, Sarah Palmer, Clara Case. On the negative were Emma Fries, Gertrude Hartman, Mary Kingsley. The judges, who were Dean Ashley, Margaret Ross, and Gladys King, decided in favor of the affirmative.

On Wednesday evening, February 24th, the Christian Union elections were held. The new officers are: Helen Griffith, President; Margaret Nichols, Vice-President; Esther White, Treasurer; Grace Hutchins, Secretary.

On Thursday evening, February 25th, Mrs. Sinkovitch, who has had a great deal to do with Settlement work in New York, addressed the students. She spoke on the "Relation of Settlement Work to Education."

On Friday evening, February 26th, the Freshman class gave a costume dance to the students that entered in the second semester.

On Thursday evening, March 3d, a recital of old Bryn Mawr songs was given by a few of the members of the Glee Club, under the auspices of the Students' Building Association. Miss James, of the Class of '95; Miss Robins, of '93; Miss Randolph, of '89, explained the meaning of the different songs.

On Monday evening, March 7th, Mrs. Bernhard Berenson addressed the students in the chapel. Her subject was "The New Art Criticism."

On Wednesday evening, March 9th, was held the regular Christian Union meeting. Mr. George Wharton Pepper, of Philadelphia, spoke.

On Friday evening, March 11th, Professor Adam Leroy Jones, of Columbia University, addressed the Philosophical Club.

On Monday evening, March 14th, the Graduate Club was addressed by Dr. Graham Brooks.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

'93. Nellie Nielson, who is the Associate in History at Mt. Holyoke, visited Bryn Mawr lately with Miss Wooly, President of Mt. Holyoke.

'96. Ruth Underhill was married to Mr. Harold Treadway White, of Brooklyn, on February 27, 1904.

'00. Frances B. Rush was married to Mr. B. Lindsay Crawford, of Waynesburgh, Pa., on Thursday, March 2.

'01. Lilian Sampson has announced her engagement to Dr. Thomas Hunt Morgan, Professor of Biology, Bryn Mawr.

Julia Tevis has returned from Europe and is visiting Lois Farnham Horn, '00, in Bryn Mawr.

Jane Cragin has been travelling among the Windward Isles.

Mary Denver James, '95; Ethel Harper, '99, and Eleanor Deming, '03, visited Bryn Mawr lately.

Madge Miller, '01; Emily Cross, '01; Élise Gignoux, '02, and Alice Day, '02, gave a play, "Les Précieuses Ridicules," by Molière, in the gymnasium, on Saturday evening, March 12, for the benefit of the Students' Building.

The account of the Alumnæ Meeting of February 6, 1904, in the last issue was unfortunately incorrect. The following is a correct statement.

The annual meeting of the Alumnæ Association was held on February 6, 1904.

An informal report of the Academic Committee was presented by its secretary, Mary B. Breed, '94. The committee was glad to announce that the question of increasing the points given to English in the entrance examinations, which had been discussed at several previous conferences, had been settled by the colleges adopting the "national unit," which gives English 4 points instead of 1, making it count for as much as Latin.

Among other subjects which had been discussed were the possibility of raising the standard of the M.A. degree and of giving honors with the A.B. degree. The announcement which created most interest was that the college would be obliged to raise the tuition fee to $200, beginning with next year's Freshman class. When the subject of alumnæ collections came up later in the meeting, the claims of the Students' Building and of an Endowment Fund were both presented. After considerable discussion it was decided that the latest estimates for the Students' Building were so large ($100,000), and the need for more professors and larger salaries so urgent, that the Alumnæ Association had better devote itself at once to the raising of a permanent endowment fund for academic purposes. The association so seriously deprecated the raising of the tuition fee that it instructed the Academic Committee to ask the Board of Trustees whether, in view of the alumnæ's raising an endowment fund, it would be possible to postpone the increase in tuition. It was also moved that the association should promise to raise immediately an amount equal to what would be gained from next year's increase, if that would help to defer the change. Action on this matter was left to the Academic Committee.

The following officers were elected to serve from 1904 to 1906: President, Elizabeth B. Kirkbride, '96; Vice-President, Martha G. Thomas, '89; Recording Secretary, Elizabeth Nields, '98; Corresponding Secretary, Eleanor O. Brownell, '97; Treasurer, Jane B. Haines, '90. Academic Committee, Susan B. Franklin, '89, Marion E. Park. '98, 1904–1908; Edith Sampson Westcott, 1904–1905.

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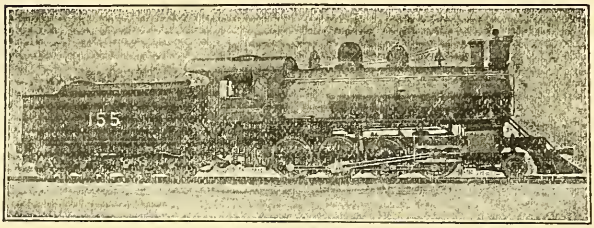

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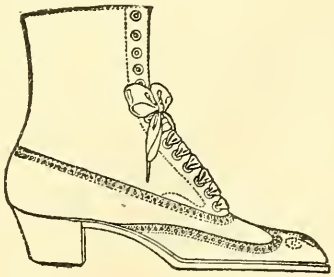

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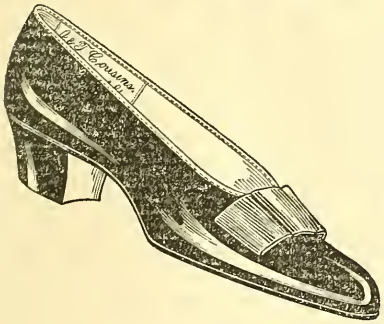

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THE SEQUEL

"Oh, I say, Morris, you remember Miss Riston—er—she lived here a year or so, some time ago?"

Wainwright threw aside his half-burned cigar with affected carelessness. His friend turned slowly from the window.

"Why, no—do I? A Miss Riston?"

A sudden gleam of mischief lit his face.

"Oh, that little thing—blonde—with blue ribbons. She hit you pretty hard that year or so, if I remember."

He threw back his head to laugh, but stopped at the seriousness of the other's face.

"I asked her to be my wife," said Wainwright simply. "She went abroad after that: her father was consul or something somewhere. She would not let me write."

He hesitated, gazing out into the fading glory of the autumn sunset. Morris waited awkwardly. The acceptance of confidences did not come easily to him, nor was he used to Wainwright in this mood. At last he patted his arm. "Brace up, old fellow," he urged with exaggerated heartiness. "It will all come right, you know." He stopped with the suddenness of a run-down clock.

Wainwright started.

"Why—er—what? Oh, yes, yes, of course. I only wanted to say that I heard from her to-day. She has married some English fellow—Wyeth by name—almost a lord or something. They are here on their wedding journey—for old sake's sake and all that, I suppose. Anyway, she would like to see her old friends again, she says. Think you can go to-night?"

He picked up the discarded cigar and began to relight it with elaborate care.

Morris gaped at him. "I—we—why, man, she doesn't want me. I hardly knew the girl. She doesn't remember my name."

"Don't be an ass!" Wainwright said savagely. He added, half apologetically, "I've a beastly headache. Think I'll walk a bit." But at the door he begged, "You won't desert me to-night, Morris?"

As they walked silently through the crisp autumn night toward the Wyeths' hotel, Morris tried to reconstruct more completely an image of the Miss Riston he had known. But he could remember her only as a bit of blue Dresden, very fragile, very pretty, exercising an inexplicable control over the heart and mind of Robert Wainwright, a control which was obviously real, but at which at the time he had openly scoffed. For Miss Riston had been confessedly giddy, though in a dainty, childlike, inconsequent way. And Wainwright, with his sincerity, his breeding and instinctive clinging to convention, had seemed in ideas and ideals utterly her antithesis. Morris had concluded slowly that this antithesis was doubtless at the root of the matter when they reached the hotel and their cards were sent up.

They were asked immediately to the Wyeths' private parlor. "The English fellow is no youngest son," Morris ventured on the way up, but Wainwright did not answer. He was very white. Morris grasped his arm encouragingly. Evidently the effect of this bit of Dresden had been greater than he thought.

Mrs. Wyeth received them alone. Wainwright seemed to regain his old control. He greeted her easily and introduced his friend. Of course she remembered Mr. Morris perfectly, was more than charmed to see him again; she only regretted that her husband could not share the pleasure, but he had unfortunately been called away, and would doubtless not be in until much later.

She was little changed, Morris noticed, though the blue ribbons were discarded. She wore instead a dark gown, very simply made, the fairness of her hair and skin standing out from it prettily. She chatted along with a charming lightness, asking about old times and friends, telling of her European experiences, hitting off things and people with a touch of delicate irony. Morris suddenly realised the possible naturalness of his friend's infatuation. Wainwright was responding to her cleverly. The magnetism of her presence seemed to draw from him all that was best. Morris, leaning back and listening, was enjoying himself hugely.

A slight pause came in the flow of reminiscence, a pause which brought with it no embarrassment, so cleverly had she managed the situation. In it they heard distinctly the opening of a door, and in the adjoining room the staggering entrance of a man's unsteady tread.

Both men glanced involuntarily at the woman. She had sunk back, listening intently, half smiling. Her gaze was fixed upon the door connecting the two rooms. The steps beyond it seemed to stagger helplessly about, then came a thud as of a body sinking heavily upon a couch. Mrs. Wyeth drew in her breath and turned, with all her poise and nonchalance apparently regained, back to the men.

"My husband is in there," she said lightly; "he is drunk, very drunk. He usually is."

The two men had risen instinctively. Morris caught vaguely at his wits.

"Unless we may be of service—" he began.

But Mrs. Wyeth had leaped to her feet; she whipped her light body across the room, throwing its frail weight against the outer door.

"You not only may, but will," she said calmly. "Pray sit down."

From her vantage point she watched them dazedly obey. Then she laughed.

"I thought the neatness of the game was up when *he* came in," she said, nodding toward the next room. "He came a bit too soon, and he is apt to be so quarrelsome, especially when very drunk."

Wainwright leaned toward her eagerly.

"Had we not best go, and let you rest?" he begged, with his gentle deference. "Are you not overwrought? I only wish—"

Mrs. Wyeth threw back her head, showing her slender throat, and laughed. Wainwright went dull red. Morris gripped his chair arms; he could not understand.

"And to think," trilled the lady, "that you really wanted to marry me!"

The idea amused her enormously, but she grew grave again at a sudden renewal of movement in the next room.

"Now listen to me," she said quickly. Each word was exquisitely distinct. "The plan was intended for you alone, Mr. Wainwright; but doubtless your friend will behave quietly. We are in need of money—ready money and a bank account. We are in debt; the police are after us. My husband has committed a stupid forgery—quite a necessary one, I assure you, but clumsily done. Now, you are to go to that desk"—she pointed across the room—"and empty your pockets upon it. Moreover, you are to write there a check payable to bearer for $5,000. It is unnecessary, of course, that you should give your word not to spread this adventure."

She laughed again charmingly.

"You see how much we have depended upon you," she added, turning to Wainwright. "We planned this very carefully. Believe me, your declarations of love were most convincing."

The veins were swelling in Morris' forehead. He rose, quivering with anger. He never knew what he had meant to do, but this ruthless shattering of an idol seemed a sacrilege to be avenged in kind. A touch upon his shoulder stopped him.

"Wait just a moment, Morris. We will go together," Wainwright said. "Lend me your spare change, will you?"

Together they heaped upon the desk a little pile of banknotes and coin. Wainwright drew out his check-book—his friend wondered dully how the woman had remembered his little trick of carrying it with him always—and asked for her husband's initials. He wrote two checks with a firm hand and laid them beside the money.

"You have only to endorse them," he said to her gently. She smiled her thanks.

Through the brilliant corridors of the hotel the two men strolled with an indifferent languor, for habit was strong upon them. But out in the street Wainwright staggered slightly against Morris, who caught him. He looked up, apparently for the first time aware of the other's presence.

"Well?" said Morris, challengingly. The tension had become too great for him.

"Poor little girl," said Wainwright slowly. "If she had married me—"

"Thank God she did not," cried Morris; but the other turned upon him.

"I should have made an angel of her," he said fiercely.

LUCY LOMBARDI, '04.

TRISTREM WOUNDED

Em, he seyd, y spille
  Of lond kepe y na mare;
A schip thou bring me tille
  Mine harp to play me thare.

Sir Tristrem.

Grant me this one request, for I am dying,
  This to your nephew Tristrem, whom you love.
Give me a ship; I, who am son of Vikings,
  Like them would die: sea beneath, sky above.

Death, Hell or Heaven, these fear not I—but Pity!
  Men and pale maidens round my helpless tomb
Staring at this poor wreck, once mighty Tristrem—
  Once I was strong; yield me, O King, this boon.

Take off my sword and bright steel silver armour;
  Give me my harp to sing my own dirge-moan;
Set me adrift, facing the sunset ocean,
  Then shall I die as men should die, alone.

HELEN ARMSTRONG HOWELL, '04.

ON SOME RELICS OF POPULAR TASTE

I am always a little diffident about speaking of relics, because for so long a time relics of any kind whatever affected me emotionally that even yet I am not quite sure that I can see straight when they are in question. I have some Gift Books of the 40's, which for myself I would consider interesting documents, but because of my native antiquarianism, I cannot safely decide whether my Gift Books to many normal people might not seem more dull than absurd. However, some recent reading on Professor Barrett Wendell's Literary History of America, where I found that one who undertakes to write historically of American literature finds it necessary to include even very many of the contributors to the Gift Books, leads me to conjecture a possible historical interest in them for those who are interested very little in what is merely the insignificant obsolete. And I hope that a knowledge of the once general good standing of those books may supply that gentleness of feeling towards them which anyone who has no antiquarian sense will otherwise surely lack. No one, I think, can feel quite merciless towads what was apparently the sincere good taste of even the populace of barely two generations ago, for one can realize that in so doing, one might be setting up a dangerous precedent.

One has need of gentle feeling in approaching these relics of popular taste, because one will necessarily have the instant temptation of setting down all the contributors to the Gift Books, and all their admirers, as a set of unqualified hypocrites. Indeed, the phenomenon

of the Gift Books is the spectacle of what one must believe to be sincere feeling expressing itself, because of what one might almost call its illiteracy, in the whole manner of hypocrisy. One cannot imagine that sentimentality ever did or ever could flourish in greater luxuriance than it did in these productions. And the studied fancifulness of the style is surely unrivalled. But when one comes to sketches written by bereaved fathers or sisters of the circumstances of the death of their children or brothers, one feels that one dare not discount the sincerity of the feeling too much, because of the utter vulgarity of its behaviour. Unless one is to believe that natural feeling was relaxed in all the people who enjoyed these pieces, one must set down their existence to extreme bad taste rather than hypocrisy, and one can understand the reason better for such extreme bad taste if one takes the origin of the Gift Books into account. They were written especially to fill up, by bringing back "taste and elegance," those breaches in the popular life that had been made by Finney's great revivals of the 30's—not for the "vitiated and worldly," but to be used as "tributes of affection by the good"—those to whom the revivalistic influence had especially come. But they followed too close upon the heels of the revivals to escape their influence, and it seems that their deep-dyed sentimentality and their disregard of the privacy of emotion was but a remnant of the revivalistic desire to keep the furrows of feeling well harrowed. The result is an eloquent showing forth of what popular taste can be. Yet I have Gift Books to which Poe and Horace Greeley contribute pieces not too ill-placed, and many other names not forgotten now appear as well, as Mrs. Sigourney's and Miss Sedgwick's, for example, and always Willis's.

The Gift Books give an impression of sentimentality consistent in all directions. There are no details that escape it. Though I have several very humble Gift Books, I have never seen one without elaborate gilt tooling, and I have several pretentious ones. "*The Opal*, A Pure Gift for the Holy Day," for example, which I have spoken of before, is a very pretentious specimen. It was published in New York in 1844, bound in full black leather, tooled in gold with scrolls, cupids and maidens, and with an especially long list of "embellishments." Among these "embellishments" are two most characteristic ones, one representing "The Consumptive," which accompanies a poem depicting the state of mind of "that fair girl;" the other entitled "The Deserted Wife," also illustrating a poem.

Let me quote from the Preface the sentences that sketch in full the character of the book. "The contents of this book," Willis says, "will be opal-hued, reflecting all the bright lights and colours which the prodigality of God's open hand has poured upon the pathway of life. The Opal, as expressing this—the chameleon of gems—varied as the rainbow and shifting with every trembling of light into some new tint of beauty, shall be its name." The opalescent character is well borne out by the table of contents. We have "the playful elegancies of poetry and descriptive writing" represented by "Lines to the Soul," "Is Death the King of Terrors?" (by a D. D.), "Morning on the Wissahickon" (by Poe), "Thoughts" (by the author of "A Portion of the Soul"). Then we have many stories, safely weighted with the moving touch of veracity either by an historical background or the prefix of the words, "Founded on Fact" or "A True Sketch." There are also scholarly essays, but the taint of sentimentality has spread even here, for witness this passage from the essay on "Lyric Poetry," by H. T. Tuckerman, whose name, Professor Barrett Wendell says, is still remembered:

"Lyrics are like sacred sparks of Promethean fire, floating down to light up a happy glow in the shadowy soul; stray Peris from the bowers of Paradise, creeping playfully into the chambers of the heart. They greet the ear of pleasure's votary in the gay saloon, borne on the wings of some insinuating melody, and the impression lingers with a healing charm, to soothe the wounds of vanity and soften the iciness of pride." After this one may imagine the conviction behind these later sentences of the same essay: "The poetry of the affections has been scattered from the lyre of Mrs. Hemans, around the hearthstones and graves of two mighty nations; and the songs of Moore enliven the feast and speak for the lover in the sequestered village, amid the halls of pleasure, and on the lonely sea." But sentimentality shows even more thrifty products in "The Opal" than "scholarly essays" like this. Here is the opening sentence of "The Student: He discourseth upon Virtue:" "A shadow is upon thy spirit, my beloved; shall we lift the veil together that shrouds the mysteries of life—or wouldst thou be alone in the sanctuary of thy heart?" The piece goes on for several pages in the same manner, an example, one must think, of the desire that revivalism might engender to keep the chords of the heart always twanging.

Let me quote some passages now from other Gift Books than "The Opal"—from "The Pearl, Affection's Gift," "The Family Circle" and "The Snow Drop," which, unlike "The Opal," attempt to give no intellectual food, unless "predigested." Their aim is not at all to be "opalescent," but rather to serve the cause of "mother, home and Heaven." One sees in "The Pearl"—in the contributions especially of Mrs Sigourney and Miss Sedgwick—the purposefulness of Miss Edgeworth operating quite *a vide*. Here is an extract from a poem entitled "To A. S., Philadelphia," which really sets forth its character:

"Dear Agnes, of poetic ear,
That loves the tuneful strain to hear,
For you I touch my muse;
Glad if in your young gentle mind,
So artless, innocent and kind,
I can some truths infuse."

"The Pearl" was published in Philadelphia (1837). Here is a stanza of the introduction:

"But what scene is this appears,
Crowded with the thoughts of years?
Look around! 'tis here we find
Brightest jewels of the mind:
Poets, sages, mighty men,
Here awake to life again,
And recount their wonders o'er
In the Chestnut Street Book-store.
We will enter—what a crowd!
Listen—hush! don't speak aloud!
"I'll take a copy of 'The Pearl,'"
Says one, a young and lovely girl;
And with a beaming smile,
She takes the Book of Beauty, fair
And with a sweet and graceful air,
She turns away."

And because "The Pearl" devotes itself more to sentimental morality, and less to sentimental emotion, one may find it less diverting than "The Snow Drop" and "The Family Circle."

"Those who love the queenly 'Moss Rose' and the drooping 'Hare Bell' will cherish the delicate 'Snow Drop' also; for precious and beautiful to them are all the bright and glowing flowers, the fair children of summer." Mary Ann Hawmer Dodd's piece on "Flowers," in "The Snow Drop," goes on in this same strain for several pages. She says later: "The flowers are a privileged class among us; for while everything else obeys the fiat of utility, *they* are left unmolested in the enjoyment of a quiet and dreamy life." "A quiet and dreamy life" one concludes is what all the authors and patrons of "The Snow Drop" and "The Family Circle" were seeking to live, and in spite of the "fiat of utility" they may seem to have been able to extract a prodigious amount of sentiment out of living, as it was. "A Mother's Hand," "Human Flowers," "Woman in Sickness," are typical subjects of "The Family Circle." Here are characteristic sentences from "The Heart," by Sophia Emilie Linsley: "Strange, incomprehensible part of our being: who can fathom its mysterious depths and understand those secret springs of thought and feeling that, by the lights and shades of joy and sorrow, rise in that hidden fountain; the bitterness, that, concealed from all without, is only known to the heart it saddens; the joy which, dwelling alike in obscurity, a stranger intermeddleth not with: who can account for their strange workings?" In "The Snow Drop" or "The Family Circle" this may seem almost a rhetorical question, for it is there that one meets those elegies done in the spirit of revivalism which show a belief in the duty at least of accounting for the inner workings of the heart. But these elegies, if one may call them so, appear to keep, in reality, too close to the facts to allow one to quote any passages that might illustrate the far stage that their sentimentality of manner has reached in spite of all. Somehow their authors had more of a belief in the sympathy and fellowship of the public than any popular writers whatever could feel to-day: and they spoke as if addressing the testimony meeting of a revival. It is such pieces as these that give one the sense that the Gift Books are as dead and buried as anything in literature can very well be, and so a sense of a certain impiety in resurrecting them. But, after all, one is only resurrecting the ever-present possibilities of human nature, and of them some others are strikingly exhibited in the popular taste of our own generation.

HOPE EMILY ALLEN, '05.

WAKEFIELD

The maid placed a letter on the table.

"This came for you, Ma'm," she said.

The faded-looking, middle-aged woman, sitting at the window, answered, without looking around:

"Very well, Jane."

"It's a letter, Ma'm," said Jane, pausing irresolutely. The servants all adored Miss Anne, and sympathized secretly when her sister-in-law, who took no pains to conceal the fact that she considered the presence of her husband's relatives an imposition, was curt and unkind. Perhaps they understood to a certain extent how hard it was for her to be dependent, even upon her brother. Just now Jane showed herself to have a deep knowledge of human nature. Anne Huntley turned eagerly.

"Oh, perhaps it is from Wakefield," she cried.

Jane smiled to herself with a satisfied air as she closed the door behind her.

It was from Wakefield. Anne went all through it twice, and then read the end aloud: "No doubt you have heard before this, my dear Anne, of old Mrs. Chesborough's death a few months ago. She died in Wakefield at the old house. Wakefield will seem strange indeed without Mrs. Chesborough."

Anne Huntley let the letter slip out of her hand to the floor, and sat staring straight ahead of her. Such memories as those few lines called up! Wakefield—it filled her with a home-sick longing for sparkling June days, for the fresh, earthy smell of the woods, for the great, broad, restful green of the meadows. And old Mrs. Chesborough dead—dear, odd little old lady, with her eccentricities, without which afternoon tea would have been sadly lacking in subject for gossip, and her charities which very few people indeed knew anything about—it was hard to realize that she was gone. And now the coming generation would know of Mrs. Chesborough's "Wednesdays"

only through the reminiscences of their elders. In Anne Huntley's day an invitation to a "Wednesday" at Sunnyside was an intimation to the Wakefield world that Miss Pamela or Miss Dorothy or Miss Ellen was now a young lady. It was her début, and, after not more than two weeks, was sure to be followed by an invitation to dine at the Rectory, a very great event indeed.

The hollow-eyed woman at the window could not believe that thirty years had slipped by since her own first "Wednesday." All the morning of that never-to-be-forgotten day there had been an atmosphere of excitement in the house—from breakfast-time, when her mother had put three lumps of sugar, instead of two, in Mr. Huntley's coffee, to the moment when the family, sitting with their sewing on the front porch, saw Mrs. Chesborough's low pony-phaeton come up the drive. Anne remembered how she had instinctively known what was coming; she had called up all the self-possession of which she was mistress in a great effort to appear calm at this crucial moment. Mrs. Chesborough descended from her carriage slowly and with great ceremony; Anne drew up the most comfortable chair, made her curtesy, and withdrew to a proper distance. She heard Mrs. Chesborough inquire affectionately after her father's health—Mrs. Chesborough remembered so well his devotion to her own Lucy, "when you," patting Mrs. Huntley's hand, "were a little girl in short skirts, my dear. We little thought then that John would ever think of marrying you." There was no touch of malice in her quaint speech.

Anne knew what would come next; she grasped the arms of her chair in her excitement. Mrs. Chesborough paused impressively for a moment and then turned to her.

"You are not in the least like your father, my dear. Your hair is much darker and your mouth is too large—you have his eyes, though. You are eighteen? Oh, yes, I remember perfectly the day you were born."

Then she drew her black lace shawl closer about her shoulders and rose. She had been comfortably tucked into her carriage before she saw fit to make known the real object of her visit.

"Bring Anne for tea with you this afternoon, my dear. Drive home, James."

That afternoon all Wakefield knew that John Huntley's Anne had been to her first of Mrs. Chesborough's "Wednesdays." Kindly

old Dr. White had shaken her hand steadily for two whole minutes, calling her Kate, and labouring under the delusion that she was her elder sister. Mrs. Tredwell had enthused over her gown, saying how clever Anne's mother was with her needle; that no one would ever guess it was a last summer's frock made over. They were standing near Mrs. Chesborough as she said this, and Anne thought that the dear old lady must have heard. Quick as a flash came the words:

"Sarah Tredwel, I hear that you've given up your pew in church. I don't know what your father would have said to such a proceeding."

Anne had never seen Mrs. Tredwell successfully snubbed before. Mrs. Chesborough turned away, and resting her hand on Anne's shoulder, she drew the girl gently with her down the length of the room. It may have been that her sympathy was aroused, or perhaps it was a lingering tenderness which still clung about the remembrance of that old fancied love-affair of Anne's father and her Lucy. At all events Mrs. Chesborough was exerting herself to be charming —and when Mrs. Chesborough tried, she could be the most altogether charming person Wakefield had ever known. She drew Anne down beside her on the broad window-seat, and told her stories of Wakefield years ago, when Anne's grandmother had been eighteen—quaint stories, like Mrs. Chesborough herself, suggestive of old-fashioned gardens with box-bordered paths, and the faint odour of lavender.

To the gray-haired woman, sitting alone before the window, these memories were very vivid. She had forgotten all about the present, and most of all, she had forgotten her sister-in-law. She did not hear the door at the end of the room open.

"Really, Anne"—she started at the voice—"really, Anne—I have been waiting fully half an hour for you. I am afraid we will have to give up our drive for this afternoon."

MARGARET MORRISON, '07.

THE PRINCESS AND THE MILLER'S SON—A FAIRY STORY

The Countess sat in a high-backed chair, her black silk legs hanging straight and slim, her hands clasped behind her head. Brown locks hung limply on each side of her face; her eyes, beneath straight brows, were very blue and set far apart. She was biting her lip and thereby disclosing an unexpected dimple in her smooth white cheek.

"Good evening, Countess," I remarked good-humouredly.

She lowered her shoulders and held up her head. "I wish you please wouldn't call me that," she said wearily. "You know I'm only thirteen, and you just do it to tease."

Knowing from experience that it must be either capitulation on my part or declaration of war on hers, I chose the former and meekly sat down at her feet on the lowest step of the broad oak staircase.

"What are you waiting for?" I asked.

"Tea."

"But they're having tea in the drawing-room. You don't expect tea to come to you, do you? You have to—"

"Oh, not that kind of tea, silly; bread and milk tea in the nursery with the baby. But I have almost half an hour yet, and that's just time for a story. Now begin, and mind—it must end *beautifully*."

"Fairy story?"

"Of course."

"Well, once upon a time there was a very beautiful princess. She had beautiful brown hair, that was golden in the sun, wound round and round her lovely head, and beautiful blue eyes that were like violets in the house and like the sky out of doors. Oh, she was very beautiful. She had a low peaches-and-creamy voice and a long slim waist and the very tiniest feet that ever you saw. And she lived all alone with her father in a great huge castle. She had only one fault, this lovely princess—she, what *do* you think?"

"I don't know. What?"

"She used to bite her lips to show her dimple."

"Well, I don't think that was very bad."

"Not really bad, but very vain. Yet, on the whole, she was a very nice princess; very nice to her old papa, very nice to all the hundreds of servants, and perfectly great to the dogs and horses. Every one wondered why she didn't get married. There were dozens of princes only too crazy to marry her, but she wouldn't have any of them. Princesses never will, you know.

"Now this princess had a peculiar fancy. She fancied each day of the week stood for a flower. Sunday was a rose, Monday a pink carnation, Tuesday a crocus, Wednesday a nasturtium, Thursday a daffodil, Friday a violet, and Saturday a daisy. Every day she had the palace filled with the especial kind of flower, wore them in her hair, and stuck them in every cranny of her father's crown. It kept the royal gardeners busy cultivating roses and pink carnations and crocuses—"

"And nasturtiums and daffodils and violets and daisies."

"Thank you. And all the royal chambermaids and parlor-maids and butlers busy arranging and rearranging them, and all the royal dressmakers and tailors busy making gowns to match, for the princess was very particular about color-schemes.

"So at last the king-papa thought it was time the princess got married. He resolved to issue a proclamation as the only way to accomplish his purpose. Now, the proclamation did not say that the one who could make the princess laugh, or the one who could make the princess cry, or the one who could answer every question that was asked him, could have the princess. No; it simply said that all the princes in the country might come and try to win the princess's hand on one little condition—that each one should wear a flower in his buttonhole. Then the princess arranged with her father to marry the man who happened to have the right flower in his buttonhole on the day that he arrived at the palace.

"The proclamation was issued on Saturday, and by Monday the princes had begun to come in droves—dozens of them—and when the princess went down to receive them she was trembling in her little thin pointed shoes for fear some one of the fattest and stupidest waiting in the courtyard might have a pink carnation in his doublet. But no, there was nothing nearer than a red carnation among them.

The princess was awfully relieved, for she knew very well the kind of person she wanted to marry if she ever had to marry any one. He would have to be—"

"Let me, let me," cried the Countess; "you did the princess. He'd have to be tall and thin. Then he'd have to have dark, dark eyes, so that you couldn't tell what color they were, only you'd *think* they were gray—and a dark, thin face, and he'd look so sad and cross that you'd be afraid of him till he smiled, and then you'd think, 'Why, what a perfectly *splendid* man to play with!' and he'd have a deep voice, as if he'd been crying, and—well, now you can go on, please."

"So she was awfully afraid that he'd come with the wrong flower in his buttonhole, and every evening she got a nervous chill before she went down to the reception-room. Tuesday nobody was wearing a crocus, and Wednesday it rained. But Thursday more came than ever—tall, fat princes, short, thin princes, medium, fat princes, medium, thin princes, but no tall, thin ones, and none with nasturtiums in their buttonholes. The princess went to bed that night a nervous wreck. The next day was violets, and she was looking unusually lovely—princesses in fairy stories always look especially beautiful when they're tired and worn out, you know—with a wreath of violets in her hair, violets in her eyes, and violets spilling all over everything in the palace, and many a poor little prince pined away during the next month for love of her, for not one had on a violet.

"Saturday came round again—and daisies—"

The Countess was wriggling. "Oh, dear," she sighed, "Fräulein has been making faces from the stairs behind you for the last five minutes. I'm afraid I'll *have* to go." She slid off the chair and came to stand between my knees. "To-morrow we'll finish it—and don't forget it's going to end *be-eautifully*. Now, good night." She kissed me and ran upstairs. I watched her till she was out of sight, thinking how much I would rather have tea in the nursery than in the drawing-room.

That night I was called away, and I did not see the Countess again for six years.

* * * * * * * * * * *

I had just come down to dinner and I found her sitting in the high-backed chair, her ungloved hands hanging at her sides, her white gown trailing about her feet. Her eyes were still blue, her brown hair

was brushed smoothly off her low white forehead, and pinned up somewhere on the back of her head. She was the loveliest person I had ever seen.

"Good evening, Countess," I said.

"I wish you please wouldn't call me Countess," she replied.

I sat down on the lowest step.

"The next day was Saturday, you know—and daisies—please go on."

"Ah, yes, so it was, and the princess spent the morning making daisy chains, didn't she? Late in the afternoon she spied some one waiting at the gate. He was tall and he was thin, and—well, he was just the kind of person the princess wanted to marry. Her heart thumped like anything and she grew pale in her fear lest he might not have a daisy in his buttonhole. Besides, he didn't even look one bit like a prince, and she was afraid the porter wouldn't let him in, for he *was* dusty and poorly dressed. To tell the truth, he wasn't anything but a miller's son. But he got in—indeed he did—he jumped the royal wall, and of course that made the princess at the window like him more than ever. But, what do you suppose? Are you listening? He didn't have *any* flower at all in *any* of his buttonholes, and the princess just had to weep."

"You promised not to make it sad," said the Countess, turning away. I could see that her hair was wound round and round her head.

"Just wait. She hated to look at him—the princess, I mean—and yet she couldn't help it. In a moment she saw him stop, as if he had forgotten something, look hurriedly around, and then stoop and pluck a dusty little daisy that happened to be growing by the path. He stuck it gayly in his buttonhole and came on toward the palace. So then—well, of course, they were married and lived happily ever after. Now, don't you like the way it ends?"

But the Countess didn't answer. She had grown serious and was looking straight ahead of her.

"The princess was you all the time, you know," I ventured, leaning forward. She nodded thoughtfully. "And the miller's son was—me, I hope?" This was no time to think of grammar. She turned to me with laughing eyes and—

"My dear," said her mother, coming across the hall, "I have asked the Baron Munchausen to take you in to dinner."

The Countess rose. "I'm sorry, mamma, but I'm going in with—the miller's son." And the princess and I went in to dinner.

ANNA M. HILL, '05.

"*DULCI FISTULA*"

CARROLS.

I.

I thought I saw the tender grass
  Upon the campus green;
I looked again and saw it was
  Some mud with blades between.
"Some gives to more than each," I said
  "How tardy you have been."

II.

I thought I saw an omnibus
  A-sidling through the night;
I looked again and saw it was
  The watchman with a light.
"A stitch in time saves nine," I said
  "The moon is very bright."

III.

I thought I saw a wooden fence
  Obstructing all our view;
I looked again and saw it was
  A bower of emerald hue.
"The more that's less is nought," I said
  "'Twas grown for me and you."

IV.

I thought I saw a friendly quiz
  Descending from the sky;
I looked again and saw it was
  A flunk-note sailing nigh.
"The end that's well is all," I said
  "We'd better pass it by."

V.

I thought I saw a championship
  Ahead for nineteen-four;
I looked again and saw it was
  An amputated score.
"The all is more than less," I said
  "Let's add it up some more."

HELEN W. ARNY, '04,
ANNE KNOX BUZBY, '04.

SPRINGEN, SPRANG, GESPRUNGEN

I.

The day was fresh, the day was fine, the day was very fair,
And poets and pedestrians all revelled in the air
While breathing in the good ozone and rambling here and there.

II.

But on the campus, lo! we see a walker sad and grim;
She's walking not for pleasure, but to register for Gym,
Nor does she see the foliage gay nor hear the sparrows hymn.

III.

Slowly behind this dreary drudge a pensive poet strolls,
And as she sees the marks of spring her eye ecstatic rolls,
And she evolves wild fantasies of after life and souls.

IV.

Out of the distance like a flash a running girl appears;
She's working for the 'Varsity, and now she thinks she hears
Instead of birds and other things the crowd's victorious cheers.

V.

Lastly, in different plight from this, a hunted Freshman stands;
A daily theme she's writing with a wealth of "greats" and "grands,"
And as she mutely looks about she wrings her inky hands.

VI.

Though spring in other lands they say brings rest and recreation,
To us poor grinds its charms are lost. It brings new tribulation
For it predicts the themes to come and then—examination.

A. W. Neall, '06,
M. P. Houghton, '06.

A SUICIDE

It was told to me by some one who saw—There was a monkey named Noah on an American battleship, a favorite with sailors and officers. They loved to play with him and watch him hang by his tail from the rigging. He loved best of all to hang in this way—it reminded him of home and an Indian jungle. One day a sailor thought to play a joke on the monkey by greasing his tail. Noah came out after dinner to spend the evening swinging under a star-lit heaven. But, alas! his tail once slung over a rope would not hold. He tried again, but fell off. Very much annoyed, he tied a special twist, which had never failed, but he fell off. He walked the deck with an unhappy, woful expression. Then, before the sailors knew it, he had climbed to a davit, tossed his tail over and fallen off into the ocean below. Life was not worth living to a monkey who could not hang by his tail.

Dorothy Dudley, '05.

EDITORIAL

The college woman—much-abused but inevitable term—on appearing in print seems invariably transformed from the commonplace but bearable just-like-other-girls sort of creature she normally is, to a being set apart, a goddess of the book and of the hearth, a sentimental sqush—sqush is used advisedly—of womanliness and wit. Whether she is crystalised in black and white through the medium of her own pen or that of an observer, the result is the same; she stands forth a thing cloyingly sweet, yet with uncurbed impudence of tongue and often Minerva-like wisdom, a combination which, if it ever appeared in life, mankind would be justified in exterminating.

At the beginning of the TIPYN O BOB'S career, its editors made an eager demand upon its contributors for stories of college interest, of college life. We hoped vaguely that we might elicit a sort of embryo epic, giving expression to the heart-beats of the campus. We have since learned wisdom. We no longer call for college stories. The college public responded to our first appeal, but with productions in which the hoped-for epic emerged pitiful in the guise of a storiette, weak solution of college slang and Freshman sentimentality. Those contributions we find are most acceptable which deal with subjects farther from home and less familiar to the writer. The nearness of campus life is too great; it blurs the vision.

From the heights of our superior wisdom in the matter, we now dare hope that in time the older, saner, real magazines will share it with us. Newspapers and their unwisdom we have always with us. Probably for the next half century we must figure in them as "young gazelles" and "fashionable Portias," but no reputable monthly should fill its pages with "gift-book" enthusiasm over the college girl's athletics, nor should it reduce us to tears by accounts of our "religious attitude" too stickily sweet for even the sub-Freshman. Only a few weeks ago the *Outlook*, that reputable family weekly whose word is

law in the households of the many, published an article on the woman in college, in which the following anecdote was used to typify the advantages of a college education:

"One day, at college, one of the other girls dropped her eyeglasses in a narrow opening between two walls. She couldn't reach them and had very nearly decided that they must remain permanently out of reach. . . . Our friend happened to remember that their frame was made of steel. She went to the physical laboratory, borrowed a magnet, tied a string to it, and lowering it carefully into the opening, gravely drew out the eyeglasses."

The writer adds that she took pains to repeat this "delicious story" at every college she afterward visited, and invariably her listeners exclaimed, "How exactly like a college girl!" Heaven forfend that the countless millions of uncollegiate women are without acquaintance with a magnet or the wit to use it.

For a time, say two or three decades, the college woman should be decorously kept out of print. To ask her to express herself or others to express her is too sadly like asking a year-old baby for its first impressions of daylight. The college woman is still an infant prodigy, too young to speak out, except in gurgling egotistic baby-talk. Harvard was something over two centuries old before it produced Mr. Flandrau and the "Diary of a Freshman."

DRAMATICS

LES PRECIEUSES RIDICULES

On March the twelfth, Miss White, Miss Gignoux, Miss Cross, Miss Daly, Miss Miller, Miss McGeorge, Miss Rossiter, Miss Day and Miss Wood, came to Bryn Mawr, and with Miss Nichols and Miss Schenck, presented *Les Precieuses Ridicules* for the benefit of the Students' Building, and very much for the benefit of those who watched them. To see stars of former Freshmen and Sophomore plays, of Junior-Senior suppers, take the college stage again is in itself a privilege, and to see a French classic in the Gym is another which one too rarely gets at Bryn Mawr.

For amateur American acting the accent of the players was excellent, the rendering of the lines finished and vivacious, the atmosphere, together with costumes and manners, unmistakably French. Moliere, who we have been told these many years was king of witty dramatists, whose plays we have perhaps seldom had the chance of testing, as expressions of his wit, in the one form it is fair to test a play, in the form of presentation, made us laugh and admire, when his witticisms and satirisms were given us by the alumnæ cast.

Miss Cross and Miss Day showed perhaps the truest acting. Miss Cross one would hardly have known from a Frenchman, so native were her accent, her movements and mannerisms. Nor would one have known her from an aged, paternal sort of Frenchman, so entirely natural seemed her bowed head, cracked voice and feeble walk. She portrayed with evident accuracy the part of bon bourgeois, of honest old fellow out of patience with his daughters' ridiculous "préciosités." Miss Day, in the role of Marquis de Mascarille, was decidedly the best of the cast. Small wonder that Magdelon and Cathos, précieuses though they were, and valet though he was, fell prey to his deception. Miss Day acted with a delightful amount of life and seeming enjoyment in her lines. She played the part of the fine lord with just the boldness and mock gallantry that one would have expected a valet to use. "Au voleur, au voleur, au voleur," she rolled off with irreproachable trills.

Taking the play as a whole, it went with surprisingly even acting, and was presented with a nice show of intelligence and an obvious appreciation of the lines.

DOROTHY DUDLEY, '05.

1906–1904

On the evening of Saturday, March 26, 1906 gave an entertainment to 1904. It was jolly and amusing, and in consequence enthusiastically received.

The curtain rose, displaying a room in Bryn Mawr College in the year 2002. Two "old masters" hung on the wall, one labeled "M. Carey Thomas, first woman president of Bryn Mawr"; the other, "C. Carey Case, first woman President of the United States." Even the "new art criticism" could have found no flaw in their technique. They were undoubtedly originals.

But beneath these famous and serene canvases, a scene of great excitement was enacted. A meeting of undergraduates had been called to discuss the question of the admission of men to Bryn Mawr. There was fierce and able debate, and at length it was decided to admit the weaker sex, with restricted privileges. This decision was due in large part to the strenuous efforts of a certain sentimental young person named Ruffy.

The next act produced, among other things, another scene of college life—the presentation of a play, and a good presentation, too. The text of "Aucassin and Nicolete" was recited and sung by a company of fairy-garbed minstrels. The quaint story was first read by the head minstrel and then illustrated by the tableaux. These were exceedingly well done; the grouping and costumes picturesque and effective, and the scenery cleverly made. The use of old English tales in college dramatics is a very attractive step in the right direction.

After this really charming interlude came more burlesque, a continuance of the co-educational theme, absurd occurrences, jokes,

grinds, and some bright character-acting, closing with a scene in old ruined Rockefeller Hall, where the wraith of one of the college's patron saints, Maxine Wragley, was found wandering, forlorn and miserable, among cobwebs and centipedes.

No attempt was made at histrionic art or a carefully hinged plot. The entertainment was intended to afford a merry evening, and it served its purpose. EUNICE SCHENK, '07.

1904's SONG TO 1906

As Freshmen first we welcomed you,
  And firmly ever by you stood;
The wearers of our Juniors' blue,
  We helped you all we could.

But, Sophomores, two swift years have passed
  And found you loyal to your crest—
"Tenebo"—ever holding fast,
  The highest and the best.

So, 1906, we trust to you,
  When Bryn Mawr days for us are o'er,
To guard the honor of the blue—
  Here's luck from 1904!

ALICE G. WALDO,
HELEN W. ARNY.

THE DEBATE BETWEEN THE LAW CLUB OF BRYN MAWR AND NU CHAPTER OF ALPHA OMICRON PI IN NEW YORK UNIVERSITY LAW SCHOOL

We go to presentations of Shakespearian plays and become so merry, so sad, so moved, so awed over them, that we hardly believe we have before us old lecture-room enemies. In the same way, one ignorant of the facts would not have said that the intense, thrilling excitement evidenced in Taylor Hall on the twenty-sixth of March could have been called forth by a discussion of labor and capital. Yet from the moment of Miss Rockwell's first words to Dean Kirchwey's pronunciation of the famous climax, "in which I stand," our suspense was as great and nerve-straining as at any spring basket-ball game. Perhaps we were moved because the Law Club and this debate, its first expression, are things without precedent in Bryn Mawr, and the results of unprecedented proceedings one is apt to wait for in suspense. Then, too, our excitement was aggravated when we found that the results of the present case bid fair to be surprising, that our team was holding its own against its opponents. Miss Rockwell explained the harmfulness of strikes and defined compulsory arbitration in an excellent, clear, straight manner. Miss Howell followed her coherently with an able plea for the advisability of compulsory arbitration. When these two speakers had finished, one felt that the logic of the arguments was on the affirmative side. When Miss Rembaugh sat down, one hoped that the judges would remember that the logic of the arguments was on the affirmative side, but one was nevertheless mightily impressed, half carried away and persuaded against one's will by the power of her eloquence, the potency of her quick-witted testimony. While Miss Burd was rebutting, one feared that the judges would forget that we had any arguments at all. At this point we were clinging to our chairs with anxiety, when Miss Lowenthal rose, answered squarely the opposing side, summed up and restated shrewdly her own, and ended the debate to the liking and the glory of Bryn Mawr. We are not through yet patting each other on the back for this victory. But if we are a little too prone to wag over it, we should be forgiven, for it is the first time Bryn Mawr has competed in an academic way with another institution, and this first time proved

a victory. Furthermore, since we, like all things mortal, are inclined to sad mistakes, since we may at times have gone without our hats on Sunday morning, may have spoken above a level in the train, or have been guilty of innumerable other enormities injurious to the reputation of the college, we should be permitted to hail and dwell upon the moments here and there, when we can feel that we rose to the occasion.

DOROTHY DUDLEY, '05.

LECTUERS

THE PHILOSOPHICAL CLUB

On Friday, March 11, Dr. Adam Leroy Jones, of Columbia, delivered a lecture before the Philosophical Club, on "Æsthetics." Dr. Jones said that æsthetics, as a pure unapplied science, attempts to discover the laws according to which, beautiful objects are produced and the qualities for which we admire them. Its work is not to deal preëminently with special objects of art, but to furnish a basis for the criticism which should deal with such objects. Its aim is to be impersonal and objective.

To discover whether there is some principle and uniformity in beauty, is the aim of æsthetics. It is the work not of the artist, who is necessarily unfitted to deal with the principles of the art which he practises, but of the psychologist who employs scientific methods of investigation. The tools of æsthetics are observation and deduction. Its appeal is to the reason rather than to the imagination. In this work progress is often very slow, although æsthetic activities are bound up with all activities from primitive ages and with the activities of every man, woman and child.

The student of æsthetics must realize that art and the beautiful are not necessarily identical. The ugly, too, has its place in art, so that art cannot be defined in terms of the beautiful, since beauty is subordinate to it.

There are two great problems in æsthetics: first, what are the essential characteristics of all art? and, second, what is art activity?

Various definitions of art have been formulated, such as the early one, "Art is the nearest imitation of nature," and the later one, that it is the "production of beauty." These definitions, however, do not include all kinds of art. A true definition must apply as well to the Navajo blanket as to the Greek statue. Therefore, a more recent definition, which is found more satisfactory, "Art is that which expresses emotion in such a way that it arouses emotion in the beholder."

Leaving out the impulse of genius as a matter not to be considered here, one finds that there is a universal desire for art activity. It is an instinct present to a greater or less degree in all persons, but emotion is necessary for its expression. Beauty also is of great importance as a means of expression, and has, beside, an independent value.

Beauty also receives a definition in "Æsthetics." It has been defined as "pleasure, thought of in connection with its object," and as "that which gives permanent pleasure."

The qualities usually regarded as necessary to make a thing beautiful are unity and variety. The intellect is fundamentally concerned with finding unity in concrete things, but some variety is also necessary; so for true beauty a balance must be realised. This is a difficult thing to attain, for what is unity to one is not unity to another. Hence, to discover the proportions of unity and variety requisite, it is necessary to go back to the forms least modified by individual feeling. These are the simpler geometric forms and analogous figures in sound. It is from investigation in this line that we have found the so-called older section.

We shall get much help in arriving at an explanation of the mental states which these forms of beauty arouse by studying the physiological conditions accompanying them. Moreover, though certain principles of beauty are dependent on standards of taste, on the whole we may safely state that that art is the greatest which most adequately expresses some emotion.

Evelyn Macfarlane Holliday, '04.

FOUNDER'S LECTURE

The founder's lecture, a lecture given annually in accordance with Dr. Taylor's wish that all the students of Bryn Mawr should be familiar with the principles of the Society of Friends, was delivered this year on the 17th of March, in the chapel, by Mr. Edwin Grubb, of England.

Mr. Grubb's subject was, "The Influence of Quakerism upon Christian Ethics." He began by pointing out the foundations of Quakerism in the beginnings of Christianity. Jesus Christ, he said, offered no system, He made no attempt to cover the ground of Christian duties; He went deeper than a moral code into the Kingdom of God, which rests on two things: the inward life or the right relation toward God, and the outward life or the right relation toward man. The harmonious correspondence to this twofold environment can be summed up in the single word, love. This love needs no code; it means the Fatherhood of God and the brotherhood of man.

Mr. Grubb then proceeded to develop this idea of universal brotherhood on which the Quakers have always placed such especial emphasis. He quoted from Thomas Hill Green, of Oxford, showing that the development of morality and the development of the scope of brotherhood go hand in hand. Christianity extends this brotherhood to all mankind, as exemplified by the teachings and life of Jesus. That brotherhood cannot be deduced from the facts of experience, the single instance of race prejudice shows very plainly. Therefore, Jesus put it on the basis of divine revelation. The Incarnation taught men to see Christ in all men.

This was recognised by the early Church, but it was obscured during the Middle Ages by the connection of the Church with the State and the nominal conversion of great masses of barbarians. Then came the Reformation, and with the rediscovery of the worth of the individual came the rediscovery of the brotherhood of man. Soon, however, theological differences clouded this clear vision. Calvinism denied the equality of men. Then it was that Quakerism, as a direct protest against Calvinism, sprang into being. The Quakers were not communists, but they believed in the actual expression of universal brotherhood.

This universal brotherhood, consistently followed out, as Mr. Grubb showed, results in just those things for which the Quakers have been peculiar. If men are brothers, then they should not kill one another; for this reason the Quakers have always refused to fight. The world agrees that peace is an ideal condition, but the Quakers took the first step toward attaining that ideal by being themselves peaceful.

Their long and persistent fight against slavery is another proof of their practical belief in brotherhood. As early as 1758 the Philadelphia Meeting agreed that its members should free their slaves; in 1776 those who refused to do so were disowned. The Quaker sect was the first to take a stand in the matter. From this time forward the Quakers in England and America took active measures until the slaves in both countries were finally emancipated.

As the third field in which the Quaker belief has had practical influence, Mr. Grubb mentioned the elevation of the position of women. Universal brotherhood means that women and men are on the same level, and, therefore, in a Quaker meeting, men and women both preach, and the Quaker schools are usually coeducational.

In concluding, Mr. Grubb cited four present-day problems: imperialism, the race question, the purification of civic and political life, and the purification of family life, to which a fuller and wider recognition of the terms of brotherhood, a clearer vision and a fearless application should be brought by the world at large.

The lecture closed with the college hymn.

HELEN GRIFFITH, '05.

THE LECTURE OF COUNT DE GUBERNATIS

The lecture in French of the Count de Gubernatis on the beginnings of Italian poetry, was one of those peculiarly Latin addresses, or orations rather, which are as rarely heard on American platforms as their printed counterpart, the scholarly academic essay, is found in American or English reviews. Structure and a certain deliberately æsthetic character, always possible to be mistaken for a somewhat shallow rhetoric, were perhaps its most striking characteristics. It had, however, the generic virtue of being delicate enough in its thought

and phrasing to interest—at least æsthetically—a possible specialist, while for those of us to whom early Italian poetry is unfamiliar, it was complete and independent enough in itself to be instructive.

What the Count de Gubernatis said of the beginnings of vernacular poetry in Italy with the Canticles of St. Francis, his comparison of the spiritual evolution of St. Francis and St. Augustine towards idealism through very earthly love, and in general his handling of early Umbrian and Neapolitan poetry, seemed perhaps less sincere and sympathetic than what he said of the Tuscan *jongleurs*. The structure of the lecture demanded stress on the literary and æsthetic side of the songs and canticles of the Little Brothers, and one cannot be quite sure that their real significance and value is not elsewhere.

But even if ignorant one's self, one was aware that the singers of Northern Italy were very finely and justly estimated. The Count's thesis, the sensuous or sensual-idealistic genius of this early lyricism, one was sure does really explain at once its exuberance, sincerity and charm. The relation of the Florentine Carnival and Passion Week *jongleur* of the time of Savonarola to Catullus and Ovid on the one hand, and to Boccaccio, La Fontaine and Musset on the other, was as convincing as it was interesting. The handling of their common essential Paganism was, indeed, particularly unsentimental; the healthy body of Pagan perfection being taken somewhat more literally and prominently than usual. The suggestion here of a possible likeness to the Slavonic genius it would have been interesting to have had emphasised and illustrated.

As one of the flowers of this, the Tuscan love poetry, the Count de Gubernatis quoted, in conclusion—very beautifully, as one apprehended, even if one did not understand it—a *Ballata* to His Lady, Mandetta, of Dante's friend, Guido Cavaleanti, of which I am adding the last stanza as Rossetti has translated it:

"Go, Ballad, to the city, even Thoulouse,
And softly entering the Daurade, look round,
And softly call, that so there may be found
Some lady who for complaisance may choose
To show thee her who can my life confuse.
And if she yield thee way,
Lift thou thy voice and say:
For grace I come to thee."

MAUD ELIZABETH TEMPLE, '04.

COLLEGE NOTES

On the morning of March 17, President Thomas announced the award of the following fellowships:

The European Fellowship—Clara Louise Whipple Wade, '04.

The Mary E. Garrett Graduate Fellowship—Hope Traver.

The President M. Carey Thomas Graduate Fellowship—Gertrude Schmidt.

The "First Ten" of the Class of 1904 is as follows: Clara Wade, Edna Shearer, Bertha Norris, Adola Greeley, Mary James, Katherine Scott, Kathrina Van Wagenen, Alice Waldo, Lucy Lombardi, Mildred Focht. The average standing of these ten students is above eighty-five.

On the evening of March 17, the Annual Founder's Lecture was delivered by Mr. Grubb, of England. His subject was "The Place of Quakerism in the Development of Christian Ethics."

On February 22, Mr. Talcott Williams, of the Philadelphia *Press*, spoke under the auspices of the Law Club. He spoke upon "Questions of International Law, especially in relation to the Russo-Japanese War."

On February 26, the first intercollegiate debate ever held in Bryn Mawr took place in the chapel. The contestants were the Law Club of Bryn Mawr College and Nu Chapter of Alpha Omicron Pi of the New York University Law School. Subject, "Resolved, That compulsory arbitration should be resorted to in disputes between Labor and Capital." The debaters for the affirmative were Helen Armstrong Howell, '04; Esther Lowenthal, '05; Martha Skerry Rockwell, '04. On the negative, the side taken by the New York University Law School, the debaters were Helen Katherine Hoy, '03, A. B. (Vassar), LL. B. (N. Y. U.); Bertha Rembaugh, '04, A. B., A. M. (Bryn Mawr); Adelma Helene Burd, '03, LL. B. (N. Y. U.). Professor Lyman B. Hall, of Haverford College, Dean George W. Kirchwey, of the Columbia Law School, and Dean William Draper Lewis, of the University of Pennsylvania, acted as judges. The decision was in favor of Bryn Mawr.

On March 28, Count Angelo de Gubernatis lectured in French on "Les Poets Franciscanes et le Poéte Du Dolce Stell Nuovo."

The Easter vacation began Wednesday, March 30, and ended Thursday, April 7. The students at Summit Grove were permitted to leave Monday, March 28, owing to the fact that Summit Grove was to be torn down and Rockefeller was not then finished.

Rockefeller was, however, ready for occupation after vacation, although some work is still being done upon it.

The contractors for the masonry work on the new library have promised its completion by Christmas, 1904. The contractors for the interior work will then take charge of the building.

Professor Haas has given up his position as instructor in German for the next year.

Miss Ruth Wood has resigned her position as head fire-captain of the College Fire Brigade. The position has been filled by Miss Alice Meigs, former assistant head fire-captain, and Miss Adelaide Neall has been appointed to fill Miss Meigs' position as assistant.

On April 13, the Rev. John P. Peters, of St. Michael's, New York City, addressed the fortnightly meeting.

On April 14, Professor G. A. Barton, of Bryn Mawr, spoke in the chapel on "Jerusalem and the Temple Hill."

On April 15, the annual Glee Club concert was given.

The Christian Union makes the following announcement of its officers and committees for the second semester of the year 1903–04:

Regular meetings, alternate Wednesday evenings; chapel, 7.35.

Officers—*President*, H. Griffith, '05; *Vice-President*, M. Nichols, '05; *Secretary*, G. Hutchins, '07; *Treasurer*, E. White, '06.

Religious Meetings Committee—K. Anderson, '06, *Chairman*; C. Morrow, '05; I. Lynde, '05; L. Ford, '06; J. Benjamin, '07.

Philanthropic Committee—E. Little, '05, *Chairman;* C. Woodruff, '04; G. King, '05; C. Denison, '05; E. Harrington, '06.

Membership Committee—H. Sturgis, '05, *Chairman;* F. Le Fevre, '05; A. Mac Clanahan, '06; F. Simpson, '06; E. Williams, '07.

Bible Study Committee—A. Jaynes, '05, *Chairman;* C. Case, '04; A. Workman, '05; A. Strong, '06; D. Wight, '07.

Mission Study Committee—M. Parks, '05, *Chairman;* M. Bates, '05; H. Brown, '06; A. Ropes, '06; E. Winchester, '07; E. Cooper, '05, *Librarian.*

Intercollegiate Committee—M. Nichols, '05, *Chairman;* H. Jackson, '05; E. Bullock, '06; M. Morrison, '07; M. Wing, '07.

THE LAW CLUB

The idea of organizing a Law Club came directly from Dr. Ashley. One day he devoted the lecture hour to an informal talk on the subject, urging that such a club be formed to supply a long-felt need in

the college, that of practice in public speaking. In other words, the Law Club was to be largely a debating club. Dr. Ashley said that when he and President Thomas had first planned the law courses in the college, they had hoped that such a result might be obtained. With this the matter was left in the hands of the students. Two or three meetings were held, the matter thoroughly discussed, and then the club was formed, all past and present students of law at Bryn Mawr being eligible for membership. It was decided to have a debate once a month and outside speakers twice a semester. At Dr. Ashley's suggestion a challenge to debate was sent from New York. This was intended not only to prove the ability of the club in debating, but to give it an opportunity to vindicate its right to exist. And we feel that its success thus far has justified it in taking its rank among the Bryn Mawr clubs. RUTH B. I. WOOD, Pres.

ALUMNÆ NOTES

'92. Elizabeth Winsor Pearson held a meeting at her home in Boston, to discuss the organization of a Boston Bryn Mawr Club.

'96. Clarissa Smith Day has a son, born this April.

'99. Dolly Sipe has announced her engagement to Mr. G. C. Bradley, of Washington.

'00. Lotta Emery has announced her engagement to Mr. Charles Dudley.

'01. Helen McKee is to be married in June to Mr. Arthur Quinn, an instructor at the University of Pennsylvania.

'02. Elizabeth Lyon has announced her engagement to Mr. Robert Belknap.

Jane Cragin has announced her engagement to Lieut. Darcey Kay, of the British Army.

Julia Tevis has announced her engagement to Mr. Elmer P. Lane, of London, England.

Eugenia Fowler, '01, Frances Seth, '02, and Marian Haines, '02, visited Bryn Mawr in April.

'03. Helen Sydney Ditmars was among the successful competitors in the recent competition in the Browning Club of Philadelphia. Her sonnet, "Sanctuary," and her lyric, "Expectancy," were read, and her sonnet was given in full in the newspapers of the day. She was the youngest of the successful competitors.

ALUMNÆ ASSOCIATION OF BRYN MAWR COLLEGE

President, Elizabeth B. Kirkbride, '96.
Vice-President, Martha G. Thomas, '89.
Recording Secretary, Elizabeth Nields, '98.
Corresponding Secretary, Eleanor O. Brownell, '97.
Treasurer, Jane B. Haines, '91.

ACADEMIC COMMITTEE.

Susan Fowler, '95, 1903–1907, *Chairman*.
Marion Reilly, '01, 1905.
Edith Sampson Westcott, '90, 1905.
Mary B. Breed, '94, 1902–1906.
Pauline D. Goldmark, '96, 1903–1907.
Susan B. Franklin, '89, 1904–1908.
Marion E. Park, '98, 1904–1908.

In answer to a communication sent after the Alumnæ Association meeting in February, the Board of Trustees has informed the Academic Committee that it still considers the increase in tuition fees the only practicable plan to meet the imperative need of increased income for the college. The change will therefore take effect, beginning with next year's entering class.

The Alumnæ Association proposes to begin at once its work of raising an additional Endowment Fund.

NOTICE

ENGLISH CLUB ELECTIONS.

There will be six vacancies in the English Club, all or a part to be filled at the May elections from the present Junior and Sophomore classes. Students wishing to belong to the Club are asked to make written application, with a list of the grades they have received in writing courses, to Miss Temple, the President of the Club, before May 20th.

Students are eligible who have received in English writing courses the grade of High Credit in the work of one semester, or Credit in the work of two semesters, and who expect to take next year either an advanced writing course or Major English Critics. Applications will be passed upon by the Essay Department before the elections by the Club.

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Can be had of the Coatesville Laundry. We make a specialty of College Girls' work and can guarantee you satisfaction. Shirt waists, lingerie, lace curtains and all other fine work is handled with care and by competent hands. We treat your wearing apparel with respect, and try to please.

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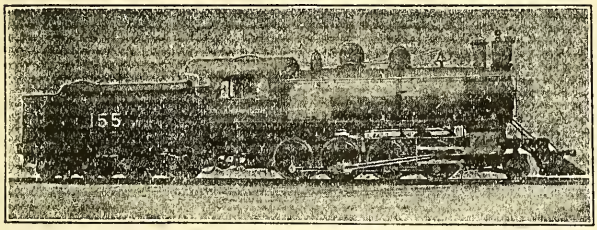

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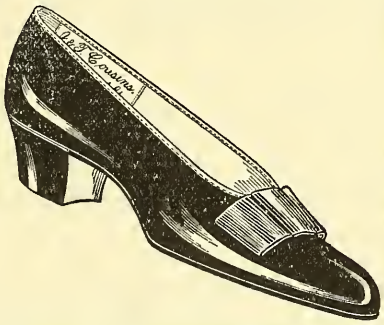

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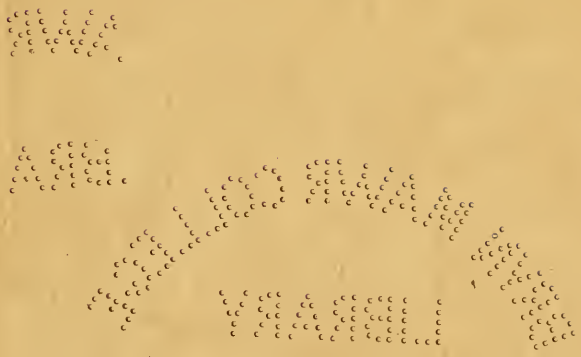

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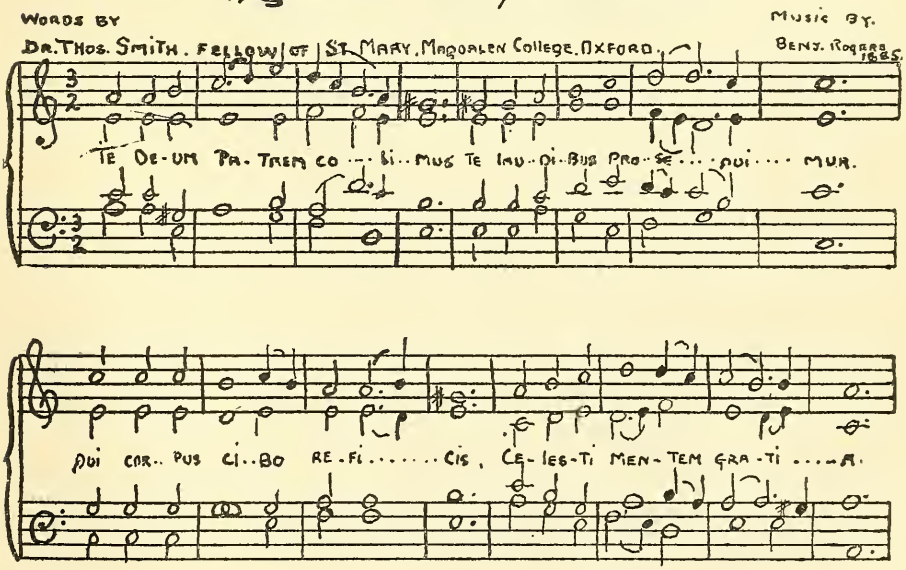

MAY DAY.

Nothing has, perhaps, appealed more to our so-called practical American humor than the schedule for the second of May this year. It was the ground of many a facetious effort, and of many a sorry complaint. Several of us were even heard to wail: "Call me anything, but don't call me early, mother, dear." Yet when the ceremony was over, when the May dawn had been welcomed with song, when breakfast had been eaten by classes, when 1904 had crowned their Queen of the May, when we had danced somewhat and romped a great deal around our May poles on the grass, and the freshmen had added charm by their Elizabethan costumes,—then we were all of us thinking of the fun we had had, not one of us,I venture, of the inconsistency we had countenanced; we were all half planning for the next May day; we only regretted that the sun had not been there to break the greyness of the morning.

This spontaneous delight in May Day customs is justification enough for their existence. But it is a matter of special congratulation that they have been established in Bryn Mawr. For they are in keeping with the spirit which seems to have guided the college to whatever it possesses of fair and distinctive prestige.

I recently heard a loyal, yet not indiscriminating, alumnus of a small Eastern college say of his alma mater that even its most zealous graduate would preferably send his son to a more cosmopolitan institution. Although the college has naturally, he said, the sincere purpose of any place of learning,—that of encouraging hard work, of developing the intellect, and widening the interests of the student—it lacks the more

elaborate equipment of a large university,—a faculty of greater size and of more remarkable talent, wonderful laboratories, and magnificent libraries, all of which bring with them prestige. To make up for this lack, a small college should create a distinctive atmosphere, valuable in itself; and this, too, it had not done. He felt that the college would only rise to fame and power by cultivating its one rare possession, its natural beauty. Then the place, which could not stand preeminent through mere intellectual or quantitative strength, might become aesthetically irresistible.

Now Bryn Mawr—one says it, I think, without unbearable self-complacence—must have adopted, almost at the start, a purpose of its own. For the effects of some such unity are apparent in its atmosphere to-day. It is an atmosphere which stresses the love of appearances; the care to make exteriors enjoyable both in wholes and in details; the delight in the style as well as the substance of things. Thus we have the architecture of Radnor, Denbigh, Pembroke and Rockefeller; the high-backed chairs of Pembroke dining hall; the well-served meals, the spruceness, indeed, of the whole place; the trees, the shrubbery and the cherry blossoms of the campus, which on spring evenings complement the charm of the singing, of the moon, and of the fading skies.

This pre-occupation with appearances, moreover, is no affectation; it arises from no artificiality. If I read it rightly, it is instigated by the hope that a certain beauty may prevail in college surroundings as a background and an inspiration for clean, healthy, and vigorous activity. Artificiality plays no part in such a hope. It is the romantic one of fresh discovery, fresh achievement in old fields and in new. It is a hope that finds sympathy in that age of Elizabethan poets and explorers, when May poles and May dances began their career. We have heard often, from our primers of English literature on, of the sensibility to beauty, the care for visual charm, for sensuous charm indeed, and with it all the fresh, spontaneous energy that marked those days. We remember how in the necessity of examination padding, we have safely written effusions over the identity of this Elizabethan era with the spring time, when flowers blossom and birds sing and dew-drops sprinkle the grass of an early morning. But the figure, hackneyed as it is, has the virtue of some faithful interpretation. The memory and consecration of that time to-day may perhaps serve to water the soil of modern civilization for the growth of these things—charm, beauty and grace in the appearance; freshness, health and vigor in the reality behind.

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bright-famed age. Spring in its beauty and in its freshness suggests the purpose of Bryn Mawr. In the spring time we have her distinctive atmosphere at its fulness. Violets, then daisies, white and pink dogwood, soft breezes and blue skies are somehow good company for the woodwork in Rockefeller for the owls on the stairway, for the fascinating expanse of masonry that one sees from between the four turrets. Spring is an inevitable festival at Bryn Mawr. May Day is a deliberate festival of spring. It is well now and then to make deliberate expression of an inevitable spirit, just to keep that spirit in mind. May Day, if it is observed, will become peculiar to the atmosphere of the college in the same sense as its architecture and its gardening. It's success depends chiefly on us, as indeed in the long run the success of Bryn Mawr. For, as much as nature helps, as much as purpose works, the atmosphere of a college depends, too, on its students. They must know and love its purpose, catch its spirit, and make them both effective.

DOROTHY DUDLEY, '05.

TRANSLATION FROM THE SPANISH.

Blue are thine eyes, and when they laugh,
  As fair they seem to me
As morn's first beam, when its trembling gleam
  Reflects in the dawn-lit sea.

Blue are thine eyes, and when they weep,
  As bright, those tears of grief
As the drops of dew the shadows strew
  Over a violet's leaf.

Blue are thine eyes, and when they dream,
  The thought that in them lies,
Is the light of a star that gleams afar
  Half-lost in evening skies.

THEODORA F. BATES, '05.

RICHARD CROMWELL.

I.

"Where is your brother, Dick?"

Mrs. Avery gave Richard Cromwell his tea, smiled absent-mindedly, and, without waiting for an answer, turned away to greet another guest. Dick's eyes met mine; we both laughed, and he crossed over to the chair at my side which Mrs. Avery had just left.

"Henry really went, then?" I asked.

"I've just come from taking him over to the station. Poor Henry, he couldn't stand it any longer; he tried nobly, dear old fellow, just to please mother, but the dance last night was the last straw. In a moment of inspiration, it occurred to him this morning that the Bridwell case couldn't possibly go to court without him—he took the four-eighteen to the city."

"He came over to say good-bye," I said. "Poor Henry." Everyone always said "poor Henry" when they spoke of the two Cromwells; and yet, from a certain point of view, they might better have said, "Poor Dick." Certainly Henry Cromwell was looked on by older and influential men in the city as one of the most promising of the younger lawyers of the day; while Richard was to his most adoring friends only Dick, charming and lovable, but hardly a man with a future ahead of him. Why, then, did we all say "Poor Henry?"

I asked myself this as I watched Dick's face while he was talking to me. There was always such a pleasant, kindly look in his eyes; and he had the jolliest laugh I ever heard. I was thinking what good stuff there was in this man, and wondering, as all his friends did often, why he hadn't made more of his twenty-eight years of life.

"Eleanor," he suddenly interrupted himself by saying, "you haven't heard anything I've said for the last two minutes."

Before I could answer this accusation, Mrs. Avery came rustling over to us again, her eyes bright with excitement.

"Why, Dick," she called out, before she had fairly reached us, "Dick, why didn't you tell me about it yourself? I've just heard it from your mother."

We were all three standing near the centre of the room, and several people about us turned at Mrs. Avery's words. Dick looked distinctly uncomfortable, and gave an embarrassed laugh, as he said:

"You mean my nomination to the legislature, Mrs. Avery? Why, no one knows but mother—at least no one did."

"Oh, I've told ever so many—every one over there by the window knows. It will be all over town by to-night. We're so proud of you, Dick. I'm coming to hear you make your first speech. When will you go into office?"

Dick looked desperate, but he tried to explain:

"You see, this is just the nomination. There's a very strong—"

"Nonsense. Why, I wouldn't miss that speech for anything."

And Mrs. Avery left us to spread the news further.

Dick's face was a study. Irritation and a keen sense of the ridiculous were struggling for the mastery. I held out my hand:

"Dick, my congratulations. I'm so glad."

"I wish they had given me a chance to tell you myself. I wanted to."

"I don't know what to ask first. I haven't heard even a rumour."

"I had no idea that my name was even thought of. They sent me a message this afternoon I found it waiting when I stopped to drive mother over, on the way back from the station. It's almost funny, isn't it?"

Just then old General Putnam came up and laid his hand on Dick's shoulder.

"I'm very glad, my boy," he said. And then turning to me: "I remember, Miss Eleanor when his father and I were running against each other for this very same office. He won; and then, the next year, I was sent up, too. We had some great fights, this boy's father and I."

The General shook his head, and stood aside to let some more people speak to Dick.

Everyone made a great fuss over him, and said how nice it was, and how proud they would all be to know him when he made his first speech. Dick laughed, and told them to wait until after the elections; but they said that he had nothing to do with the elections, that that was their part.

I only saw Dick alone again for a minute, just as I was going.

"It's been very unsatisfactory," he said . "I wanted to tell you all about this Eleanor."

It's a splendid chance. It can lead to so much."

"Yes, it's the chance of a life-time. And—" he paused, choosing his words—Dick, who usually blurted out a thought as soon as it came into his head—"I don't want you to think that I'm accepting the responsibilities of the situation lightly. I want you to know that I'm really in earnest for once in my life."

"I know that," I said.

And we shook hands as two old friends do when their feelings are greatly stirred.

II.

Several weeks went by before I saw Richard Cromwell again. I heard of him often, for everyone was greatly excited about the elections. Dick's acceptance of the nomination was a mystery to every one. Had his popularity been any less than his reputation for easy-going indifference, no doubt many a malicious explanation would have been given for his sudden accession of energy; but as it was, everyone was pleased and took a personal interest in the elections, telling each other that Dick was his father's own son and a dear lad. If Dick's friends could send him to the legislature, he would go.

I was thinking of these things one morning, as, my flower basket on my arm, I wandered about in the gardens at "Riverside," snipping off, here and there, a late rose that especially pleased my fancy. Except when either of us were away, since I could remember, so long a time had never passed without my seeing Dick. (I stood on tiptoe to reach a glorious crimrose bud.) Was he really in earnest about something at last? (I must have that bud.) All this life, everything he had wanted had come to him with no effort on his part. If things had been different, I wondered, if he had been less gifted, less lovable—if he had had to work at school and college as hard for his honors as his brother had—would he have made more of his life? (There, that would be just right for the tall vase in the library.) Well, and if I were a man, would I rather be Dick or Henry? Would—

"Good morning," called out someone whom I had not heard before, so engrossed was I in my thoughts and my roses. I hung my basket on one of the bushes, and turned to greet Dick.

"Good morning, Richard," I said.

"A beautiful morning, Eleanor," he answered, mimicking my tone.

"I'm cutting the roses."

"Yes, I guessed as much."

And then we both laughed. No one could be formal with Dick very long; at least I couldn't.

"Of course, a man in public life cannot call his time his own; but is that any reason why you should quite forget your friends?"

"I haven't seen you since that afternoon at the Ayers'."

"No," I said.

"I have a great deal to tell you about."

"Come and tell me over in the arbor, while I arrange these," I said, as I took down my basket again.

The arbor was at the lower end of the garden, and, as we sat on the single broad step which led up into it, we could catch glimpses of the river between the trees. It was a glorious morning.

Dick took one of my roses and held it in both hands, staring at it absent-mindedly.

"I spent nearly a week in town a few days ago," he said at last.

"Tell me about it, Dick," I said.

"Yes; I came over especially for that. You see, Eleanor"—he put down the rose, and leaned his arms on his knees, looking straight ahead of him—"You see, Eleanor, I wanted to ask Henry's advice about this candidacy of mine." (Dick ask advice of anyone! But I said nothing.) "Henry's such a fine old chap. I don't think any of us quite appreciate what a splendid fellow he is. He's so odd—most people never get beyond that. He hates prominence of any kind so; it's with just one or two people that he's really himself. I can remember perfectly my father insisting on Henry's going to some function or other in town when he was only a boy in school, and how he dreaded it for weeks. Not even father could have made him go, either, if he hadn't wanted to please mother. Mother can't understand to this day that it's actual misery for Henry to go places. Not that he's awkward or unwelcome;" Dick added loyally, "he's wanted everywhere; but he's such a serious old chap—what is drudgery to other men is pleasure to him." Dick paused, as if he didn't quite know how to express what he had to say next. I wondered where all this long introduction was leading to. "He's making a name for himself, too, Eleanor. There are rumors about town that

"Dick," I interrupted, "what did Henry say about your nomination?"

"Well, he was surprised, of course. Everyone is surprised. But he restrained any natural desire he may have had to burst into unseemly merriment, and—"

"Don't pretend to be frivolous, Dick. I know as well as you that Henry's name has been mentioned in the capital. He may be offered some responsible post at any time. Henry will be a great man some day." this election means a great deal to you." My words had the desired effect.

"Yes, it does. At first, it didn't; but it does now. Henry said that there was a great field open to the man who was sent this year to the legislature. There are some burning questions to be settled one way or the other—with wide-spread consequences. I'd like to be in the fight, and match the strength of my convictions against some other man's."

I had never heard Dick speak like this before. He seemed older, somehow, than when I had last seen him. What could have changed him so?

I suppose he saw something of my surprise. "It is queer for me to be talking like this. But I've made lots of discoveries lately. I suppose I haven't made all of my life that I might—but, then," he went on with a sudden change of manner, "I mustn't take advantage of you, Eleanor. You're always so good about listening to me that I'm afraid I do sometimes."

I couldn't make anything at all of Dick this morning. Just what did he mean? Why had he said all that about Henry? What had happened to make him suddenly so serious about this election?

I could find no answer to my questions.

III.

The evening of the day of the elections had come. Since early that morning, we had all been in a great state of excitement. The returns from the electoral districts near our own part of the State had come in first: there was an overwhelming majority in Dick's favor. By luncheon time two or three towns in another county had been heard from; there, the results were less pleasing; Dick had won by only a few votes.

"Oh, well," Mrs. Avery had said, "what de we care about their old votes, anyway? I never heard of them before, and, beside, Dick's friends aren't going to let him lose this election."

Mrs. Avery was giving a dinner party that night "in honor of Dick's victory," she said. Henry was to be out from the city for it, and he and

Dick were coming over to "Riverside" to go with my mother and me. I had dressed early, and was sitting in the library with a book, waiting for my mother to come down. I remember perfectly that it was a black-bound copy of Hooker's "Ecclesiastical Polity," which I had picked up from the library table; I didn't open it then, and I have never read it since. I sat staring at the title in great gilt letters on the back, and wondered how the western part of the State would go.

My reflections were interrupted by the sound of foot-steps on the porch outside. It was probably Dick, and he would undoubtedly know by this time about the elections. I stood up quickly, dropping my Hooker on the floor with a thud; just then the door opened, and—not Dick, but his brother, came in. I hadn't expected Henry, and I felt vaguely that I was disappointed. I am really very fond of Henry—but I am afraid I was not quite so cordial as I might have been. I don't think he noticed it, however; he was evidently worried about something. We shook hands, and then I asked him when he had arrived. He drew another chair up to the table, saying that he had come only an hour before. After that, for fully a minute, neither of us spoke. I suppose I was very peevish, but I didn't care, just then, to talk to Henry about the subject which I knew was uppermost in the thoughts of us both—the elections. I wanted Dick to tell me himself of his success; for, although during the afternoon the returns had been getting closer and closer, it never occurred to me for a minute that Dick could have anything but success. It took me several seconds, therefore, to realize the full meaning of Henry's words, when he finally broke the silence by saying:

"Eleanor, Dick has lost."

When at last I realized what it meant, I was too disappointed to speak. I hadn't known how much Dick's success really was to me. I just looked at Henry stupidly.

"I came over ahead to tell you," he went on. "The General met me at the station; he had been at the polls all day, and he said that none of them gave up hope until about six o'clock this afternoon. Then the big mill towns in the western part of the State began to send in returns. They were all for the other man. It was such a chance—poor Dick."

"Poor Dick"—I was unreasonably irritated at that "poor Dick;" it had always been "Poor Henry" before. Perhaps, for that reason, I said more than I meant to.

"I haven't been so disappointed for years."

Henry looked at me rather intently.

"We all had hoped for so much to come from this," he answered.

Well, there wasn't anything more to be said. I leaned over and picked up my "Ecclesiastical Polity" from its ignominious place on the floor before Henry could reach it, and put it on the table. Perhaps I hadn't been as nice as I might to Henry.

"Dick says that you're a great man in town"—I pledge my honor that I didn't mean the words to sound spiteful—"he says that you will be offered some important government office."

"They have appointed me ambassador to a little place in South America that I never heard of before. They told me about it to-day, just before I left to take my train."

"It probably is a great honor; only you won't say so. Will you accept it?"

Henry didn't deny my assertion. He answered my last words:

"That depends more or less. I can't tell quite—yet."

Just then we heard voices in the hall. I recognized Dick's; Henry and I looked at each other.

"Dick," he said to me, as the door opened and his brother came in.

The two men had evidently not seen each other before; Henry had stopped at home only long enough to dress for dinner before coming over to "Riverside." They shook hands and said how glad they were to see each other again. The elections were not mentioned, but Henry rested his hand on his brother's shoulder for a moment as Dick turned to me.

It would have been perfectly natural, I think, if Dick had let his disappointment get a little the better of him; but he didn't, for a moment. He was perfectly master of his feelings as he said:

"This is the first time I've seen Henry for nearly a month."

I would have given worlds just to tell him how I admired the way he was taking this, and what a man I thought him.

"Eleanor," said Henry suddenly, "I heard your mother go into the drawing-room. I haven't seen her yet," and he left us alone.

"Oh, Dick," I said, and, I couldn't help it, I put my head down on the table, and cried, actually cried, like a child six years old.

Dick came over and stood by my chair:

"Why, Eleanor," he said, "Eleanor, dear."

But I was ashamed now, and a little bit frightened—imagine being afraid of Dick—at what I had done, and I wouldn't look up.

"Does it really mean so much to you? I am so afraid of taking advantage of your sympathy. Of course, I've been in love with you all my

life, only I just didn't know it until some one else opened my eyes to it. But you, Eleanor?"—he hesitated.

"I think I've known it for some time," I answered.

* * * * * * * * *

We were very late for Mrs. Avery's dinner that night. They were on the point of going in without us. When Dick entered the room every one looked embarrassed. As usual, Mrs. Avery broke the ice.

"Dick," she said, "we're too cross for words about that stupid election."

Dick laughed right out.

"Oh, the election, Mrs. Avery. I'd forgotten all about it." And he actually laughed again.

After that we had to tell people. And then everyone else forgot all about the election, too. It was very late indeed before we sat down to the table that night. Mrs. Avery said that she wouldn't hold herself responsible if everything were burned to a crisp; that she was so upset, she couldn't tell the difference anyway—the idea of Dick and Eleanor; why they had grown up together. And Henry—she called out across the table in the midst of a dreadful pause:

"Henry, what startling announcement are you going to make?"

"I, Mrs. Avery? Oh, nothing very startling. I am going to accept the embassy to Sylvania. I sail next week."

MARGARET MORRISON, '07.

PAGES FROM A LIFE.

I am going to write my autobiography because all great men do. I was born in Custer—that is eight miles down the old Wasaw road—but I have lived here all my life. I am beginning it early, because I do not mean to slight even the minutest events which may be of interest to my future readers and admirers or which may help them to unravel the varied course of a manly career. The best stories in the "Fireside Companion" tell all, from the first moment that Fate, in the guise of a sorceress, crosses the fellow's path. (By the way, I never got the chance to finish that bully one called "Love or Hate." I didn't hear mother coming and she caught me behind the barn fence reading it. She took it away and the wood pile got the rest of my time that day.) Well, later on in life I am going to be an Alpine climber and I may lose my life there. I should be sorry if there were no record of my early years to give to the world. Father was an Alpine climber once. I guess I get my daring

from him. He says it gives him the shivers every time he remembers how high up he was. He got sort of a stomach ache the day he was up there. Mother says she saved father from death on the Alps. Women are always meddling.

Well, I will begin at the beginning. I was ten years old my last birthday and that was three weeks ago. Billy Saunders and Harry Hawkins, Myra Appleton, Earle Bruce, Tom Conway, Mamie Stillwell and some others were all over. Myra Appleton is the prettiest one, even though she has got straight hair and a turned-up nose. I must be honest and say that I didn't think so before because I used to call her "freckle-face," but something happened that made me change my mind. Billy Saunders played sweet on her all the afternoon and cheated in games to get to be her partner. When cakes were passed he got up and said he wanted the biggest and the best. He got it all right, because he picked it out himself. Then he ate the whole thing. Myra got a small piece and he never offered her any. But she found the ring in hers and he was as mad as hops when she wouldn't give it to him. Served him right. He broke all of our croquet mallets, too, and that isn't all I *could* tell about Billy, either, if I wanted to. Anyway the deeds of a villain always lie black upon his heart.

I had on my black velvet that day and Myra glanced at me quite often. It is becoming. Then at last when she started to go home she beckoned to me and said, "I like patent leather shoes; you can have the ring if you want it."

My heart went up and down just like the cylinder in Engine No. 8. In that moment I knew that I was in love. I took the ring and gave Myra a macaroon I had put in my pocket for the next day. It was the biggest token I could think of, because macaroons are my favorites. I was glad that love had come thus early into my career, for it gives every great man courage to do or die and softens his rugged nature. No hero is without it. The first great event of my life is upon me.

* * * * * * * * *

I must go on with my autobiography. Love has occupied my thoughts of late. The day after my birthday Myra looked around at me a lot in school, but pretended that she was looking at the clock. At recess the ring she gave me hurt my finger so that I could not play ball. I stepped indoors and sat in Myra's seat, painting fair pictures in my mind of her modest, girlish face (just like Archibald St. Clair in "The Main Chance.") I had given her my macaroon the day before and to-day my

heart prompted me to greater sacrifice. It should be my catabow. I placed it on her slate and wrote from "Jimmie H." By this she could not fail to appreciate the ardor of my affection. But Myra never looked back at me once that afternoon, and when school let out she went right home with Mamie Stillwell and some other girls. She didn't seem to be as glad as she was over the macaroon. It was a blow under which another stronger than myself would have staggered. I went home and worked on the wood pile instead of going swimming with the boys. My heart yearned for solitude. At first I thought I should go away and never come back again. I should start immediately on my Alpine travels and perhaps I would die. Then her heart would break for the lover she had spurned. But there were some objections to my leaving at once, so I decided to write her all.

"Friend Myra," I wrote, "your conduct has been cruel. (I got that out of 'Love and Hate.') It is with a heavy heart that I now confess I love. I have given you my macaroon; I have given you my catabow. What more could mortal lover do? If you love me as I love you, hold the catabow in your hand to-morrow during spelling.

"Yours truly, JIMMIE H."

I left it on her desk the next morning, and then vowed not to look at her until spelling.

When she got up to spell she had it in her hand! It was almost too much for one who had thought his life was wrecked the night before. I reckoned on how I could get grandfather to give me a nickel, and then I wrote in big letters on my slate, "Meet me at Brown's Palace of Sweets to-morrow and get ice cream." I threw a bean at her and when she looked around, held up my slate. She blushed like fury, but nodded. The rest of the day was sort of confused after that.

* * * * * * * * *

I think this is the last that I shall write in my autobiography. Relentless Fate has designed that my nature shall remain unsoftened. When school let out the next day I hurried to get to Brown's first to order my favorite kind of ice cream—chocolate—and two spoons. When Myra came I felt all hands and feet, but told her it was her turn first. She took two spoonfuls in succession, so I hurried to get my share. We didn't say much. It wasn't quite as grand as I expected. All of a sudden I saw Mamie Stillwell at the window with two other girls and they were all giggling just like the geese they are. Just then Billy Saunders and Bruce Earle and Tom Conway came around the corner and made for the door and began to yell,

"Soft on a girl; Soft on a girrul Soft on a girrrull!!"

Mamie Stillwell and the other girls giggled harder than ever. Mamie is Myra's best friend, so I knew Myra must have told. Gee, but I was mad! I never looked at her once but got right up and went out of that ice cream parlor.

Then Billy Saunders came up to me and said:

"Say, Jim, how far can you shoot with your catabow?"

"Far as you," I said back.

"Do it then!"

"Ain't got time."

"Ain't got yer catabow either," and Billy laughed and all the boys laughed.

"I have, too," I yelled.

"You have not."

"Have!"

"Show it then!"

"You stop your sass," I growled.

And all the boys roared again and began throwing stones at a dog. I made up my mind in that minute that I'd go back to the school-house and break in a window to get that catabow if the door wasn't open. I went in a hurry, too. I guessed I'd show those boys I was as good a sport as any of them. I told them they could finish my ice cream, and then I went lickety-split for that catabow. When the boys got to the swimming pool, I pretended I had been there all the time. That day I gave up love. Never more shall my heart beat to its wild tune again. (From St. Clair when the girl passed him by.) Myra is a tattle-tale anyway.

MARGUERITE GRIBI. '05

A TEMPORARY EXILE.

I.

"Martha, come out here a minute, I want to tell you something."

"In a second, Jimmy," called a high voice from the kitchen, and Martha Wolf, a wiry little woman with a sallow face puckered into innumerable wrinkles about her flat lips and small black eyes, appeared in the doorway.

"What do you want?" she asked pleasantly.

Jim, sitting on the top step of the porch, was gazing at his boots and shuffling them in evident embarrassment. He took firm hold of the porch railing and managed to stammer gruffly:

"What would you think if I was to get married?" His large-boned face was deep-red, making the blue of his eyes oddly opaque.

"Why, Jimmy!" was all Martha could gasp. Then, after a moment, "You were always so bashful," she explained.

Jim rose and leaned awkwardly upon the railing.

"Well, anyhow, I'm going to," he announced, looking away from her.

"Who is it, Jimmie?" she asked, with lively interest.

He hesitated a moment before answering in a slightly defiant voice, "Adelina Fox."

"That Fox girl!" exclaimed Martha horrified. "I never thought a brother of mine would get caught by that—"

"Now, look here, Martha, you just keep quiet," broke in her brother roughly, almost threateningly. "She's not what folks make her out to be, and anyway, it's my business and I won't have any interfering!"

Martha stared at him helplessly.

"I need a wife just like any other man," he defended himself.

Martha took fire at this. "It's not your getting a wife that I mind," she said, "but I guess I've done well enough by you, bringing you up from a baby and working here for you, that you weren't so bad off as—"

"A wife's different," interrupted her brother, still in his rough, defiant voice. "Though," he added, more kindly, "it's not what you've done by me that I'm complaining of."

"No; you'd better not complain of it," said Martha with bitterness. "You'll not get the same house-keeping from that—her."

"You don't know anything about it," retorted Jim, sullenly.

"Have you told Tom?" she asked presently.

Jim shrugged his shoulders, "Yes, I told him."

"And what did he think of it?"

"I don't care what he thought. He did some talking till I shut him off."

"Annie is a good wife to him," observed Martha with seeming irrelevance.

Jim frowned at her.

"Tom says you're to come over and live with him part of the time now."

An awkward silence fell between them. Then Jim took his hat from a nail by the door and started down the steps.

"I'll be late getting back," he said with elaborate carelessness, "and —we're going to be married day after to-morow."

"It will be queer leaving home and changing back and forth from you to Tom, Jimmy," his sister observed with a little suppressed quiver in her voice.

Jim strode heavily away to the road. Martha, dropping down on the steps, watched him out of sight.

"To think," she almost wailed, "of me having to give up my own home and Jimmy, who is like my own child, for that good-for-nothing, tow-headed girl! It's just his innocence that's took him in."

II.

After Jim's marriage, the two brothers had arranged that Martha should live with each in turn for six months. The six months with Jim had not been pleasant. At first Martha had tried to refrain from even a suggestion of interference, but soon the state into which the domestic affairs had fallen and Adelina's utter incapacity to manage them, had irritated her beyond control. She had soon found herself trying not only to restore things to their old order, but even to train her sister-in-law into the careful, economical habits necessary to their life.

Adelina had regarded such attempts with the greatest hostility, deliberately off-setting Martha's neatness with carelessness, her economies with every possible extravagance. There had been scenes during which

Jim had often had to interfere, when his wife's hysterical tears had usually brought him over to her side, even if he had himself been objecting to her foolishness.

The six months at Tom's had been peaceful enough, but Annie had firmly resisted all her husband's suggestions that they ask Martha to stay longer. So Martha went unwillingly back to spend another six months with Jim.

Adelina received her somewhat graciously, though there was a suppressed excitement in her manner and a look of half-ashamed triumph on her fair, petulant face. Martha noticed that most of the furniture in the house was new, but forbore to comment.

The next morning Jim mysteriously bade her put on her bonnet and come with him. Adelina went with them, regarding Martha with furtive, little half-malicious, half-frightened glances. When they had walked almost a mile up through the farm lands they came suddenly upon a small, still unpainted house, with the remains of building around it.

"Why, what's this?" questioned Martha sharply. The two others said nothing until Jim had unlocked the door and they had entered.

"This is for you," he said, turning to Martha, with the pleased smile of a boy who had planned a joyful surprise. "Adelina said it would be nicer for you than having to change about so. She said you could have your own way here and needn't worry about other people." He stopped with a big laugh and looked at her expectantly. Martha stared around the room with stony eyes. Jim's face fell.

"Well, don't you like it?" he asked. Still Martha did not speak, but she moved stiffly towards the door leading into the room beyond Her little wrinkled face was like yellow wax, her lips compressed into a single sharp line. Adelina hastened forward and began to talk and explain with propitiatory volubility.

"See," she said, "we gave you most of the old furniture so's you'd feel more at home, and we had to buy new things ourselves."

Martha's eyes travelled slowly from a broken-armed rocker to her sister-in-law's face and Adelina shrank back a little.

"A good excuse," Martha observed dryly. Jim's face reddened in evident discomfort, and he looked at his sister in a helpless fashion.

"Addie's fixed it all up well for you," he said. "She's taken a lot of trouble."

"Yes, she has," said Martha in the same dry voice.

Finally she was left alone. Jim had promised to bring her clothes up and to have the house painted and the garden planted very soon.

Martha waited until they were out of sight; then she went outside, closed the door and sat down on a pile of shingles.

"It's awful," she whispered, looking at the house with dilated eyes. "A mile from anybody so I can't be too near them, and not able to see anybody coming until they're right here. It's awful; it's awful. I won't stay all alone at night. I'll go back and make Tom keep me. I'll—" She rocked back and forth silently. But after a while she went into the house again. With almost caressing fingers she touched the broken chair.

"I'm right glad they did give me the old things; it won't be quite so lonesome—but it's awful!" she broke off suddenly.

III.

Martha had been living three months in her new house. It had been painted white and the garden had been planted with holly-hocks, geraniums, sweet-williams and numerous other country flowers. Yet things did not flourish very well, for Martha had not the heart to care for them. Jim's visits, frequent and cheerful at first, had become rare, and Adelina seldom came near her, although Martha would almost have welcomed her now. She, on her part, did not often go to her brother's house, but, driven by her loneliness, she had taken to going far enough to have the house in sight and be able to see Adelina moving about at her work; and there she would stay for hours at a time. Adelina often saw her and complained fretfully to her husband:

"She haunts the orchard like a ghost. I declare I don't see how she ever gets her work done. If she had as much to do as I have, she wouldn't have time to come spying around on other people!"

One day Martha, paying a real visit to her sister-in-law, found the house in a more confused, untidy condition than usual and Adelina dragging listlessly about, making a feeble effort to accomplish the tasks that had become too great a burden for her.

"You aren't fit to be on your feet, Adelina," she said in real kindness. "You go right to bed, and I'll stay here and look after things until you are well again."

But Adelina turned on her fiercely, her little, thin face whiter than before with anger.

"You go home and 'tend to your own house, Martha Wolf," she cried, shrilly, "I'll not give up 'till I have to and I won't have you ordering me around."

Martha did not lose her temper, for the sight of Adelina's weary, weak struggle against sickness had softened her.

"You mustn't excite yourself that way. Send for me as soon as you need me," she said gently, going away.

A week later, in the middle of the night, Martha was awakened by a great pounding at her door. She was terrified until she heard Jim's voice.

"Come down, Martha," he shouted hoarsely, "Addie's in an awful way and I must go for a doctor."

"You go on, Jimmy. I'll hurry right down."

Early in the morning the doctor arrived, but Adelina and her child died a few hours later. The farm neighbors gathered in to help prepare for the burial, and Annie, coming over the river, took charge of everything, for Martha gave little heed to the preparations. When she was not hovering about Jim, who, refusing to move or speak, sat in heavy grief beside his dead wife, she was hurrying back to her house and returning with odd bundles hidden under her apron. There was a curious brightness in her eyes that was incongruous with the soberness of the faces around her, and until the day set for the funeral, she continued her journeys between the two houses. Finally, she no longer concealed what she brought. She was carrying down all her smaller house furnishings and possessions.

"For the land's sake, Martha," remonstrated Annie at last, "don't begin carrying your things down already. It looks as if you was so glad to get back here you couldn't wait 'till Addie was out of the house. What'll folks think of you?"

So the moving ceased for a day. But the morning after the funeral, as soon as Jim had set out for some distant cornfield, Martha called a farm boy, had him bring a large wagon, and together they went up to her house. In an hour or two, all the furniture had been moved back from the new to the old house. Then had begun a counter moving in which all the new furniture, purchased by Adelina, was carried up to the little house. When all was finished Martha locked the door and began to put the key into her pocket. With a little gesture of defiance she drew her hand back, and approaching the well, threw the key down into its black throat.

Jim, coming home for dinner, found Martha in a kitchen of shining neatness. She regarded him rather anxiously, apprehensive of what he might say to the change of furniture, but he did not seem to notice it. In the midst of the hitherto silent meal, he remarked suddenly,

"You might as well move back here, Martha, and stay for good."

"I have moved," she whispered.

Jim stared at her. "Already!" he said in a husky voice. Martha nodded, keeping her eyes lowered, and he, pushing back his plate, rose hastily and started for the fields. Martha looked after him with an expression of pity on her face.

"He takes it awful hard," she said slowly. "I can't seem to feel that way myself." Then, as if defending herself, "It isn't that I'm glad she's dead, but I can't help being glad to get back to Jimmy and what's my own house by rights. She oughtn't to have driven me out that way."

MARJORIE S. CANAN, '04.

MARIE DE FRANCE.

Her lays were sung in English bowers,
  Beyond the squall-vexed Narrow Seas,
Where English skies drenched down their showers
  On ancient oaks and hawthorn trees.

But not forgot in Windsor's glades
  Her childhood's dreaming Breton skies,
Broceliande's enchanted shades
  And Druid oak where Merlin lies.

O'er Breton fenlands faëry spires
  Gleamed bright for her through English rain;
She heard for star-crossed love's desires
  The Breton nightingales complain.

But once she struck a deeper theme,
  Perchance with lyric undertone,
And sang the dreary exile-dream
  Of Elidue and Guilliadone.

Like Elidue forlorn of France,
  For alien ears she learned to sing:
Her "flower of chivalry" perchance
  An English knight,—or England's King!

How sped her love we may not know,
  Nor what her hue of cheek and hair:
Faded a thousand years ago
  Her eyes of Breton blue—or *vair*.

Closed haply by cold English earth
  Where Celtic faeries dare not haunt;
Uncarved her tomb with race or birth,
  But Song is still her Poursuivant.

Her bearings from *fableau* and *lai*
  Imperial down the ages glance;
The sunshine of an elder day
  Still crowns her head, Marie de France.

M. E. T., 1904.

TRANSLATION OF IX SATIRE OF HORACE.

One day, as I happened to be strolling along the Via Sacra, all absorbed in some verses or other, a man that I knew only by name ran up to me and shook my hand—

"My dear fellow, how are you?" he exclaimed fervently.

"Quite well, as things go now-a-days," I replied, "and I'm sure I wish you every success."

Then he began to follow me up, but I cut him off with, "Nothing I can do for you, is there?"

He replied:—

"Yes; be my friend. I'm a college man, too."

"I shall think more of you for that," I replied coldly.

I was wretchedly anxious to get away and I walked more quickly, and then stopped for a minute and pretended to whisper to my slave, while cold shivers ran up and down my back:

"O, Balanus, you were lucky in your quick temper," I called out in spirit. And all the time he was gabbling away, now he praised the suburbs, and now he declared in favour of the city proper. When I didn't take the trouble to answer him, he said:

"You're pretty anxious to get away, I've seen that this good while. Wish all you please, it won't do any good. I'm here to stay. I'm going with you. Which way are you going?"

"Don't go out of your way for me; I'm going to see a man you don't know. He's sick in bed, quite a long way across the Tiber, near Cæsar's gardens."

"I haven't anything in particular to do and I'm not lazy; I'm going with you."

I had to endure, as a stubborn donkey does when his load is made heavier. Then he began:

"If I know what's what, you're going to like me better than Viscus or Varius. Nobody can write more verses than I, or do 'em quicker. Show me the man who can waltz better than I. Hermogenes would be envious if he heard me sing."

I thought this was the place to save myself, so I said:

"Is your mother living, my boy, and does she need you?"

"I have no relatives left. I have laid them all to rest."

"Lucky relatives. I'm the next, I suppose. Go on; the fate is hanging over me that an old Sabellian woman prophesied when I was a boy. She shook the lots and said: 'Neither poison nor the sword shall bring death to this boy, neither shall back-ache, nor consumption, nor gout. He is destined to be talked to death. If he is wise, he will avoid talkative people, and reach his allotted span of years.' "

MARY ISABELLE O'SULLIVAN, '07.

MA FUSS TRIP.

Or', tain' so much ter tell. Hit's jes 'bout when ah wen' ter Phil'-delph, dough it seem like ter me 'twuz a mighty lot den. Ah thought ah'd like ter have a little pledger, so ah tole Miss Sue ah'd go to de city wid her as her serv'nt. De day ah lef, dese here pine-trees, it made me have a funny mixtry o' things in me. Somehow ah wanted ter see all dem strange things folks talked 'bout up dare, but somehow ah felt like de las' lump o' corn-bread ah et waz a-stickin' in ma throat all de way ter town. Ah 'member jes as well, Miss Sue had tole me ter dress up neat an' ter not ter wear no mo' colors den ah couldn' help. So tawn nothin' 'bout me 'cep' tuz white or black. Ah warn eben tryin' tu look purty.

Oo-o-owy talk 'bout dat lump o' corn-bread, when ah see dat gret long string o' trains puffin' up frum weh down de road, ah thought dat corn-bread uz gwin swell up an' buss ma throat. Dar stood cuddin

Hargy an' cuddin Bob b'side me, dey eyes all red. An' when ah got in de Jim Crow car an' Miss Sue her in de white folks' car, ma heart 'twuz beatin' so seem like tuz comin' clean up ter touch dat lump o' corn-bread.

But de train ain' nuthin' like de boat. Y'all jes wait an' um gwine tell yer sumpun. Don ashu neber go travelin' on de boat. But ah warn seasick. Ah kep' on thinkin' bout y'all jis comin' in frum de cotton patch an' ah see yus jes as good settin' roun' eatin' red-meat watermelons. Nor, dat ah didn' wan' none—fus time in ma life—but ah didn'. An' ah saw ma pallet up in de corner un' seem ter me twz de nices' lookin' thing in de worl'.

All dis time ah wuz gittin' a pain in ma misery. Lor, chile, de mo dat boat went a-reelin' an' a-rockin' de wuss it seem like ma head wuz turnin' roun', an' ah wuz feelin' mighty funny. Ah saw Miss Sue down de other en' o' de boat, but she wouldn' look ma way an' ah didn' feel like ma swimmin' head could carry me cross dat rockin' boat. But tuz gettin' wuss an' wuss. So ah gits up an' goes fallin' frum one side de boat to de other till ah gits to her. Ah 'member jest as well, Miss Sue said ah uz seasick an' kep' a-laughin' at me de mo ah said ah had sech a misery, but ah warn seasick. Ah warn, an' ah tole 'er ah uz gwine tell yer so, cuddin' Hargy.

Well, ah got all over ma misery when ah got on de train agin. But ah didn' see no pine-trees an' seem like dat new cont'nen wuz mighty fine; eben de woods uz all swep' up clean an' all like a dat. Anyhow, we all couldn' travel f'rever an' we all got out at Street Station an' um got ter take a whole nother night ter tell y'all 'bout dat.

But ef y'all don' let me lone 'bout tellin' yer things ah ain' gwine git up in de mornin' in time ter fry yer meat. Dis here is de las' thing am gwine tell yer ter-night. Dat fuss night as ah uz standin' in de settin' room under a chantercleer, Miss Sue touched sumpum on de side o' de wall an' ev'rything got light as day. When ah see dat light comin' an' didn' know how, ah didn' know what else uz comin', an' ah put ma han's tergether an' all ah said wuz, "Lord Jesus!"

JOSEPHINE KATZENSTINE, '06.

THE EVOLUTION OF THE CLASS OF 1904.

There was once an *Earnest Fragile Baby,* who as *A Little Child* indulged in *many Kapers* and thought life *An Immense Joke.* However, she had an *Amiable Temper* and was *Ever Willing.* Although she was an *Exceedingly Happy Girl* with *Social Faculties Evident,* she *Refused Sundry Midshipmen* and decided to become a *Learned Character* and *Carry College Cares.* So behold her now, a *Dignified Fairy,* who *Loves Learned People.*

During Freshman year, she is *Enthusiastically Social, Fancies Telephone Connections,* and like all Freshmen, *Gets Krazes, Just Adores,* and *Manifests Her Affections* as an *Ardent Sentimentalist.* A *Basket-ball, Hockey Enthusiast,* she becomes an *Exceedingly Horsey Character.* She *Makes Jaunts Regularly* and *Chatters Like Wildfire* until mid-year comes when she *Always Grows Weepy* and *Mumbles Vindictively.* However, being *A Knowing Bluffer,* she gets *Many Credits.*

As a Sophomore, she *Abhors Midnight Knowledge,* her *Energetic Conscience Propels* her, and she *Is Mighty Particular.* She *Masters Languages,* has *Many Esoteric Thoughts,* and is *Ever a Shark.* She learns how to *Combine Levity With Wisdom* with *Laudable Firm Will,* so is with *Fun Ever Ready* and *Amiably, Merrily Rosy, Beams Pleasantly.*

In Junior year she has *Such Stunning Poise* and is *Always Gracious.* She *Elevates Reprobates Tremendously* and *Helps With Anything.* Being a *Musical Girl,* with *Musical Skill Renowned,* she is *Metrically Useful.*

When a Senior, we find her a *Languid Cynical Loafer, Chronically Learning,* being *Ever Mathematically Studious.* She is *An English Shark,* with *Knowledge Encyclopedically Sure.* As midyears come, she *Battles Boldly*—she was *Always Most Belligerent,* for *Midyear's Skimp Cordiality,* and she puts up a *No Admittance* sign.

She graduates, a *Metaphysical Shadow* with *Knowledge, Huge, Vastly Wide,* and *Magnificent Marks Famed.* And now, being no longer an *Enthusiastic Man-Hater,* she *Hankers After Hearts* and decides that she would *Rather Be In Wedlock,* for *Man Hath Charms* for every *Exceedingly Refined Female.* There are many *Rumors Widely*

Bruited, but not being an *Eternal Old Talker,* she is *H'ever Silent* until finally when she *Must Rush Home,* she *Marches Firmly* to a *Brunette Maiden, Missionaries' Little Joy,* and *Bears Cupid's News,* confiding that she now *Accepts Gifts* and *Seizes Married Bliss.* But then, some people *Exaggerate Really Preposterous.*

"DULCI FISTULA"

REQUIEM for The Philistine

(From the 1904 Class Book.)

I.

The night was dark, our faces grim,
Like David we encountered him;
The basement was so still and dim.

II.

Evil and murderous our intent,
We killed him when his strength was spent
And no one seemed to care a cent.

III.

We buried him with pomp and show;
We spoke of him in accent low,
(We thought he would have had it so.)

IV.

There came another in his stead,
A Phœnix from his ashy bed,
A docile bird and quite well fed.

V.

His plumage changed from time to time,
But that was not a heinous crime;
His voice, at least, was quite sublime.

ANNE KNOX BUZBY, '04.

He: "What's that?"
She: "It's a Bryn Mawr May Pole with a May Basket at the top."
He: "Oh, I see."

RECIPE FOR THE HISTORICAL NOVEL.

Take one hero consisting of two pints of valour to a quart of indiscretion and mix thoroughly with three villians, good, bad and indifferent respectively. Then slowly pour in the heroine in an equal proportion of angel and shrew. Knead all together with heavy descriptions and a thick layer of Encyclopedia Brittanica. Spice with profanity of the mock-mediaeval variety and add king, queen and cardinal to suit individual taste.

To be served hot and half-baked.

ELLA BURNS LEWIS, '05.

BALLADE OF THE PRIMITIVE JEST.

With apologies to Mr. Andrew Lang—

I am an ancient Jest!
The Pre-Alumnian.
In scanty hours of rest,
The sparks of fun would fan;
My outline did she plan,
And laughed like one possessed,
'Twas thus my course began,
I am a Merry Jest!

I am an early Jest!
Girls ground, passed each exam.;
Then wandered East and West,
Became Methuselan.
I journeyed in their van;
The relics, too, confessed
From Pem. to Merion,—
I am a Merry Jest!

I am an ancient Jest!
Through the collegiate clan,
Reckless or care-oppressed,
Hilarious I ran!
I'm found in Philly an'
In Tippy and the rest,
I'm dear to Sue and Nan,
I am a Merry Jest!

Envoy.

Sage, you may storm and ban—
The Wragley is a pest,
Suppress me if you can!
I am a Merry Jest!

H. Allen, '05.
A. Buzby, '04.

THE COLLIE AND THE CAT FABLE.

In olden time a collie and a cat met one morning at a well where they came to drink.

"Good morning," said the cat. "I hardly dared to speak to you, who are so much larger and more handsome than I."

"Oh, no," said the collie, "your fur is softer than mine, and you are more graceful."

When they had finished their drink they went away, and on the following day they met there again.

"It gives me great joy to see you," said the cat, "your tail is so long and your paws so large. My tail is very ugly and my paws far too small to be beautiful."

"Not at all," said the collie, and each went his way.

The next morning the cat and the collie went to the well again for their drink.

"Oh," said the cat, "I, whose eyes are so small and mean, should not look into your large, generous eyes."

The collie told her that her eyes were exactly suited to a cat, and then turned and trotted off.

Not long after this the two found each other once more at the usual place.

"Dear me," said the cat, "how can you bear to come here where you associate with so low a creature as I am?"

"I will never do so again," said the collie, and pushed the cat into the well.

HELEN PRESTON HAUGHWOUT, '06.

BALLADE.

(With apologies to Mr. Andrew Lang.)
A Very Woeful Ballade of the Reaction on the Universe.

A Spirit came to my sad bed,
And weary sad that night was I,
Who'd tottered since the dawn was red,
Through lengths of long soliloquy.
Yea, leagues of hard self-scrutiny
Awaited me when morn grew white,
'Twas then the Spirit whispered nigh,
"Take up the pen, my friend, and write!"

Of many a thought that thy poor head
One moment caught, then let far fly,
Say much where little should be said,
Lay fallacies where none may spy,
With microsopic glances pry,
At theories now first brought to light,
And put them forth assuredly,
Take up the pen, my friend, and write."

I answered, " 'Tis where truth has led,
A narrow way, I ween, but high,
That still with worried, aching head.
I push this needful industry,
'Mid subjects solemn, weighty, dry.
But touching that which I indite,
Will readers hold me lovingly?
Take up the pen, my friend, and write."

The Spirit writeth in form of
Envoy.
"They scarce would read thy reasoning high,
They fain would cut it out of sight,
But scribble since thou must or die,
Take up the pen, my friend, and write."

H. Allen, '05.

I'M GOIN BACK SOUTH.
OH! WHY ARE THEY DOING THAT ??
I'M GOIN' HOME TO BED!
TIPPY
ELEANOR MASON

EDITORIAL.

When four years ago 1904 entered as a class, the College seemed to echo with two watchwords, "Precedent" and "No Personal Violence." "Precedent" was the guardian angel of class meetings, and "No Personal Violence" of inter-class play. But in the years that have followed the terms have fallen into disuse and their passing is but the outward sign of an inward re-arrangement—a shifting of the currents, which has resulted in a radical change in that intangible vital thing, College atmosphere. Cap and gown fight and the real Rush and hence the "raison-d'etre" of "No Personal Violence" have gone together,—it may be we are better though sadder without them,—and, paradox though it seem, the decadence of that innocent type of strenuosity and a dependence upon staid precedent are straws of the same direction. The old ways, the wise ways, have passed and Americanism is pressing hot upon us.

Four years ago the campus, with its ivy-clad walls and daisy-filled meadows, seemed a quiet place apart, as if transplanted from an older, saner world, something totally un-American and calm. Though the first hall had been open but fifteen years before, scholastic centuries seemed to have brooded there and to have mellowed into soft tints the mediæval masonry. Bryn Mawr had, though doubtless with conscious effort, developed for itself an enviable old-worldism in which the laws of the past few and great ruled the present many and any new plan or proposition, strange and disquieting in its newness, was hushed to rest on the instant by the whisper of "Unprecedented." Though incoming classes at first chaffed and fretted, the old laws inevitably soothed and gentled them. Life ran in smooth grooves, and Americanism seemed not of us. Yet the class of Nineteen-four sadly realizes that it found the College old and leaves it new.

This dreary theory may possibly be but the croaking of alarmists or of those already stricken with the malady of Alumnaism, yet the violent and numerous innovations of the past year cannot be ignored, and Rockefeller looms boldly new at every turn. Take, for instance, the list of novelties: The first is a negative one—no freshman play, but in its stead a freshman vaudeville; then no "Philistine," but a larger magazine with "greater scope" and "new attractions," and incidentally a larger price; next a Law Club, with intercollegiate debaters breaking in upon our quiet conservatism, and then the further development of the English Club with ambitious and exclusive lectures. Hallowed precedent and the old

quiet ways show little in all this. In truth, the march of progress has been even so ruthless as to abolish the time-honored, precedented and perfect dullness of the College reception, putting in its place "more enjoyable and profitable amusements," the May-day festival and Ben Greet plays, the surplus of the latter's gate receipts going to swell the student's Building Fund. The seriousness and importance of these innovations varies widely, but they all betoken rapid growth and change. And meanwhile we are building—building. Gaunt Rockefeller with its quarter-mile between bed and breakfast is not yet finished; library in itself to be a thing of exquisite beauty but very large and new, is under way, marring with its bare board fence the spring and campus; after the library will come the student's building, and after that—more dormitories? Everywhere there is bustle and haste, the striving for more "funds" and the ring of hammer blows. When will there steal back upon us the wise peace and brooding calm of those first years?

We have gained much in size and prominence, and perhaps in efficiency, true Yankee virtues, but we are, at least apparently, losing incalculably in poise and dignified serenity. Progress is a great and good thing if taken in small doses, but we seem to have gulped it whole. Nineteen-four knows far better than the other classes now in College how much we are losing. Its parting admonition may best be: "Be calm, be sane, be, if necessary, ultra-conservative and English—Old English, but do try to maintain, at least in part, the old serenity and peace, the gentle old-world atmosphere of which we were once so proud." Upon these we have lost our hold since the bacillus of unrest descended upon us with Mr. Rockefeller's millions.

DRAMATIC NOTES.

In the poppy-festooned gymnasium on the evening of May 6th, 1905 gave to 1904 the much-anticipated Junior-Senior supper. The feature of the affair was, of course, the four-act play, "Canterbury Pilgrims," or "Amor Vincet Omnia," adopted from the longer play by Percy MacKaye and based upon the Canterbury Tales. The choice of the play shows the serious and successful effort that was made throughout to give something both worth while and effective. The lines were in verse, and many of these peculiarly beautiful and difficult to render; the scenes running the gamut from the interior of a tavern to the exterior of a cathedral, must have seemed impossible in prospect; the situations were so varied and the cast so large that 1905's mere boldness in undertaking the play at all is

deserving of high praise, and the success of their attempt should prove for all time the power of mind over matter.

For the first time in its history the gymnasium stage grew versatile and looked like something other than itself. The tavern scene in its detail of scenery and acting was one of the few finished bits of stagecraft Bryn Mawr has yet seen, and to it the garden ran a close second. Miss Mason, the scene painter, showed in her designs a startling mastery of perspective and color.

Goeffrey Chaucer, poet, was the hero of the piece, a role filled by Miss Helen Garrett. It was a hard role, with lines very serious and beautiful, and therefore difficult, but Miss Garrett made of it an irreproachable success. She, we think, succeeded best in bringing back the poetry and fragrance of Chaucer's far-off May-time. Miss Morrow, as the "Wife of Bath," played a part quite the antithesis of Miss Garrett's. one far more modern and frequently met, yet she made of it almost as complete a success. The comedy scenes in which she was the central figure, proved real comedy. Indeed, the acting throughout showed a conscientious striving for realism and sincerity of interpretation. All the small details which count so much in the success of the general effect,—gesture, side play, facial expression,—were in consequence carefully accentuated and strikingly good. Though in the presentation there were some of the inevitable incongruities, due to youth and inexperience and the gym stage, Miss LeFevre, the stage manager, undertook and accomplished a difficult thing in giving "The Canterbury Pilgrims," by all odds the most serious and successful thing given during the College year.

JUNIOR-SENIOR SUPPER SONG.

1905-1904.

Music: "Northern Folk Song," Chadwick. Words by Theodora Bates and Elizabeth Henry.

I.

As the gloom gathers over the campus,
  Whence the lingering light has fled,
To-night in the sadness of parting,
  We meet here, the blue and the red;
As friends tried and trusty companions,
  And to-night met as class to class,
We come here once more 'ere you leave us
  To bid you good cheer as you pass.

II.

As you pass from our midst, we salute you,
  While a shadow hangs over the throng,
And the thought of an imminent parting
  Sends a note full of gloom through our song.
We are mindful of striving and pleasure,
  And we grieve for the years now o'er,
As we stand side by side together
  And drink to the Past, Nineteen-four.

III.

But here drink a toast to reunion;
  Quaff it down with a hearty will,
To the years when we meet hereafter,
  As Soph'more and Freshman still.
May the hopes you hold high never perish,
  Your laurels be green evermore,
Let us sing to the days that are coming,
  And drink to the Future—'04.

1904 TO 1905.

Music: Nevin's The Dream Maker Man. Words by Marguerite Gribi and Leslie Clark.

I.

To-night with happy memories
  Once more we meet with you,
To seal with you a comradeship
  That years have shown is true.

CHORUS.

We hand traditions of the past down, 1905, to you,
And hope that you will keep them fast
And e'er to them be true, dear friends,
And e'er to them be true.

II.

We leave the place that we have loved,
  It's walks and vivid walls,
A dream becomes this happy life,
  Its joy which never palls.

1907—1906.

There was no Freshman play, and in its stead much sorrowing. There was a Freshman number of the "Ladies' Home Learnall," and in its honor much rejoicing. The "Ladies' Home Learnall," or Journal—one has an idea that there is identity between them—has always seemed at least to the editor, more successful as a comic paper than "Life," even at the height of its wit. This number of the Learnall, issued on April sixteenth, in the gymnasium, is—one says it without hesitation—the crowning effort of the paper's long career as an American monument of humor. To its editors, the Class of 1907, belongs a reputation for wit, effective industry, and some histrionic ability.

Miss Ristine and Miss Harper brought us right into the atmosphere of the Learnall with their opening scene. They proved, too, the sometimes unjustly questioned charm of the Learnall's cover. Page 2, the music sheet, risked the danger of pathetic fallacy, and to every one's delight, burst forth in a song of welcome to 1906. On the third page Mrs. Bernhardt Patrick was charmingly seen from the home with the advantage of all local color. After this real interview with a real and popular actress, a rare chance, the Learnall displayed its usual versatility by turning to scenes in Sunny Spain. Our eyes were pleased with the dancing and the costuming, our ears with the music and the songs. We experienced the proper sensations of excitement over the vivacious struggle with the bulls, and of satisfaction at their subsequent, thorough defeat. Our hearts had barely stopped their hastened beating, when we were thrown again into a state of suspense—for Shylock Jones and Dr. Noton were before the footlights. We all knew what that would mean.

Nothing could have been wrought with more dramatic effect, more poetic justice, than the scene which followed. No wonder, when the curtain fell in the midst of it, and rose to announce continuance on page 16, that we turned regretfully to other subjects. Happily we found it worth while.

"Scenes From Girls' Colleges" gave the needed chance for local hits, in the course of which the Freshmen showed that they had lately attended chapel. In the animal hunt the light blue beaver had undoubtedly fetching ways, the dark blue crab decided dignity and distinction, but perhaps the flaming pegasus was as taking as any. "Heart to Heart Talks With Girls" served to prove what unsophisticated questions places like Smith and the University of Chicago can ask, and what esoteric answers Bryn Mawr easily throws off.

We have reached page 16, where, immediately, Miss Wardwell, Miss Houghteling, Miss Sweet and Miss Seever showed command of the histrionic situation; and, as they approached the climax, power of animated action. Miss Seever, in her treatment of Baffles, was especially discriminating. We are looking eagerly for continuance in "our next."

In hypnotic revelations, Miss Haines occasioned merited applause for her talent of mimickery. So it was with Miss Sussman. Her manner, her voice, her hair dress instantly connotated the juggler of cheap vaudeville. The Fashion Page showed finish in the arrangement of the hands and the carriage of the models. Miss Thayer displayed her stock, and the customers came, questioned, and went so suggestively that one almost feared that one had fallen out of the gymnasium into Wanamaker's store. To dispel such anxiety, however, the curtain rose on Feber and Wield. Wield was great on personal appearance and had a side-splitting way with him. Feber proved the possession of that envied power of making a good story seem better in the telling. One was pleased that the advertisements were in no way forgotten. Spotless Town, Magnolia Brand, Pettijohn, Sunny Jim, Gold Dust Twins, Omega Oil, Baker's Chocolate were never so prepossessing or so persuasive on any signboard, any street car, any magazine in the country as here on the evening of April sixteenth.

So we have come to the end. Every feature has been worth mentioning, not because the production could boast of finish or perfection,—which is one means of attaining a successful effect,—or of talent for acting above the average,—indeed there was small opportunity for that—but because from beginning to end one was interested. This, after all, is high praise and a goal worth reaching for amateur achievement. There was no plot in which to become absorbed; but one was kept awake and alert by the sudden transitions, or lack of transitions, from one heterogeneous subject to another. There was no scenery or elaborate costuming; but one did not feel the lack of such forbidden fruit, since wit was there in plenty—that matter which gives skeleton and stiffening to the world of sensations. One enjoys effective adornment always, but without it a serious danger is likely to be avoided—the danger of padding. In the work of the Freshmen for 1906, padding played no part; behind its every result lay a bright idea. The chief merit of their program, indeed—and it was one which brought a certain unity to its various parts—was just this, its foundation on wit.

DOROTHY DUDLEY, '05.

NOTICE.

The Trophy Club now possesses a file of the Philistine complete except for No. 8, Vol. IV, Month, March, year,'98.
Should any student now in college or any alumna own this number and be willing to part with it, she would confer a great favor upon the Trophy Club by sending it to Miss Martha G. Thomas, Pembroke East, as soon as possible.

MR. HAMPTON L. CARSON'S LECTURE ON "CURIOSITIES OF LAW."

On Monday evening, May 2nd, Mr. Hampton L. Carson addressed the Law Club on "Curiosities in Law." He began by saying that many have the impression that law is dry, but that this is unjust, because the science of law is always in contact with real life and full of vital human interest. More than this, it appeals to the historic imagination as well as to the intellectual and practical side of life. He spoke of the fascination that Temple Bar and the old buildings surrounding it have had, not only for law students, but for literary men and poets. Here Lamb wrote his essays, Johnson his dictionary, and every corner was familiar to Dickens, Thackeray and Goldsmith. Mr. Carson then told many humorous stories of Erskine and Curran, the most famous of British barristers.

Up to a late date England's laws were very harsh—the slightest misdemeanors were punishable by death. There is no more tragic chapter in English history than the struggling of the advocate for six centuries against judges who were creatures of the crown in order that the English trial might mean Saxon fair play. We have reason to be proud, therefore, that our forefathers, desiring absolute justice, had the prudence to provide in our Constitution for a Supreme Court, where the judges are the final arbiters of the written law and owe fealty to their sense of duty only.

GRACE B. WADE, '06.

SOCRATES AND HIS RELATION TO MODERN THOUGHT.

The subject of Mr. Hammond's lecture before the Philosophical Club on Friday evening, April twenty-second, was "Socrates and His Relation to Modern Thought." Mr. Hammond pointed out that the influence exerted by Socrates was not through any system of philosophy developed by him, but through his sterling personality—a curious combination of the divine and the mundane. Out of these two sides of his character grew two schools—the Stoic and the Epicurean—the former taking the heroic side of his nature as their ideal, that side which showed wonderful feats of mental and physical endurance; the latter taking the mundane side of his nature as the basis of their philosophy, the side which made it possible for him to bring philosophy down from the clouds and put it into the hands of men.

Socrates did not develop a complete system of philosophy and his teachings are merely an effort to discover the truth and to make the morality of his time rational and intellectual. Virtue in his mind was knowledge. Wisdom, justice, courage, moderation were all virtues. For him any true morality must be conducted that issues from a true principle; morality is merely truth put into practice. Thus virtue is knowledge in the sense that it is action, on the principle of truth which comes only through knowledge. L. CLARK, '04.

COLLEGE NOTES.

The following scholarships have been awarded:

Undergraduate Scholarship—Maria L. Eastman Brookhall Scholarship—Emily Shields.

James E. Rhodes Junior Scholarship—Phœbe Crosby.

James E. Rhodes Sophomore Scholarship—Clara L. Smith.

Two Maria Hopper Sophomore Scholarships—Brita Horner and Emma Sweet.

Anna Powers Memorial—Bertha Warner Seely.

Graduate Scholarships—Greek, Mary L. Cady; Latin, Clara L. W. Wade; English, Maud E. Temple; Biology, Alice M. Boring.

The George W. Childs Essay Prize has been awarded to Maud E. Temple.

A Junior Fellowship in Philosophy has been created for Edna A. Shearer.

Resident Fellowships—Greek, Amy N. Hicks; Latin, H. M. Eddy; Teutonic Philology, Sara B. Hill; Romance Languages, Helen M. Ebers; Economics and Politics, Ellen D. Ellis; Mathematics, Mary S. Waddell; Chemistry, Bella Marcuse.

On Wednesday evening, April 4th, there was a meeting of the Athletic Association for the election of officers for the year 1904-1905. The officers are: Clara Carla Denison, President; Alice Wardwell, Vice-President and Treasurer; Esther White, Secretary; Eleanor Little, Indoor Manager; Jessie Hewitt, Outdoor Manager.

A meeting of the Law Club was held on Tuesday, April 3rd, for the election of officers for the year 1904-1905. The officers are: Margaret Thayer, President; Gertrude Hartman, Vice-President; Esther Lowenthal, Secretary.

On Saturday evening, April 16th, the Class of 1907 gave an entertainment to the Class of 1906.

On Tuesday evening, April 19th, the College Settlement Association held a meeting to elect officers. The elections were: Antoinette Cannon, '07, Elector; Virginia Robinson, Treasurer; Margaret Thayer, Secretary.

On Wednesday evening, April 20th, Dorothea Day, of 1903, addressed the Christian Union meeting.

On Thursday evening, April 21st, Dr. S. C. Schmucker spoke under the auspices of the Graduate Club. His subject was "A Family of Spinners."

On Friday evening, April 22nd, Professor William Alexander Hammond, of Cornell, addressed the Philosophical Club. His subject was "Socrates and His Relation to Modern Thought."

On Monday evening, April 25th, there was a meeting of the College Settlement Association in Merion Student's sitting room. Miss Short spoke to the meeting about the "Spanish School."

On Wednesday evening, April 27th, was held a regular fortnightly meeting of the college in the chapel. The address was made by Mr. Sparhawk Jones.

On Monday evening, May 2nd, there was a meeting of the Law Club. Mr. Hampton L. Carson, addressed the meeting. His subject was "The Curiosities of Law."

At the suggestion of President Thomas, the undergraduate body decided to omit the college reception for this semester and to attempt to substitute some more enjoyable entertainment.

Ben Greet's company, which gave a performance of "Everyman" at the college last year, has agreed to give "The Star of Bethlehem." It will be given as nearly as possible in the manner of the old Miracle plays on the College campus on May 30th. The students may invite their friends to this entertainment, and the profit made on the admission fees will be given to the Students' Building Fund.

The Class of 1904, originated at Bryn Mawr a very charming custom of celebrating the first of May after the fashion of Magdalen College, Oxford. The same hymn used at Magdalen College was sung by the seniors from Rockefeller tower to greet the dawn. After the singing the Senior Class went a-maying and ended by joining the other classes on the lawn in May pole dances. Miss Foster, President of the Senior Class, was crowned Queen of the May. President Thomas was present and in a speech to the students expressed the hope that future classes would keep up the custom of welcoming the 1st of May. As the 1st of May this year fell on Sunday, the celebrations were held on Monday, the 2nd of May.

On Friday evening, May 6th, a supper was given to the Senior Class by the Class of 1905. The play given on this occasion was repeated by the Class of 1905 on the following night for the benefit of the Students' Building Fund.

On Friday evening, May 6th, the Class of 1906 had their class supper.

On Saturday afternoon, May 7th, Miss Agnes Repplier spoke at a formal meeting of the English Club. Her subject was "The Luxury of Conversation."

On Wednesday evening, May 11th, a regular fortnightly meeting was held in the chapel. The address was made by Father Huntington.

On the evening of Friday, April 29th, the Class of 1907 held its class supper. Pembroke dining-room was simply but appropriately decorated. 1907 lanterns were placed over the electric lights. Down the middle of the tables ran a graceful line of smilax, delicate leaves and flowering twigs, while here and there bunches of bloodroot made bright patches in the green. Miss Schenck was an inspiring toastmistress.

The result of the elections for the Bryn Mawr Students' Association of Self-Government are as follows: Isabel Lynde, President; Marguerite Armstrong, Vice-President; Elsie Bigelow, '06, Secretary; Frances Simpson, '06, Treasurer. Executive Board—Marion Reilly, '01, Anna MacClanahan, '06, Lucia Ford, '06. Advisory Board—C. Denison, '05, E. Little, '05, E. Bullock, '06, E. White, '06, E. Graves, '07, A. Cannon, '07, A. Neall, '06, M. Putnam, '07.

Nettie Stevens, former fellow in biology at Bryn Mawr, is one of the very few women who have received grants for original research from the Carnegie Institute.

ALUMNAE NOTES.

'93. Mrs. Madelaine Vaughn Abbott Bushnell is to spend the summer abroad.

'00. Edith Goodell has returned to College for a month and will take her degree in June.

'02. Anne Rotan was married on the 27th of April to Mr. Thorndike Dudley Howe, of Lawrence, Mass.

Margaret Field De Motte has a son, born this April.

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'01. May Southgate has announced her engagement to Wm. Brewster.

(The basket-ball championship for the spring of 1904 was won by the class of 1905.)

Mary Kilpatrick, '00; Helen Stevens, '02, and Edith Totten, '02, visited Bryn Mawr recently.

NOTICE.

THE NORTHFIELD YOUNG WOMEN'S CONFERENCE.

Plans for the eleventh session of the Young Women's Conference, which meets at East Northfield, Mass., July 12-19, are fast nearing completion.

Its *purpose,* as heretofore, remains the same—the development of the Christian life among young women, and the awakening of an interest in Bible study, and in practical methods of church work—but its *scope* is enlarged, and is now designed to include all young women, without reference to any one religious organization or class of students.

Rev. G. Campbell Morgan will conduct a daily Bible class at 9 A. M., and will also speak during the Conference at the Platform Meetings.

Sub-Conferences, dealing with Missionary, Church and Philanthropic work are to be held each day, led by young women who are thoroughly acquainted with each of these departments of Christian activity.

Two simultaneous Bible classes—one to study the life of Christ, the other the teachings of Christ—will occupy the last hour of the morning session. These will give opportunity for both study and recitation, as one of the aims of the Conference is to show *how* the Bible may be studied.

The afternoons will be spent in exploring the beautiful country around Northfield. Both walking and driving are favorite recreations, and a week is all too short for the many delightful trips one wishes always to take advantage of. Lovers of birds and wild flowers can find unusual opportunities for studying them here. For those who desire more active amusements, tennis courts and golf links are available.

At 6.30 P. M. the Round Top sunset meetings are held, and more than one girl in past years has here realized that the glorious light reflected in the peaceful Connecticut River was only a symbol of the richer life of service she was to live thereafter. Mrs. Helen Montgomery, Mrs. Sangster, Mrs. N. M. Waterbury, Mrs. Bottome and Miss Margaret Slattery are among those who will talk at these meetings.

The following platform speakers are promised for the auditorium meetings: Rev. G. Campbell Morgan, Mr. W. R. Moody, Mr. Robert E. Speer, Rev. Wilton Merle Smith and Dr. J. R. Miller.

Music will be in charge of Mr. George C. Stebbins, assisted by a special chorus from the Northfield Seminary.

All communications concerning the Conference may be addressed to the Secretary, Miss Bertha Harlan, East Northfield, Mass.

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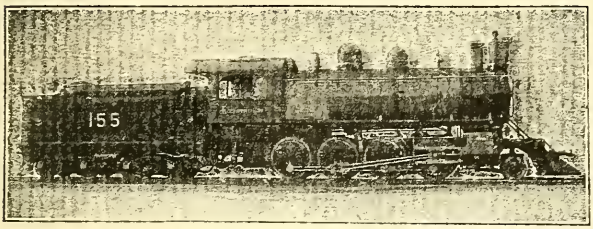

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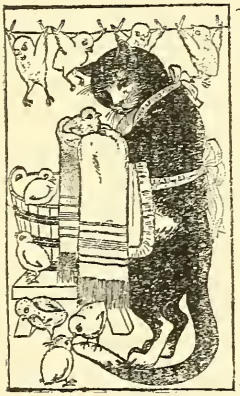

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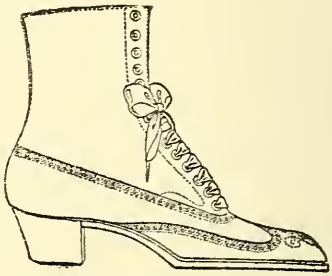

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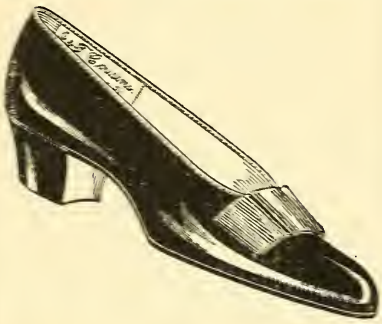

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